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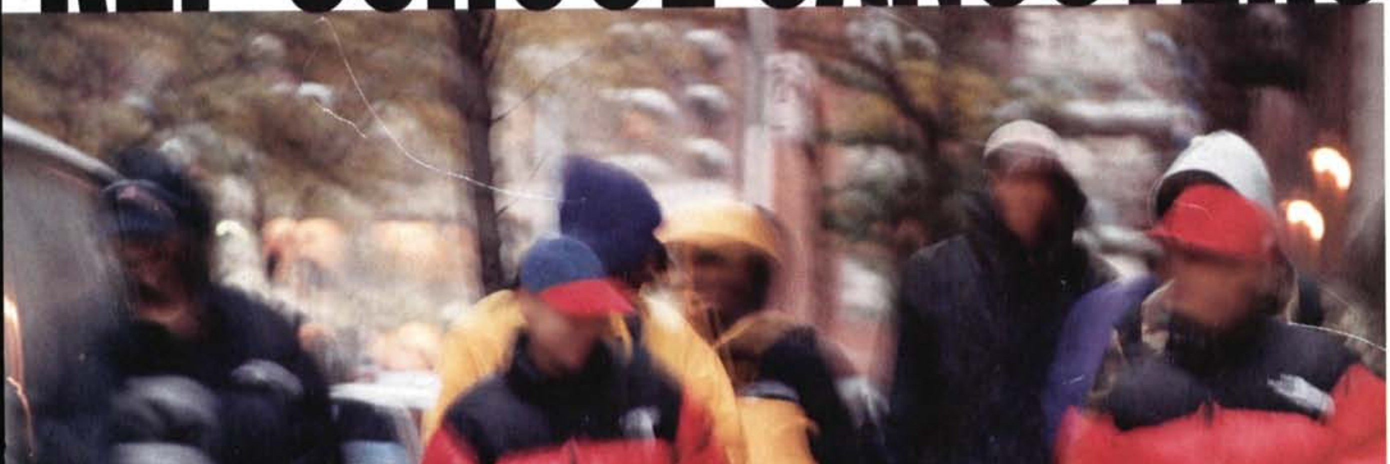

hey cruise the city in chauffeured cars, lasting rap, selling pot to classmates. How ome of New York's richest kids joined forces ith some of its poorest. By Nancy Jo Sales

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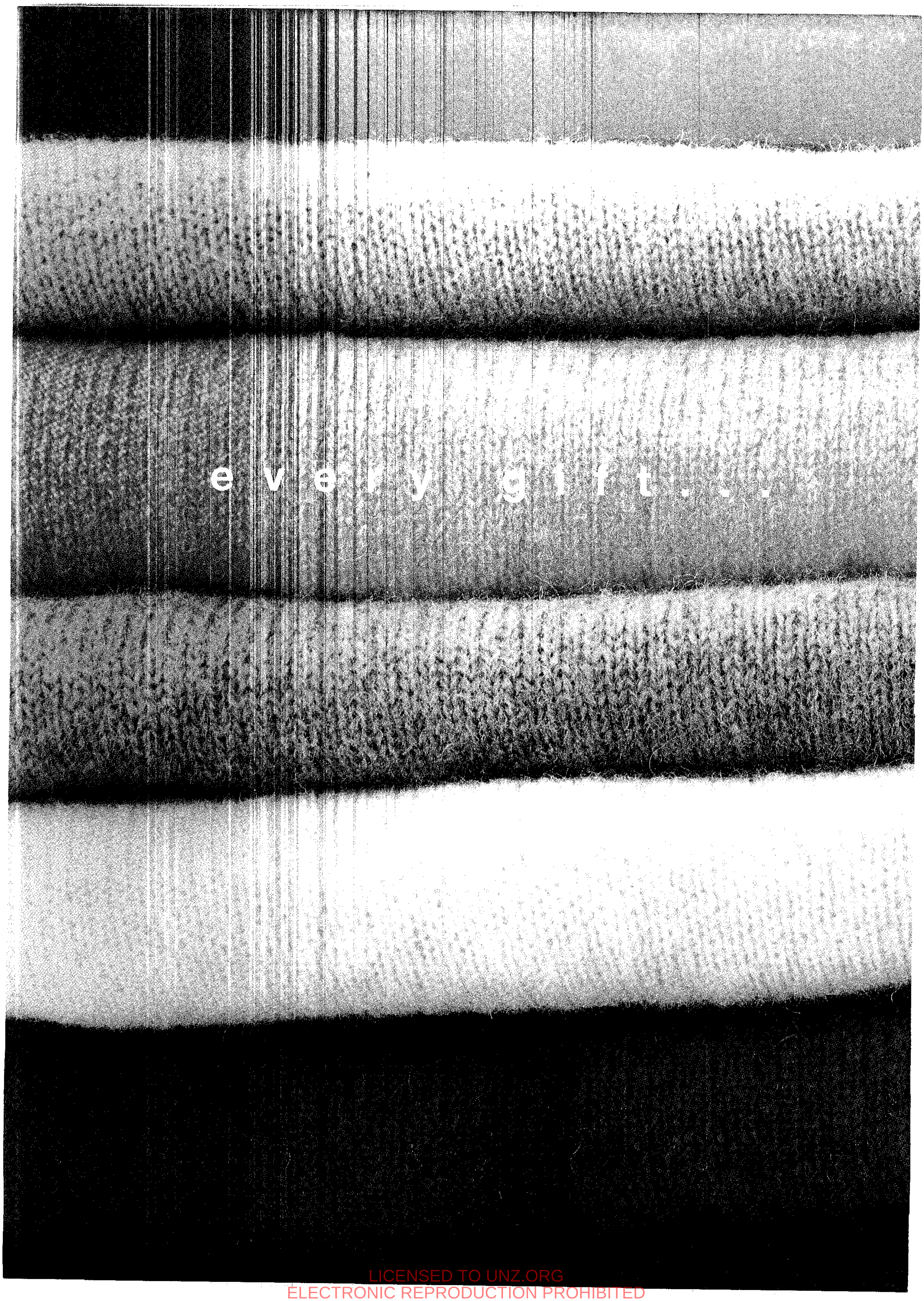
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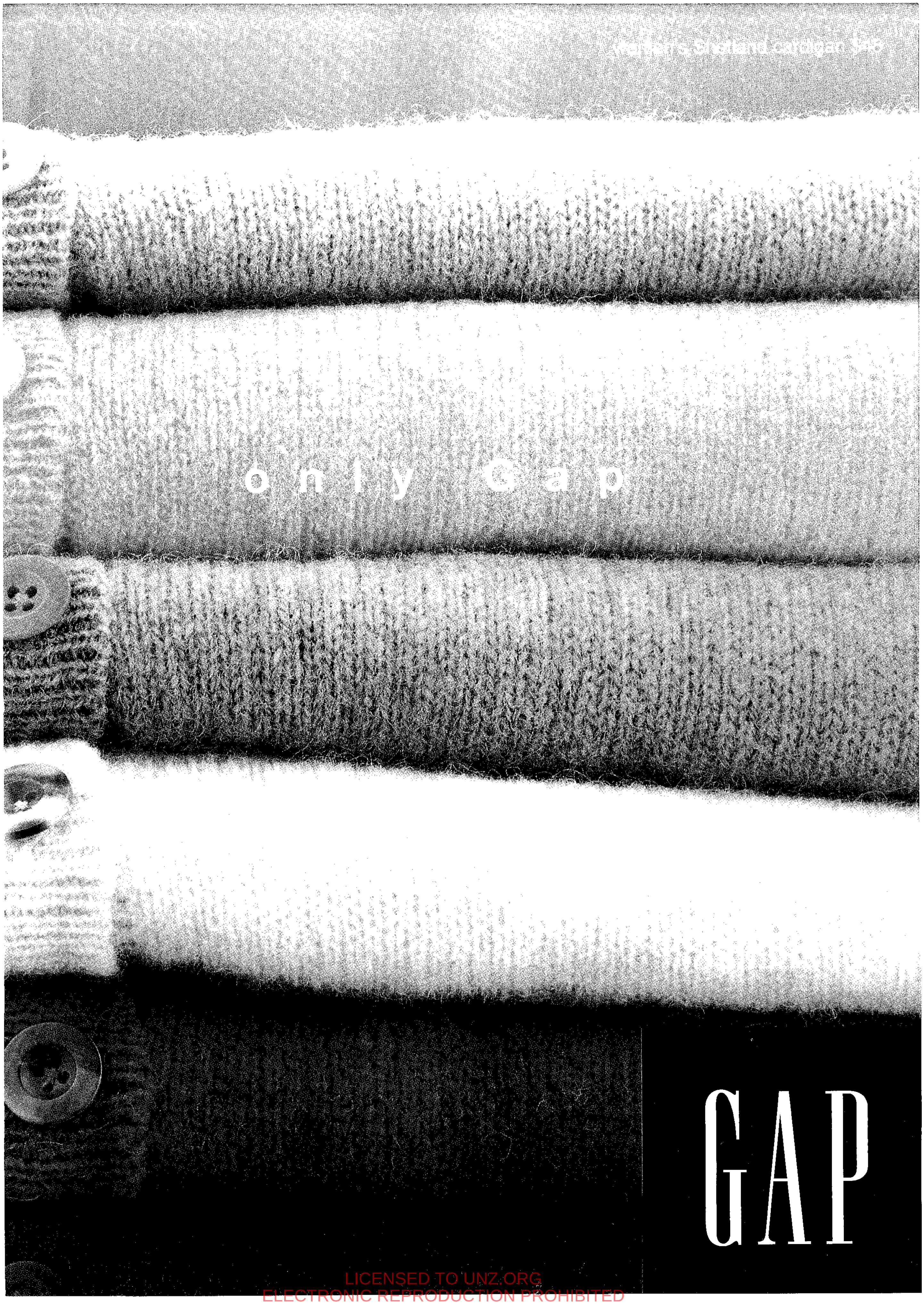
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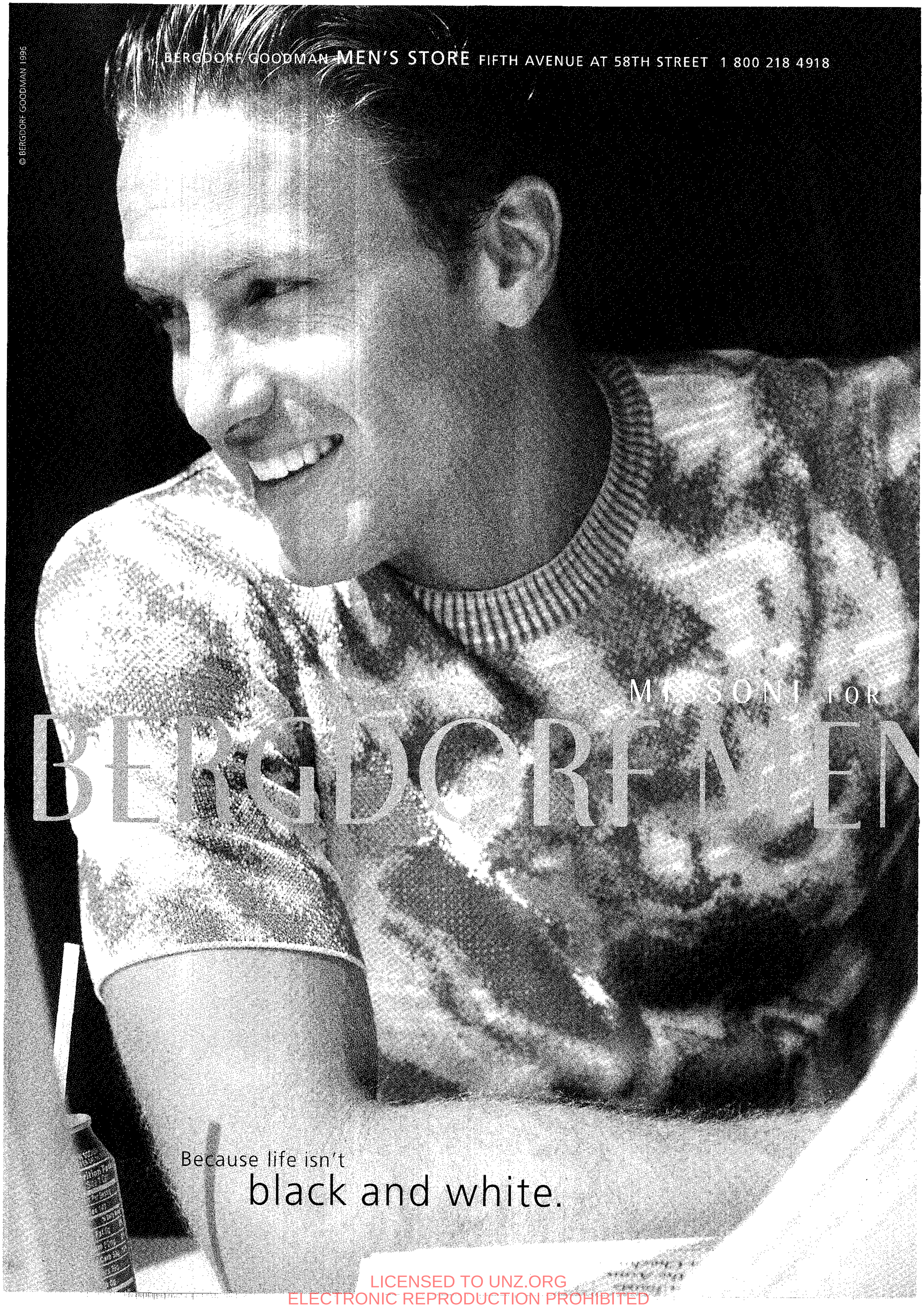
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Contents Dec. 16, 1996

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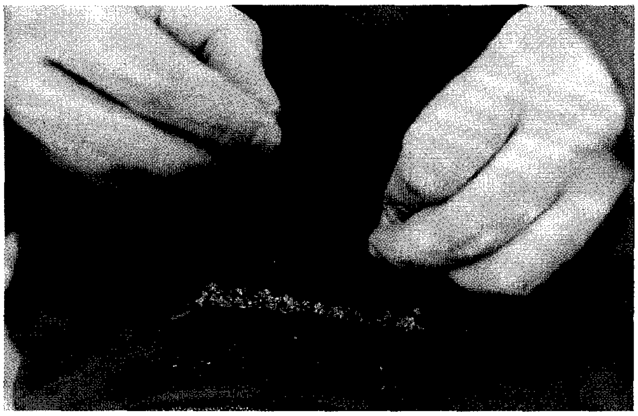
>
> A.Z., PAGE 32



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By Nancy Jo Sales

Tough-guy images have always appealed to teenagers. But some unlikely gangs are taking posing to a new level—private-school outlaws who travel around in chauffeured cars, selling "chronic" (pot) to "custies" (customers) who happen to be their classmates, "Herbing" (stealing from) kids whose parents are out of town. How some overclass scions have turned gangsta cool into serious business.

40 A Carnival Master

By James Kaplan

Ingenious, provocative, and even a little bit intimidating, Julie Taymor's stage spectacles blast through Broadway's blandness with their extravagant mix of puppetry, passion, and power. Now Disney has called on the dark darling of the avant-garde for its next big production: bringing *The Lion King* to life for the stage. Can the Mouse contain her?

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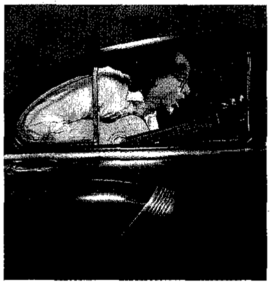

There's commercial rock and roll, and then there's *really* commercial rock and roll. Seeking twentysomething buyers and a trendy image, advertisers have cast off their classic like-a-cigarette-should jingles in favor of something with a more urgent groove—and some of the town's hotter musicians are happy to give it to them.

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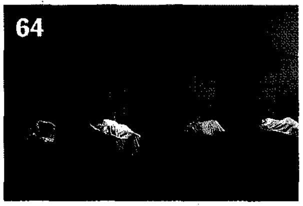

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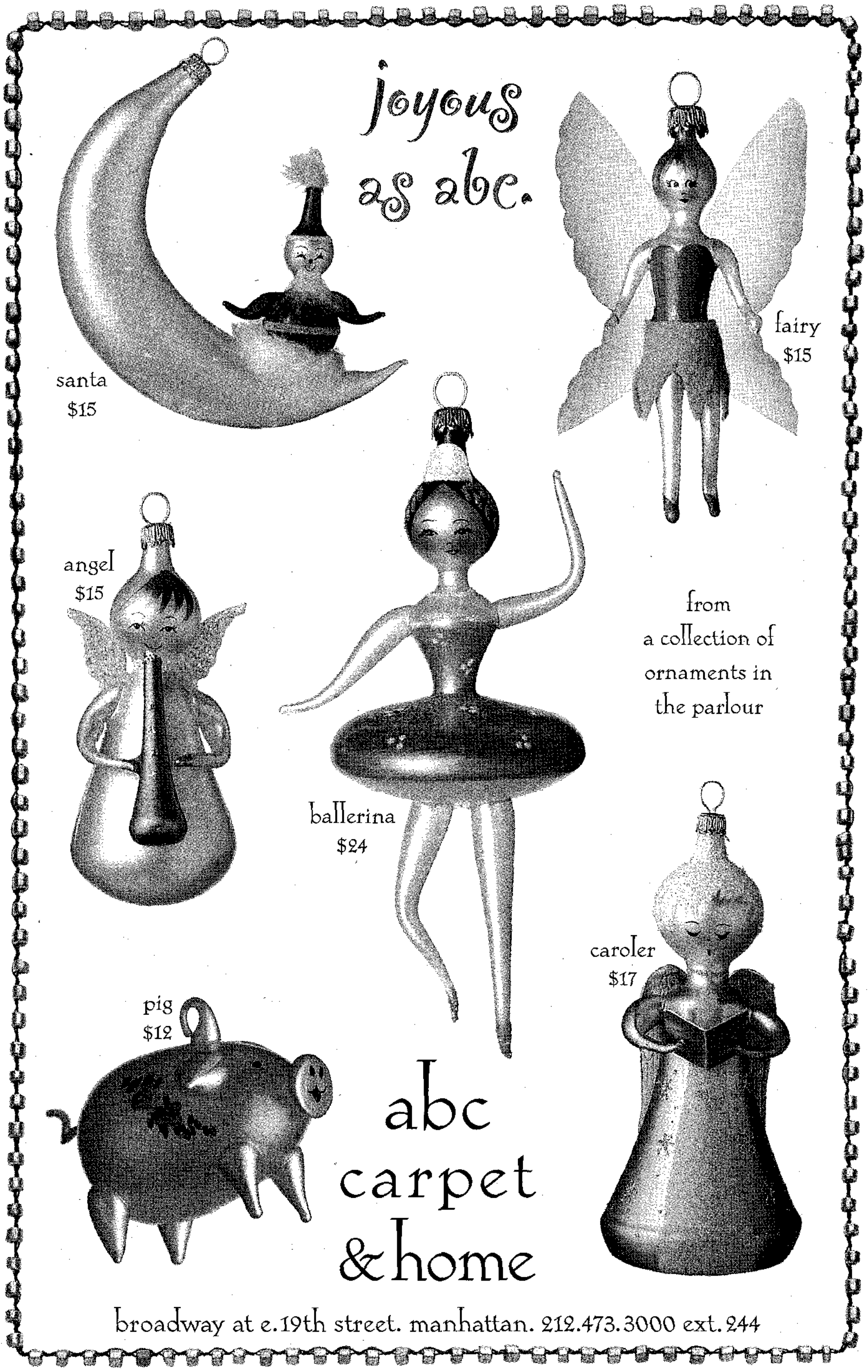

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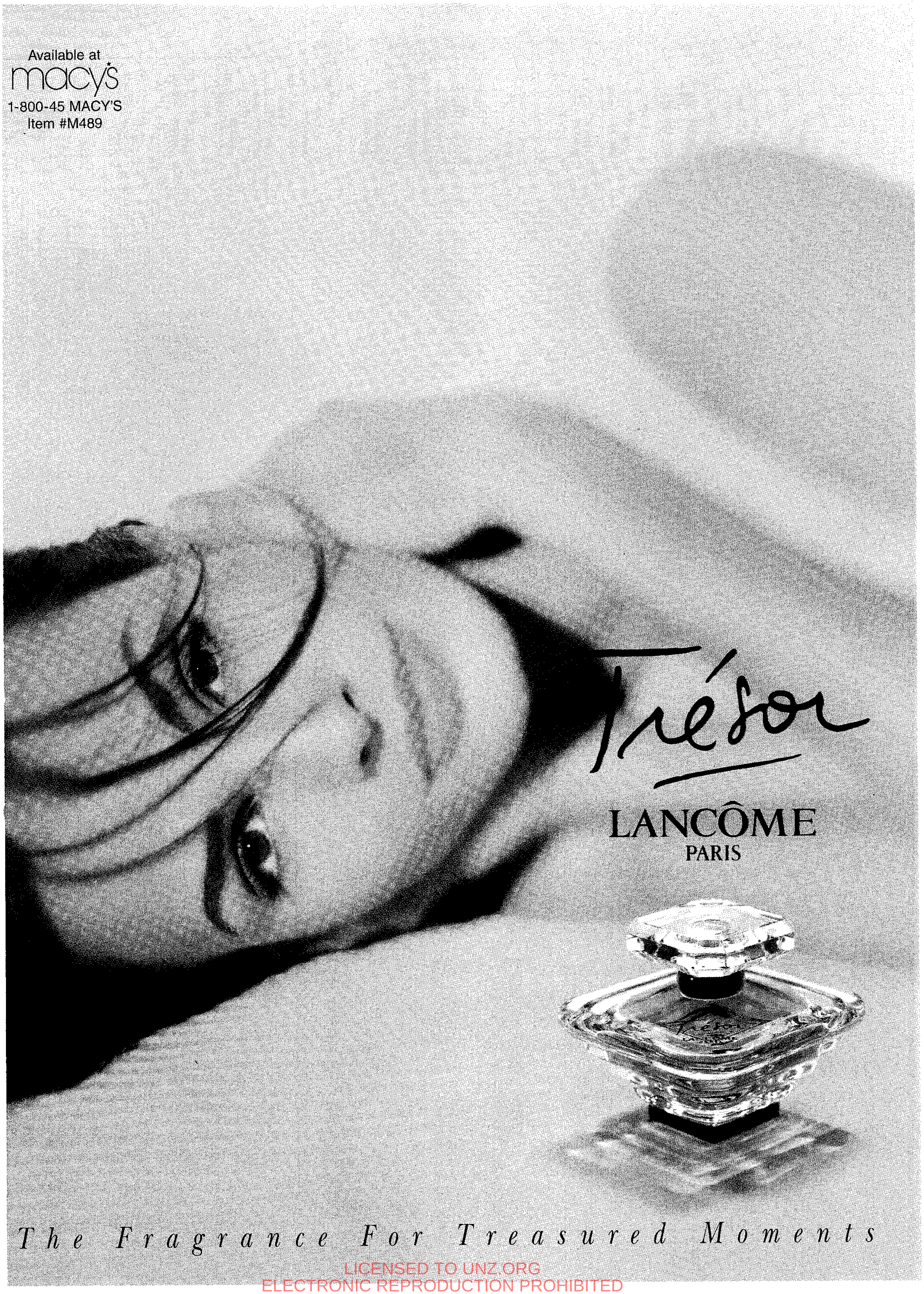
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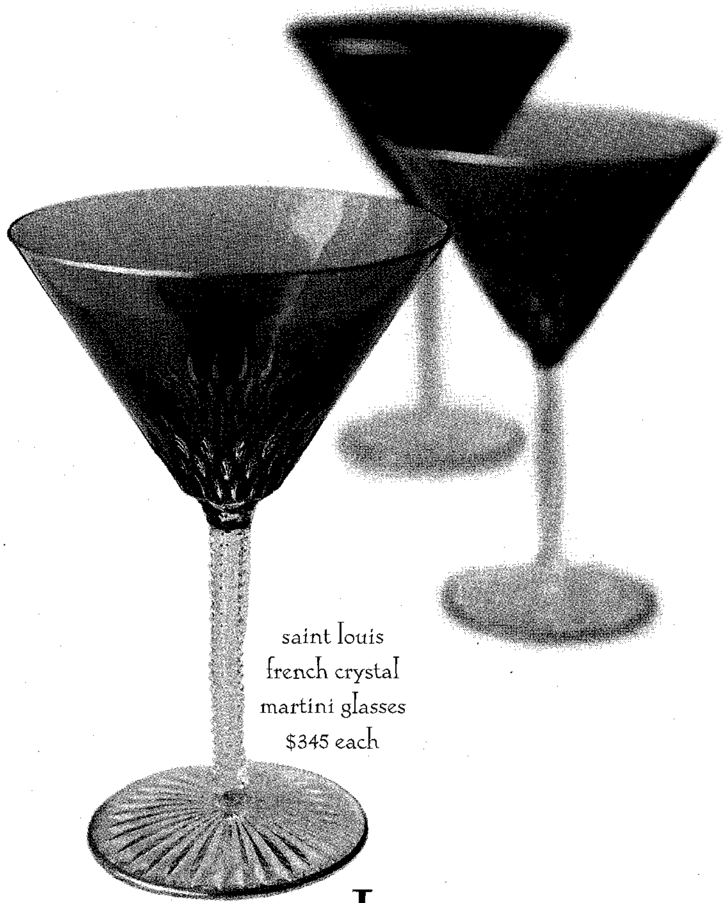

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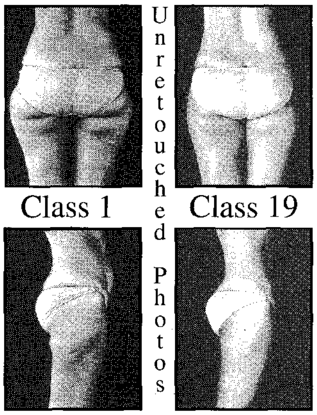

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Blood Drive

YOUR ARTICLE "BAD BLOOD?" BY Katherine Eban Finkelstein [November 25] has unduly alarmed the public, who, we suggest, should pay closest attention to the sentence "By almost any measure, the U.S. blood supply is the safest it has ever been."

To allay any doubts or concerns that have been raised, our board of trustees, management, and employees are working to review and improve, if possible, all testing procedures in order to ensure that we continue our outstanding record of safety.

Howard Sloan
Chairman of the Board
John W. Adamson, M.D.
President and CEO
New York Blood Center
MANHATTAN

CORPORATE DOWNSIZING AND COST-containment measures have clearly eroded the quality of health care in recent years. As a medical technologist and health-care-union representative, I feel the public is betrayed and endangered when such measures are allowed to overshadow high standards in medical technology as well as personal and professional responsibility. The sad fact is that there are no professional regulations to prevent a New York Blood Center situation from recurring. Governance bill No. 7918, a piece of legislation that would have helped finance some of these regulations, was recently vetoed by Governor Pataki.

Ms. Finkelstein's article makes the argument for licensing of medical technologists to ensure high personal, professional, and educational standards. Many of us will need a blood transfusion sometime in our lives. The alternative is that most of us will be victims of this restructured health-care system.

Debora L. Hunte
JAMAICA, N.Y.

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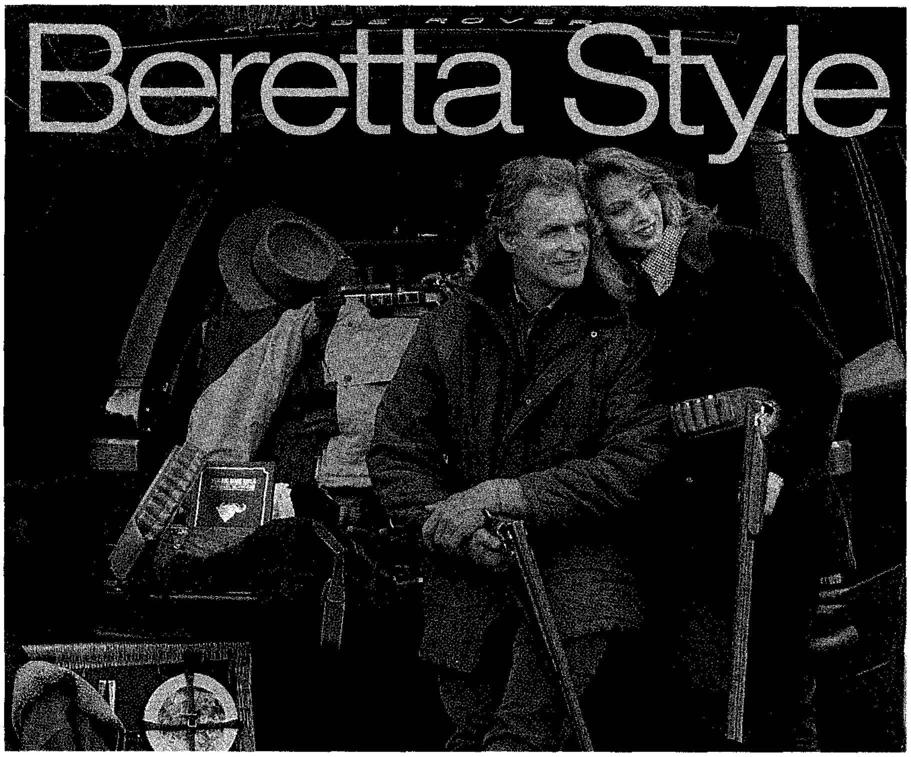

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LETTERS

THE PROFESSIONAL STANDARDS COALITION for Clinical Laboratory Personnel, an alliance of 22 professional organizations, labor unions, and management and health-industry groups, has been working diligently on behalf of medical-laboratory personnel in New York State for the past seven years to establish licensure for laboratory professionals. Professional licensure will help to ensure the ability and integrity of those professionals who perform and supervise vital laboratory tests. Licensure will establish personnel standards, defining education, training, and ethical behavior for medical-laboratory professionals.

Carol A. Gomes
Co-Chair
Professional Standards Coalition for Clinical Laboratory Personnel
STONY BROOK, N.Y.

MY SISTER, A PHLEBOTOMIST (BLOOD-drawer) for an HMO in Minnesota, told me the following true story: A co-worker often had trouble finding a "good" vein in certain patients—so he drew an extra dose from the next patient (who was none the wiser) and put the first patient's name on it. Who knows how long this had been going on before he was reported to his superiors. He was fired, but nothing went on his record about this behavior—one assumes the HMO did not want any trouble if someone found he or she had been misdiagnosed or something troublesome like that. This person was rumored to have gone to Chicago, but maybe he went to New York . . . he could have found kindred spirits at the New York Blood Center.

Jeanne C. Wilkinson
BROOKLYN

Chick Cruise

WE JUST FINISHED READING "NOW, VOYager" by Douglas Cooper [November 18], and we're green with envy. We (four single women, in our thirties) chartered the *Quiverfull* for a week over New Year's 1996, sailing through the BVIs, and had a blast—by far the best vacation we have ever experienced! Bob and Denise Carson were the perfect host and hostess, catering to our every whim. Denise is a superb cook and knows how to mix an incredible Bloody Mary and then some. Bob, our captain and dinghy chauffeur, was available whenever we called. (We were nicknamed "Bob's Babes from the *Quiverfull*.") New Year's Eve at Foxy's on Jost Van Dyke was legendary, to say the very least. We plan to charter the *Quiverfull* again this coming spring and eagerly await our contract. A highly recommended vacation.

Helen, Maria, Paula, and Jo-hanna
MANHATTAN

Sure Shot

NEW YORK READERS SHOULD KNOW THAT the injectable polio vaccine Pat Wechsler wrote about in "A Shot in the Dark" [November 11] is not the same injectable polio vaccine used today.

The cell line used to produce today's enhanced inactivated polio vaccine, IPOL, is thoroughly screened and has never been found to contain any known simian virus. IPOL has been safely administered to millions of people in Europe for the past fifteen years, and to people in the U.S. since 1991.

Your readers might also be interested in knowing that the benefits of IPOL are such that the U.S. Centers for Disease Control and Prevention recently announced a change to the immunization schedule that would increase reliance on enhanced inactivated polio vaccine versus the oral polio vaccine.

Howard Six
Vice-President
Research and Development
Pasteur Mérieux Connaught
SWIFTWATER, PENN.

Two-Seater

WE CAN ALL REST EASY NOW THAT THE dreaded one-fare, two-seat passengers are being dealt with ["Gotham: Seating the Masses," by Binyamin L. Jolkovsky, November 18]. At last these criminals have been apprehended to make the subway system safe for rapists, muggers, and murderers.

But the work remains unfinished! "Weight-challenged" passengers who occupy more than one seat ought to be required to either pay for two fares or stand! Likewise, what is the MTA's position regarding a mother who pays a fare and a toddler who doesn't—but still occupies a seat? What about people who put packages at their feet? The MTA certainly didn't agree to rent them floor space. Is harassing the public all the Transit police have to do? It's enough to make you buy a car.

Elaine Rosenbloom
BALTIMORE, MD.

Correction The "Intelligencer" item "The Emporium Has No Clothes" on November 18 incorrectly reported that Halston used some non-Halston clothes in its current advertising campaign. *New York* regrets the error. ■

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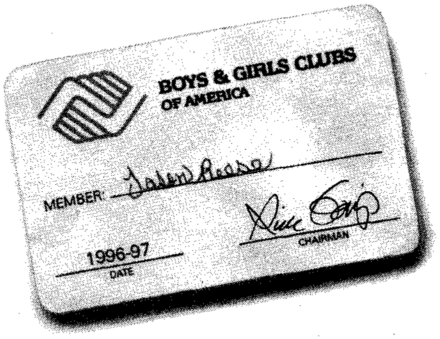
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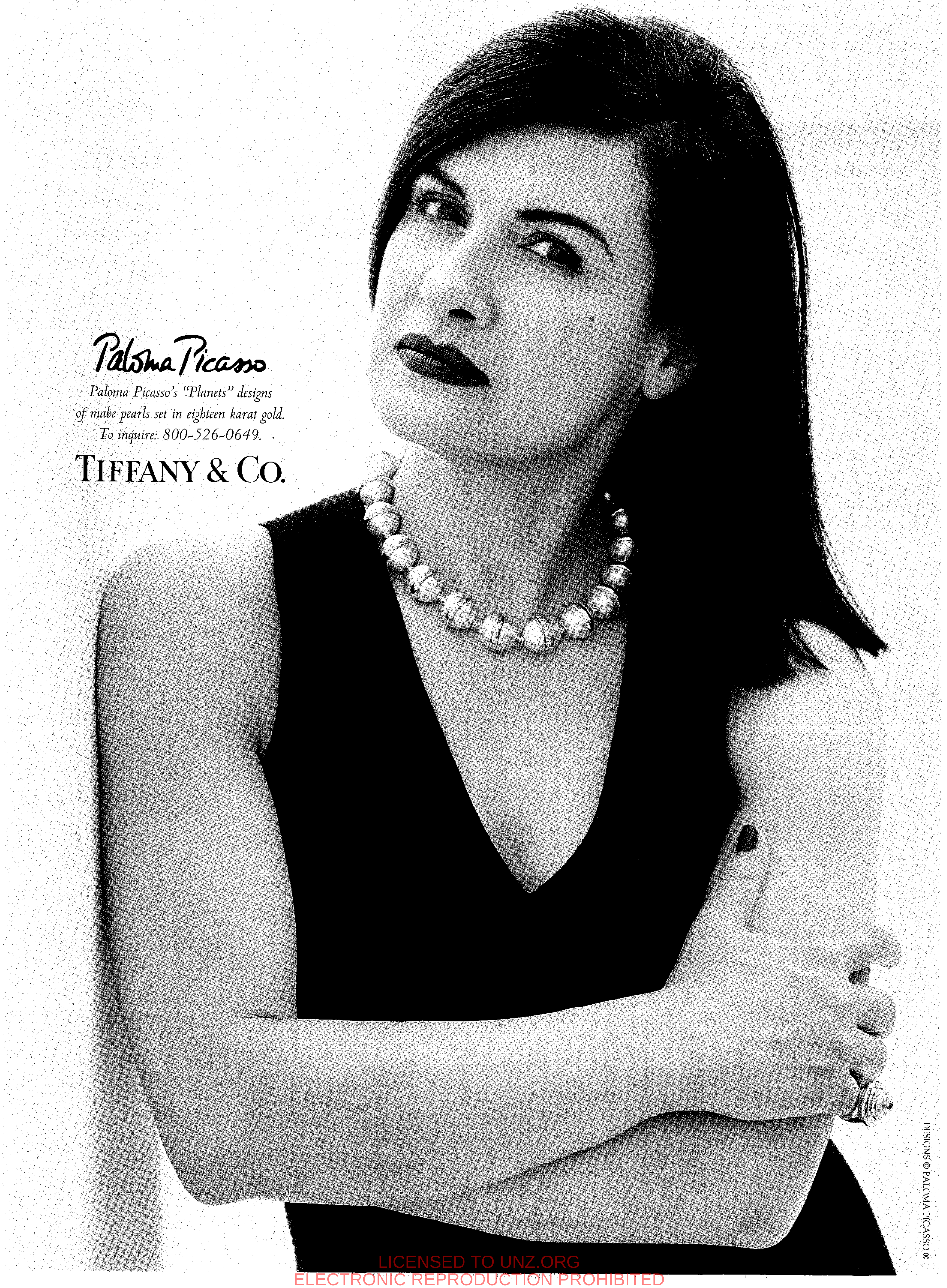

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BY BETH LANDMAN KEIL AND DEBORAH MITCHELL

INTELLIGENCER

ANOTHER GRAY HAIR FOR THE GRAY LADY

How did the New York *Times* manage to lose between $8 million and $10 million on a $2 million investment? That's the question industry insiders are asking in the wake of the *Times*'s most recent investment embarrassment, fast on the heels of the Popcorn Channel debacle. Two years ago, the company anted up the $2 million to buy 80 percent of Video News International (VNI), a Philadelphia-based company that sends journalists to cover the news with small cameras. The idea was to sell spot coverage to networks around the world, but once the *Times* came on board, the founding partners—journalist **Michael Rosenblum** and financier **Paul Gruenberg**—began to focus the company on producing longer specials and series. Their special on the Ebola virus for the Learning Channel won an Emmy this year, but the company continued to hemorrhage millions, losses that were causing consternation before **Lance Primis's** unexpected resignation from the *Times's* presidency last fall. Not long after Primis was fired, the spigot was shut off at VNI, which had been one of his pet projects. At the next VNI board meeting, reports one insider, Rosenblum and Gruenberg indulged in "an unseemly screaming match," and soon afterward, staff members began defecting to rival production outfits. Gruenberg is no longer with VNI, but Rosenblum and a few of his key people are expected to survive, honoring their production commitments in a pared-down company that will report to *Times*man **Leonard Forman.** Gruenberg could not be reached, Rosenblum declined to comment, and *Times* spokeswoman Nancy Nielsen insisted the problems are "completely typical" for a start-up.

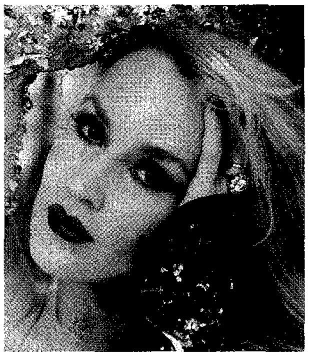
JOCKEYING FOR POSITION AT CLAREMONT

There's a political horse race afoot in Central Park, and the prize is the storied Claremont Riding Academy. The horsey 89th Street business, owned for generations by the family of stable operator **Paul Novograd,** was taken over by the city some 35 years ago, though Novograd stayed on. So when the city expressed an interest in selling the property, Novograd immediately submitted a bid, and, between his family legacy and the support of Councilwoman **Ronnie Eldridge,** seemed to have the the deal locked up. But Novograd didn't know that Riverdale Equestrian Center owner **Rusty Holzer,** progeny of Warhol-era diva **Baby Jane Holzer,** was preparing a rival bid and had retained the Rudy-connected power law firm of **Fischbein, Badillo, Wagner and Harding** to seal the deal. Now, though the city has yet to settle on a buyer, it looks as if Holzer may trot off as the winner. "I think it's a question of competence," sniffs **Richard Fischbein,** who represents Holzer. Novograd declined to comment.

HELLO, RUBY TUESDAY

Christmas arrived early for seasoned rock spouse **Jerry Hall** when philandering rock icon **Mick Jagger,** in an attempt to head off an impending divorce, made her an offer she couldn't refuse. According to a Jagger insider, that enormous new diamond-and-ruby-encrusted pendant Jerry's wearing covers Mick's end of a tacit agreement between the two middle-aged legends: "Whenever Mick gets his hand caught in the cookie jar, Jerry gets a new piece of jewelry, and it has to be more expensive than the last one. If it isn't, she threatens to file divorce papers." The model-cum-VH1 presenter (and mother of three of Jagger's kids) has become very adept at keeping the Midnight Rambler on a leash—if a long one. "She managed to get her side out to the media," says someone close to the couple about the fallout from the latest Jagger imbroglio. "Mick is rarely portrayed negatively in the press, but this time she really got him where it hurts." Apparently, his wallet took a hit, too.

Ed Koch: Burning rubber

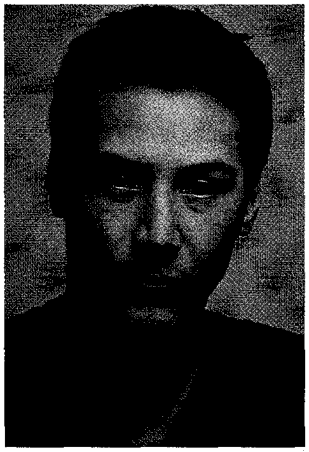


Jerry Hall: The family jewels

CITIZEN KOCH'S CONDOM CAMPAIGN

Outspoken mayor turned radio raconteur **Edward I. Koch** has never shied away from voicing an opinion. So when one of his WABC listeners phoned in the very sensible suggestion that New York movie theaters run public-service announcements encouraging safe sex in place of the standard movie-trivia quiz, the energetic bachelor jumped at the chance to get involved. After enlisting the help of **Abraham Castillo** and **Kate Elmore,** two young film students at the School of Visual Arts, to produce a short animated film, Koch wrote to dozens of Hollywood luminaries, including **Sid Sheinberg, Jonathan Demme, Barbra Streisand,** and **Lew Wasserman,** asking for their help on the project. Shockingly, nobody bit. Undaunted, the mayor decided to lobby the city's movie houses and chains personally, but all of them passed as well. Finally, Koch turned to the vanguard City Cinema, which agreed to show the safe-sex film on five of its screens prior to feature presentations. Quips the proud ex-mayor: "I decided to take the bull by the horns."

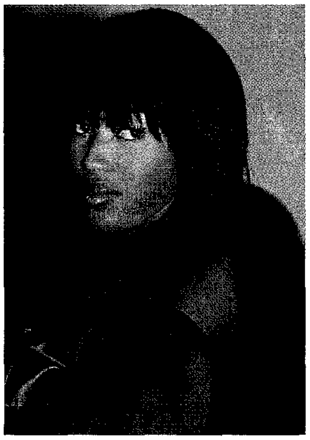
Photographs: top, Richard B. Levine; bottom, Richard Melloul/Sygma.



Keanu Reeves:
Shooting spree

SOHO LOSING SLEEP OVER HOLLYWOOD

The ultracool residents of SoHo are seething-hot over the film crews that are overrunning the once tranquil neighborhood. SoHo has become unwitting home to three movie sets in the past month: **Griffin Dunne**'s *Addicted to Love; Conspiracy Theory,* starring **Mel Gibson** and **Julia Roberts;** and *Devil's Advocate,* starring **Al Pacino** and **Keanu Reeves.** Now the area's trendy tenants are finally beginning to mutiny. Several weeks ago, residents hurled bottles at crew members from a sixth-floor roof at the corner of Mercer and Prince Streets, protesting the noisy crew below. Later that night, they were awakened once again when an earthshattering 3 A.M. explosion on the set of *Conspiracy Theory* jolted them from their beds; and this week on Grand Street, where *Advocate* had set up shop, a band of distressed locals began yelling and tossing eggs out their windows. Residents say the loud crowd has on some occasions worked through the night, klieg lights blazing. Mutters one resident, "They told me I couldn't walk in front of my house. I thought, *Wait a minute. I own this place.*" But **Mike Tadross,** executive producer of *Devil's Advocate,* distributed by Warner Bros., denies there's any conspiracy afoot to deprive SoHo denizens of their much-needed beauty sleep. "I feel terrible, but there's nothing I can do. If you write a scene for a street in SoHo, you have to shoot in SoHo—there is just no way around it. I guess the only way the residents would be able to stop it is if they organize a neighborhood boycott on the stores that rent us their space."



Naomi Campbell:
No promo-Seltzer

TIME WARNER'S RUDY RECONCILIATION

When Time Warner honcho **Richard Parsons** resigned earlier this fall from the city's Economic Development Corporation in a huff over Mayor **Rudy Giuliani**'s support of **Rupert Murdoch**'s Fox News Channel, it looked as if Rudy had forever alienated another rich lifelong Republican. However, now that Time Warner seems to be emerging as the victor in its cable showdown with Fox, Parsons is extending a conciliatory hand. The uncharacteristically lighthearted executive has reportedly told friends that he and Giuliani are "just a couple of silly guys trying to work it out." Asked for comment, Parsons admits, "That *sounds* like me, but I don't remember saying that word-for-word. The matter is still in the courts, and it will be settled there."

SHERRY WHISPERS; CHAKA SINGS

A DRIER SHERRY: When last heard from, the prostitute who got her toes sucked by **Dick Morris** had big, big plans. **Sherry Rowlands** had a literary agent (**Nikki Smith**), a book proposal based on diaries of her time with the fallen political guru (the working title, said *Newsweek,* was *If You Think You Know Morris, You Don't Know Dick*), and dreams of doing stand-up comedy and a radio talk show. Now, two months later, Rowlands has switched agents and is ditching her diary idea for an as-told-to. Though a source says publishers weren't interested in the diary proposal, Rowlands's new agent, **Carmen LaVia,** says Rowlands herself withdrew the diaries for reasons of taste. "I'm meeting with her on Monday," LaVia reports. "We're talking to a couple of substantial writers. I didn't want to do a *Star-* or *Enquirer*-type book." Meanwhile, talk of that radio-and-comedy career for the scrappy hooker seems to have subsided.

Chaka Khan:
Set to play

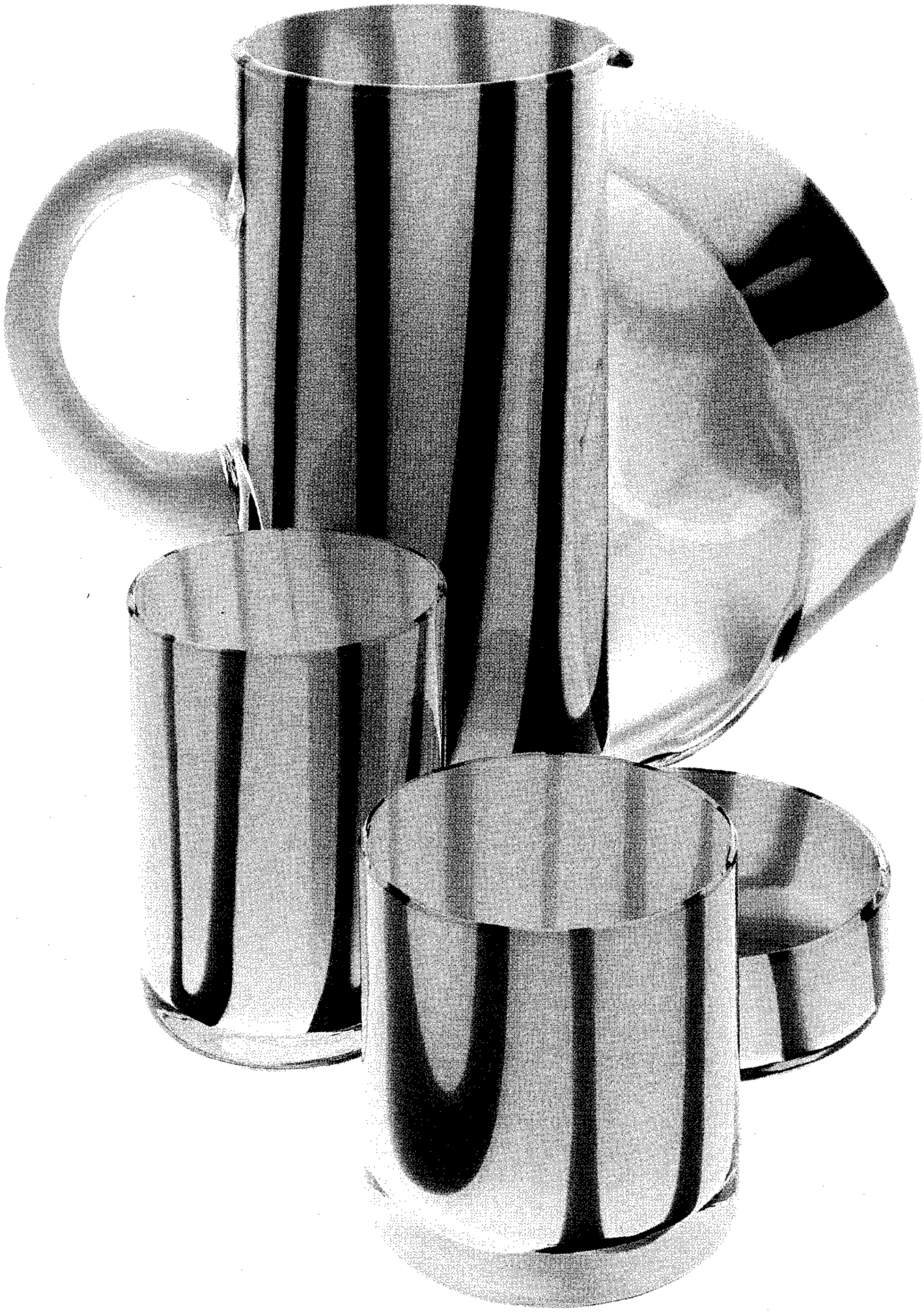
CHAKA CAN-CAN: Early on, the big question mark for the promoters behind the Three Divas concert this Wednesday was legendary songstress **Chaka Khan**. Would master of ceremonies **RuPaul** have to stand in with **Donna Summer** and **Gloria Estefan** for Khan, a very talented but sometimes erratic singer? One source insists that promoters took the precaution of calling Khan's record label to make sure she'd show, reminding them the event was an important one for all concerned. But WKTU-FM program director **Frankie Blue** says, "I'm not worried, and KTU's not worried. Chaka's so excited over the event, she's coming in three days early" to do publicity and practice sessions. "I'm getting good cooperation because she's very excited," he continues. "Whatever happened in the past, she probably had her reasons."

Additional reporting by Matt Pincus and Beth McGrath.

NAOMI CAMPBELL IN THE SOUP AGAIN

That rash of bad publicity **Naomi Campbell** has been getting lately may have something to do with the fact that she recently sacked her publicist. A source says the difficult diva gave her contentious flack, **Nancy Seltzer,** the boot a couple of weeks ago. "Naomi and Nancy started out as friends," says a source, "but it didn't work out. They had many fights." One of the nastiest, the source says, was over a Japanese commercial that would have paid the supermodel $350,000. "Naomi wanted the dough, but Nancy said no." Seltzer admits there was some disagreement over the commercial but disputes the details. Seltzer also claims that she decided to stop representing Campbell because of her disgust with the modeling business but insists that the two remain on good terms. Model fans will remember the day Naomi herself was "fired" from Elite, at which time owner **John Casablancas** referred to her as "a yo-yo." In any case, Campbell remains as busy as ever: She's currently shooting with **Peter Lindbergh** in Rome for *Harper's Bazaar.* Then it's off to Sweden with **Herb Ritts** for *Vogue.*

Photographs: top left, Gregory Jackson/LGI; top right, S. Shipman/Gamma-Liaison; center left, Pat/Arnal/Stills/Retna



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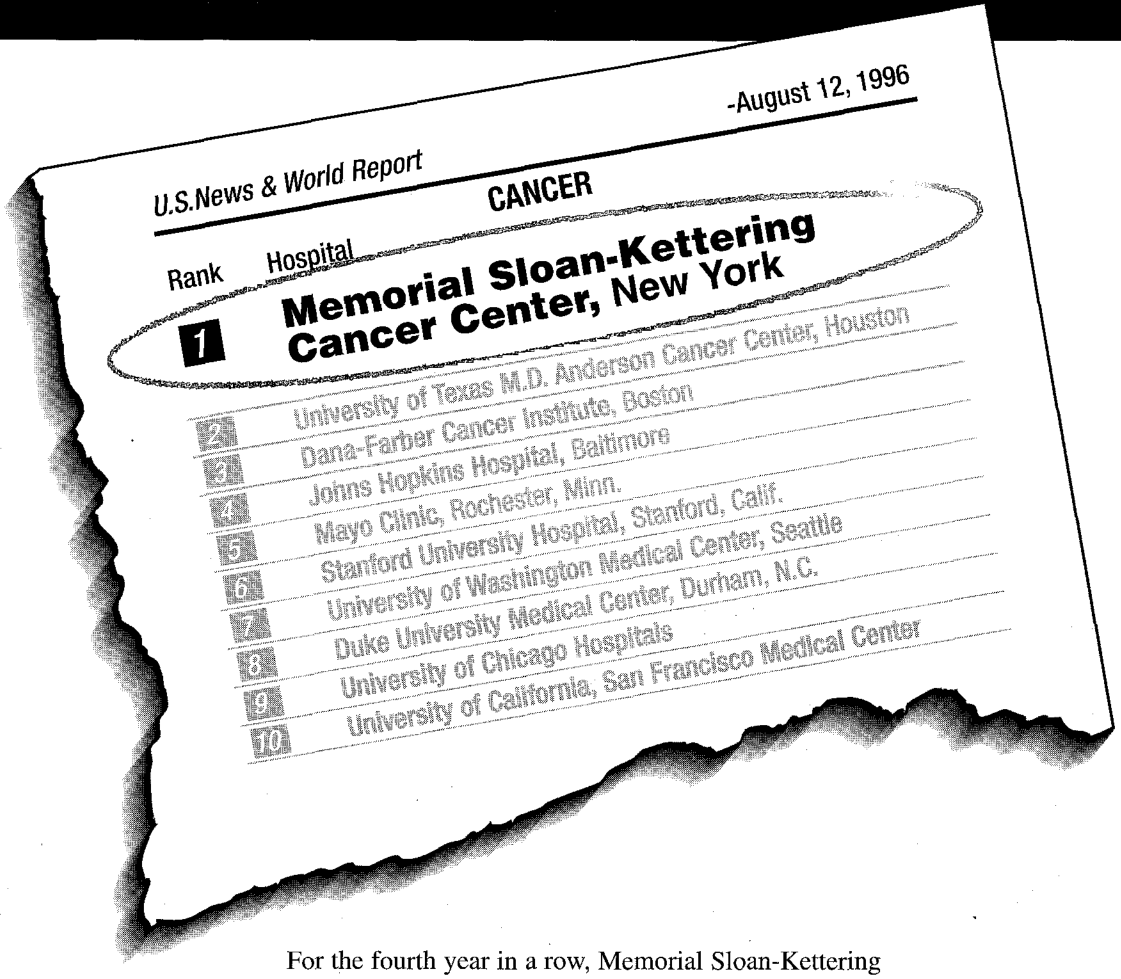

U.S.News & World Report -August 12, 1996

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4	Johns Hopkins Hospital, Baltimore
5	Mayo Clinic, Rochester, Minn.
6	Stanford University Hospital, Stanford, Calif.
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9	University of Chicago Hospitals
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GOTHAM

A damned beautiful place—*Ernest Hemingway*

THE FRONT PAGE

Everybody's a Critic

In art, where do you draw the line?

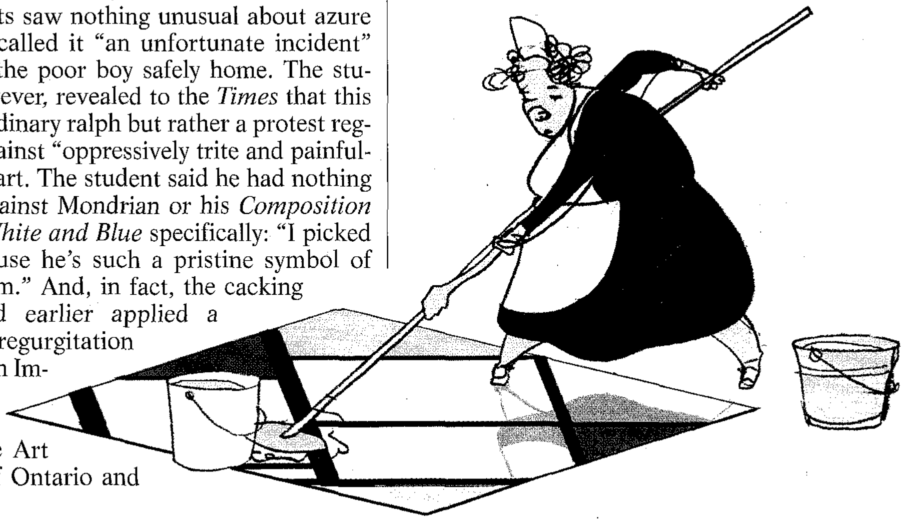
WE'VE BEEN DOWN WITH THE FLU all week, feeling hot, cold, sick, sore, useless. We just lie here, having been transformed from a reasonably functioning human being into an astonishingly efficient vomit-production facility. And we "are just the tip of the iceberg," state Health Department spokeswoman Kristine Smith said in the paper last week, warning that the traditional December-to-March influenza season got an early start and would just keep upchucking along. The idea that we would soon be joined by tens of thousands of equally queasy New Yorkers was of little solace—the image, in fact, had an opposite effect—particularly when we realized that all this time we had been worthlessly lollygagging, we could have been an art critic.

STUDENT SAYS VOMITING ON PAINTING WAS AN ARTISTIC STATEMENT. Certainly not the story one wants to encounter over breakfast, having lost it once already, but there it was last Wednesday in the latter B pages of the *Times* (where the interesting stories always are). It seems that back on November 2, a 22-year-old Canadian art student visiting the Museum of Modern Art heaved blue puke all over a Mondrian. MOMA officials, who as art and not medical experts saw nothing unusual about azure vomitus, called it "an unfortunate incident" and sent the poor boy safely home. The student, however, revealed to the *Times* that this was no ordinary ralph but rather a protest registered against "oppressively trite and painfully banal" art. The student said he had nothing special against Mondrian or his *Composition in Red, White and Blue* specifically: "I picked him because he's such a pristine symbol of Modernism." And, in fact, the cacking critic had earlier applied a deep-red regurgitation to a French Impressionist painting at the Art Gallery of Ontario and intended the Mondrian cookie toss to be part of "a trilogy, with one performance for each of the primary colors." He seemed to be wavering on whether he would follow through with the yellow arc of his Technicolor-yawn series.

Museum officials were of course aghast, as they are at anything new and exciting. "Vile and repugnant" was one of the phrases tossed around, as was "appropriate legal recourse." Meanwhile, the art student—whose name, alas, we have already forgotten—announced that he had a photo of himself yorking at the MOMA, taken "just a few inches away" from the Mondrian, and that it was available for sale to any newspaper willing to lose a few thousand readers.

Maybe up in Toronto, which isn't New York City but often plays it on TV. Our standards for art-cum-protest are a bit higher here in real New York. Some decades back, the *SoHo Weekly News* ran a negative review of an artist—we forget his name, too—who subsequently marched into the publication's offices and announced to the rather startled receptionist, "This is what I think of your review," as he calmly chopped off two of his fingers.

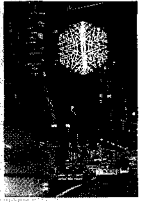
Puke on a painting? That's nothing. As any New York parent will soon be able to say, *My kid could do that!*



NOT FOR ATTRIBUTION "I like the Yankees and all, but this is getting kind of cheesy. The mayor's got the trophy on display on the first floor and there's a glassed-in case with headlines upstairs. And then there's the huge banner. I think he's hoping that by having all this stuff around, all his other problems will go away."—A City Council member on World Series paraphernalia littering City Hall

OVERHEARD Last week, MusiCares hosted a forum on possible solutions to drug abuse in the music industry. What was Public Enemy's Chuck D's recommendation? "Look at the NBA. In the late seventies, a lot of the guys were coked up out of their minds, and a lot of them played great. But they were all burning out by the time they were 33. Then the NBA came up with a drug [testing] situation, and now these guys are making more money than ever [and] playing till they're 40. Maybe we [musicians] should think about something like that, 'cause our performance these days is definitely questionable."

TRIMMINGS Where's the giant snowflake that usually hangs up over Fifth Avenue and 57th Street? It was supposed to go up the Tuesday after Thanksgiving, but this year there were some delays. "When Warner Bros. opened its store on the corner, they moved the supports," explains Douglas Leigh, the flake's designer. "We didn't realize it until the last minute, and now we're going to have to put it off for a week or two."



Crime

'BLADES TO THE HEAT

OUTSIDE THE BLINDINGLY LIT HOUSE IN Carnegie Hill, Rollerblading young men in familiar red berets wove among the well-heeled crowd arriving at the James Burden Mansion to celebrate *them.* Once, the Guardian Angels would hardly have been welcome in such luxe environs. Today, however, the city's most famous citizens' patrol is back, thanks in no small measure to Rudy Giuliani.

Aleta St. James organized the November 22 Angels in the Park benefit to raise $150,000 for Angel Watch, her brother Curtis Sliwa's plan to put Guardian Angel 'blade and mountain-bike patrols in Central Park and Brooklyn's Prospect Park. Along with the mayor, supporters of the project include Parks Commissioner Henry Stern (who was made an honorary Guardian Angel at the affair and was presented with berets for himself and his dog, Boomer) and the Office of Community Affairs at City Hall.

Neither Ed Koch nor David Dinkins had much use for the Angels or for Curtis Sliwa's publicity stunts at a time when crime was high on New Yorkers' minds. Those were the bad old days for the Guardian Angels, when many ordinary citizens were unnerved by the cocky clan strutting through the subways and sometimes provoking more trouble than they prevented. By 1988, the Angels were patrolling the theater district, confronting crack dealers and prostitutes—much to the chagrin of Mayor Koch and Police Commissioner Benjamin Ward, even as the district's habitués welcomed them.

"They thought they were substitutes for the police," Koch recalls. "They wanted to be perceived as supercops, and they were not."

With Angel Watch, Sliwa continues his long return from media limbo, where he's languished since 1992, when he was shot in a cab in the East Village, a crime that remains unsolved. Not long after, a divorce from his wife, Lisa, left him without his most telegenic flack.

During the nineties, even with a radio show on WABC, Sliwa dropped off the radar screen. Yet he was quietly expanding the Angels' dominion across the country and around the world; today there are chapters in Chicago, Denver, Baltimore, and Houston as well as Berlin, Tokyo, Moscow, Milan, and Toronto. Back on their home turf, the mayor proclaimed one week last summer "Guardian Angels Week," and in September, Giuliani gave the keynote at the Guardian Angels International Conference.

"Giuliani always rewards people [when it seems] expedient to him," says a former City Hall insider, deriding Sliwa's WABC program as "Radio Rudy": "Curtis's show is like a mouthpiece for the mayor, especially now that WNYC is no longer city-owned."

Sliwa scoffs at the charge, insisting that Giuliani was on the side of the Angels back when he was U.S. Attorney for the Southern District. Today, Giuliani and Angel One (Sliwa's undercover tag) even play on the same stickball team.

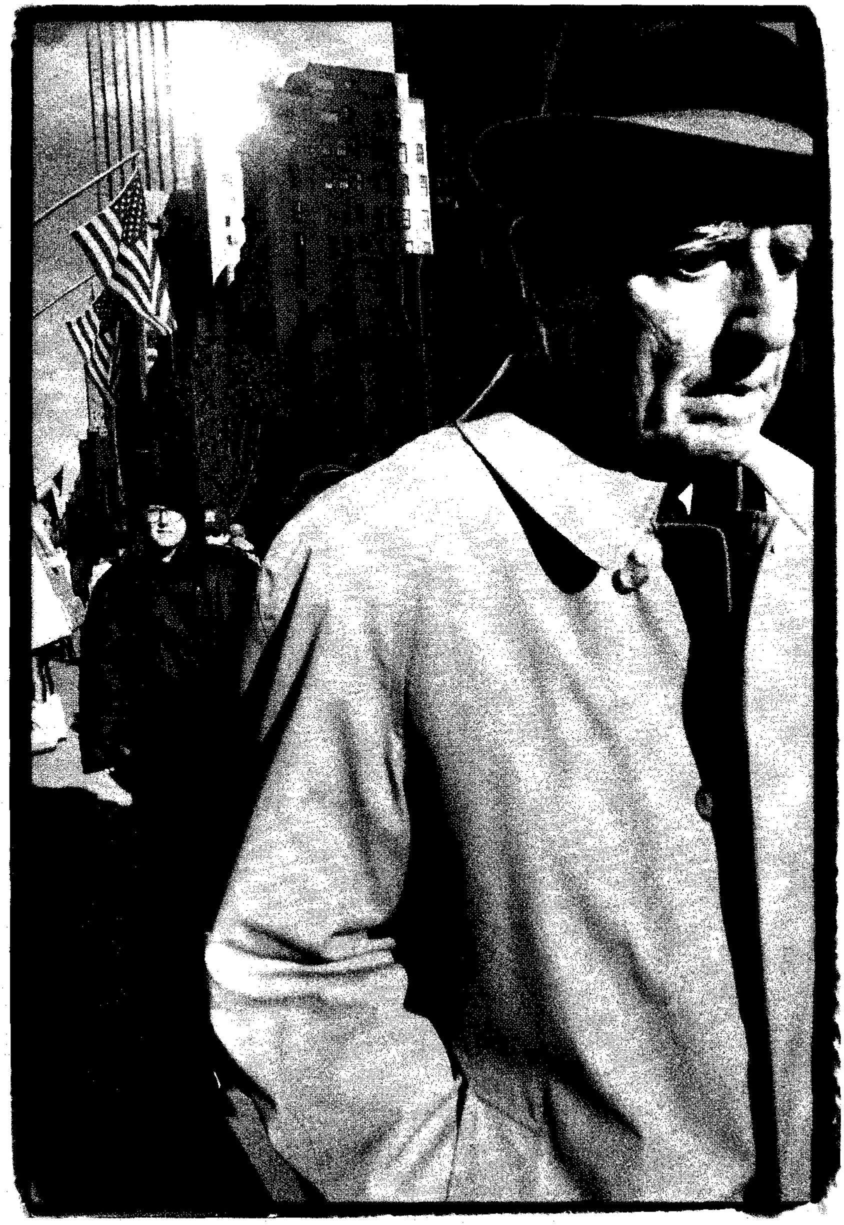
Stern, too, has gotten with the program. "As far as Parks is concerned, [Sliwa] is a good citizen, and he's welcome to help. He's matured since the eighties."

With crime down, Sliwa is hoping that out-of-control sports enthusiasts will return the Angels to their high profile. Guardian Angels with names like Airborne, Cyclops, and Tomcat will race around the parks on donated mountain bikes or 'blading gear identical to the equipment used by the NYPD. Armed with donated walkie-talkies, they're expected to control traffic, perform first aid where needed, and train wobbly 'bladers.

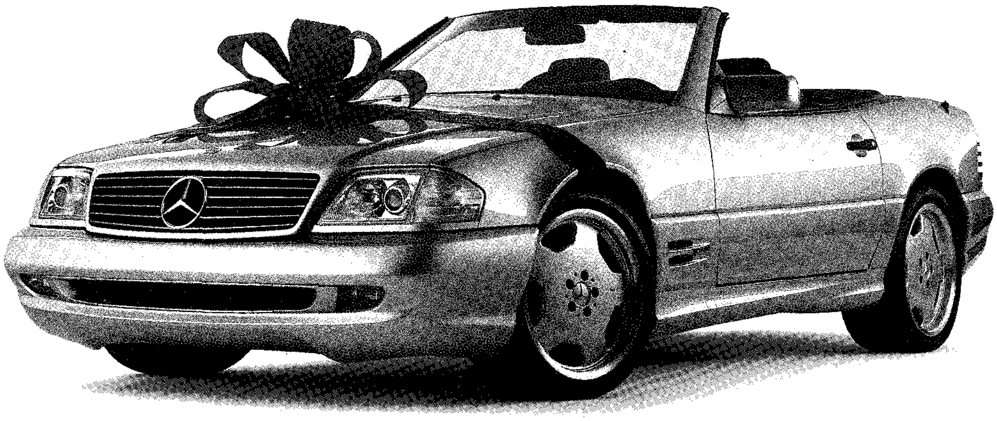
Yet those who've skewered the Guardian Angels in the past for being cowboys and showboaters might say Angel Watch is more of the same. Even Stern is a little cautious: "You can't rely on them, because they're a volunteer group. When they're there, they can be eyes and ears. We'll have to wait and see how much help they can provide."

The fear-mongering tone of a letter to potential contributors also does little to allay the sense that the Angels still go for

SHOT



Fifth Avenue and 55th Street, 1 P.M., Monday, December 2, *photo by Michael Ackerman.*



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the hype. "Do you . . . long for a day when you can take a moonlight stroll through Central Park or perhaps an early morning jog . . . without looking over your shoulder?" wrote St. James, despite the fact that the thrust of the new program is sports safety.

SHOPPING
Gelt Trip

New York's hippest stores are rolling out more gifts than ever before that meld Hanukkah and Christmas themes. The growing number of interfaith households pegs this trend as a supply-and-demand no-brainer, and retailers note they've doubled their orders for "mixed gifts" to prevent last year's early shortfall. "You're going to see a whole new holiday come out of this religious schizophrenia that's neither Jewish nor Christian," predicts Rabbi Joel S. Goor of Metropolitan Synagogue. "It's going to be 'American New York.' "

Some of the season's best-sellers:

House of David Gingerbread House. Edible real estate retailing for a reasonable $38 at Barneys New York turns tradition on its side with blue-and-white icing, a menorah, and the Star of David.

The Hanukkah Window Storybook. Please don't call it an Advent calendar. Each window on this freestanding card hides a scene from the story of the Maccabees and, finally, a modern-day family lighting a menorah. Made exclusively for the Jewish Museum, the card depicts the museum's Warburg Mansion site ($8.95 at the Jewish Museum).

Mixed Blessing Cards. A Santa-Rabbi (red suit, black beard) announces, "Happy Hanukkah and Merry Christmas" ($1.75 at La Brea). A reindeer with Hanukkah candles on its head, dancing on a wire of Christmas lights, wishes you "Happy Whatever" ($2.25 at Paper House).

Blue Velvet Stocking. For hanging Hanukkah gelt over the fireplace ($45 at E.A.T. Gifts). SARAH BERNARD

Still, Sliwa retains the affections of many New Yorkers, if the scene one recent Sunday afternoon in the park was any indication. While he and three Guardian Angels spoke with a reporter, several cabdrivers pulled over to say hello. Folks pushing strollers or walking dogs greeted him like an old friend. A trio of English tourists asked for directions to the Dakota. Thirty Brazilian tourists swarmed around the group and pleaded for a photo.

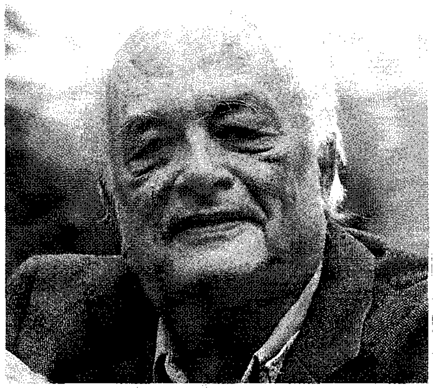
Rocker Steven Tyler, precarious on blades, with a daughter steadying him at the elbow, caught the eye of Angel One and gave him the thumbs-up. None of the Guardian Angels warned Tyler to put on a helmet. LANG PHIPPS

Traffic
DEMAND AND SUPPLY

IF WILLIAM VICKREY HAD LIVED LONG enough to collect his Nobel Prize in Stockholm this week, it's a good bet he would have used the occasion to chat up his big-city-traffic solutions. The Columbia University economist—who died of heart failure at 82 on October 11, three days after winning the Nobel—was renowned for telling anyone in earshot that economics could cure gridlock.

"What Vickrey recognized earlier than anyone else," recalled Sam Schwartz, a.k.a. *Daily News* columnist "Gridlock Sam" and head of Cooper Union's Infrastructure Institute, "is that a city's most valuable commodity is space." In the fifties, with the country in the thrall of highway-builder Robert Moses, Vickrey asserted that traffic would always outstrip highway capacity unless drivers paid full price for the space they occupied. Vickrey was no elitist, and it amused him that Americans ridiculed the bread lines that state subsidies produced in Moscow, yet demanded (and got) Soviet-style subsidies for the roads that resulted in all-American temper-fraying, time-consuming, air-polluting traffic jams.

What were Vickrey's brainstorms for getting traffic unglued? Start with midtown Manhattan, where double-parked delivery trucks slow traffic to a crawl. Merely reserving curbside space for deliveries doesn't work when trucks park in one spot for hours. The professor's answer: electronic parking tolls for commercial vehicles, charged to a smart card inside the windshield with a time display visible to a traffic officer. To provide an incentive to free up space for another truck, parking would be charged by the minute, with higher rates on the busiest streets and during peak hours. How high? Whatever it takes, Vickrey argued, to maintain 85 percent to 90 percent occupancy rates generating enough turnover so that truckers needing space and willing to pay could find it.



Nobel winner William Vickrey.

Variable tolls into Manhattan, with premium charges during rush hour, is one long-standing Vickrey proposal that technology has caught up with. New electronic toll-collection devices like E-Z Pass obviate the need for toll plazas. The next step is to vary tolls by time of day, perhaps with money-back guarantees on travel time. Sound fantastic? A new toll road in California's Orange County does just that, refunding the $2.50 toll when you don't save the twenty minutes promised by the program.

Will the public buy new tolls? Yes, insists Schwartz—citing polls showing majority support even in boroughs whose commuters would be most affected—if revenues go to prevent disasters like the 1988 Williamsburg Bridge closing. "Dedicate the money to transit upgrades and bridge maintenance, and New Yorkers will see bridge tolls not as a penalty but as a means to a quality trip," says Schwartz.

The Thruway Authority and the MTA are now set to study time-variable tolls on nine bridges and tunnels, including the Tappan Zee, Triborough, and Verrazano-Narrows. But the normally voluble city transportation commissioner, Christopher Lynn, is mum about the free East (and Harlem) River bridges that bring in more cars than our streets can handle.

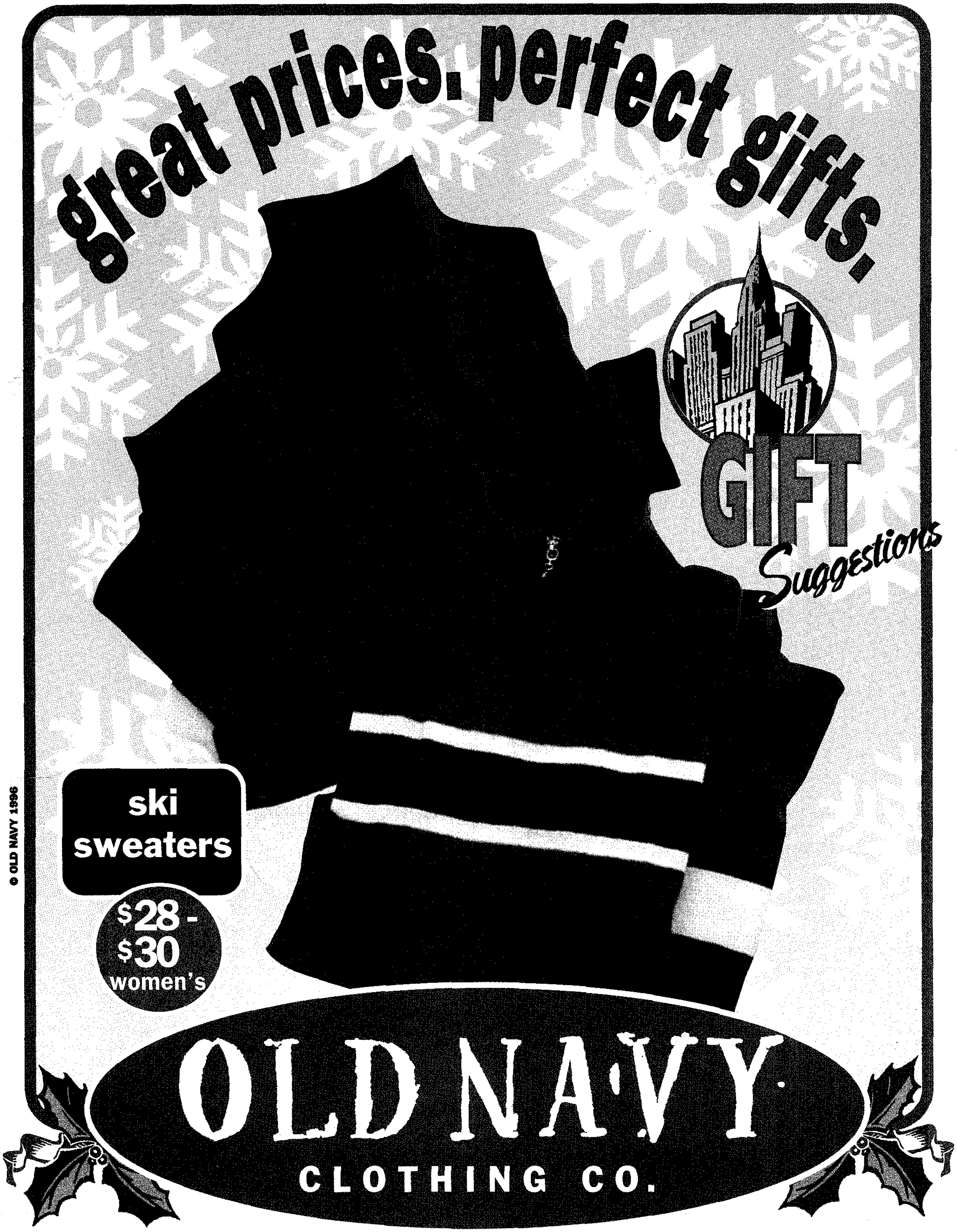
Similarly, Lynn touts electronic parking meters that will debut "soon" but tells *New York* he has no plans to toll curbside space at the levels Vickrey estimated were needed to untangle midtown congestion.

A native of Victoria, British Columbia, Vickrey spent his adult life in this region and may have understood its traffic patterns better than anyone. Maybe someday we'll take to heart his observation that driver behavior—like so many other forms of social intercourse—is subject to the laws of economics. CHARLES KOMANOFF

Rugby
ALIENS 3, LOCALS 0

RUGBY ENTHUSIASTS—SOME 1,500 OF them—spent part of Thanksgiving weekend in Central Park, stomping on beer

Photographs: left, Steven Freeman; right, AP/Wide World Photos.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THE SCENE

The Ladies of the Club

At "Princess Di—What's Next?," a panel discussion of Diana's future hosted by Romance Classics Network.

By Ariel Kaminer
Photographed by Patrick McMullan

'THESE WOMEN WRITE WITH IMAGINATION," SAID Christina Liberatore, the makeup artist who had just put the finishing touches on six of the world's top-selling romance authors. "They create a whole world, and I think they take the same approach to their face."

A certain family resemblance was indeed evident (boldly drawn features, padded shoulders), but according to Kate McEnroe, president of American Movie Classics, it was illusory. "Romance has been analyzed," she said, "and it's not a visual. It's a feeling."

Tama Janowitz discusses "Princess Di—What's Next?"

Top, George Stephanopoulos and Michael J. Fox at *Newsweek's* 100 Newsmakers '96 party. Above, Kato Kaelin and artist Caio Fonseca celebrate *Hollywood Handbook.*

In the parlor where the writers had gathered to script Princess Diana's future, that feeling was oddly reserved. No one had really done her homework, it seemed, and they had surprisingly little to say—until, that is, Joan Rivers, who was moderating the discussion, mentioned revenge: "Oh, revenge is *great,*" said Jackie Collins, with apparent authority, and that got everyone talking at once. Nancy Friday predicted an affair with Bill Gates. Olivia Goldsmith questioned Di's orgasmic history. Erica Jong advocated a risk-averse investment strategy. Then in a tiny voice, as if from very far away, Tama Janowitz offered her prescription: "I think, some kinda nomadic Mongolian guy."

Edgar Bronfman Jr. and Tom Selleck at the Motion Picture & Television Fund's seventy-fifth anniversary.

The group paused to register this idea before quickly and noisily rejecting it. They clamored on to more predictable topics—money, intimacy, and television spin-offs—eventually making their way to the wicked Camilla Parker Bowles. Janowitz again brought up the nomad boyfriend. "She probably doesn't even know who she *is* yet," Friday said, slightly exasperated. "Well, Joan, I really do like camels," Janowitz said, trying one last time to be heard. When the discussion was over, she was a bit dazed, but Janowitz knew the importance of her struggle. "Just as Edith Wharton portrayed her society's morals and manners," she said, "I feel it's my duty as a writer to follow popular culture."

Jong found the event significant as well, though more for what it proved about novelists. "Sitting at your desk in a jogging suit writing a book is so completely, excruciatingly boring," she explained, "that writers will come out for any silly-ass event anyone dreams up."

Left to right, actress Rossy De Palma, Anna Sui, Verushka, and ice sculptor Joe O'Donoghue at the Pucci opening; Angela Janklow Harrington and Gilbert Gottfried at Spy.

cans buried along the sidelines of North Meadow playing fields. Some of the world's most talented ruggers had come to New York for the weekend to play for fun. "What's football—just an Americanization of rugby," exclaimed one fan at the 38th Annual New York Sevens Tournament. Indeed: Take away the helmets, shoulder pads, cheerleaders, and Astroturf, and there, in the mud, with a two-point conversion, was rugby football.

So here were five divisions—Premier, Club, Women's, Men's Collegiate, and Social—gathered for their annual fall rite. Almost 100 teams of seven players each, facing their opponents in seven- minute halves, played out the preliminary rounds, beginning at 8:30 that Saturday morning. By four o'clock, the winter afternoon light was fading, but hundreds stayed to watch the finalists in the men's Premier division battle for their trophies. A rising wind sent grocery and garbage bags sailing across the field as the New York Aliens, a mixed club of international players, faced the OMEX club, a local team. The Aliens, and the talent they had flown in from New Zealand, South Africa, and Canada, won the title for the third year running, 52–0.

Brian Corcoran, who in 1990 played for Team USA for free, distinguished ruggers from "the spoiled, arrogant professionals you're dealing with in other sports." And there was something noble about bare-legged players like Gary Hein and Scott Pierce lying face-first in the mud on the last day of November. RUGBY, BEER AND SOMETHING ELSE was the motto of the team from Caracas, embroidered in English on their jerseys. As long as there has been rugby, so has there been free beer. "It's the heart of all of it," joked the team's doctor and referee.

The Premier-division players decamped for uptown bars, where they would act like gentlemen. "We would never, ever sing songs," said one. But it was a different story at the Blue Moose Tavern on Varick Street, where the New York Rugby Football Club and Boddingtons Pub Ale were hosting players. "Life Short—Drink Fast!!!" read the invite.

The amateur players, weened on underage keggers and bawdy rugby songs, began to fill the gaping dance hall. "This beer is going down hard," remarked one member of a women's club from SUNY Stony Brook. "It's terrible," her teammate agreed. But they would drink Boddingtons until it tasted like water, ready to let loose at the post-tournament party.

"A lot of people kind of let go," remarked one player, working the crowd with a huge jar of kosher pickles. "There's a serious bond between people who play rugby." He's still playing, despite several serious injuries: "You meet a lot of people who are as stupid as you."

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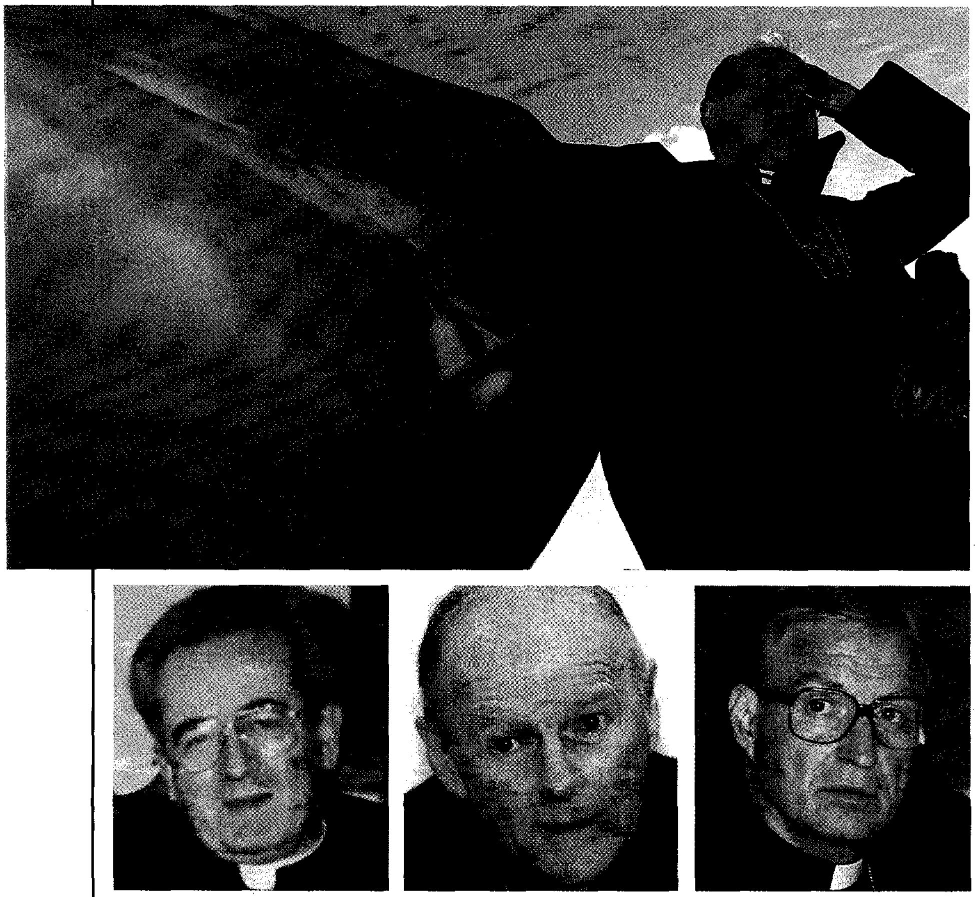
NEW YORK®

CHRIS SMITH

Papal Bull Session

With John Cardinal O'Connor two years past his Vatican-declared retirement age, speculation is rife over who will succeed him. A St. Patrick's handicap sheet.



Top, incumbent O'Connor. Above, from left, aspirants Rigali, McCarrick, and McHugh.

A CHILLY TUESDAY MORNING IN December. John Cardinal O'Connor steps down slowly from the altar of St. Patrick's Cathedral to deliver the homily for his 7:30 A.M. mass. One block west, the last lights are being hung on the Rockefeller Center tree, in preparation for tonight's switch-flicking mob scene.

"There is no doubt," he tells the roughly 75 parishioners sprinkled through the vast wooden pews, "that we live in a highly materialistic, technological age. Instead of 'Merry Christmas,' people say 'Happy holiday.' *Happy holiday.*" O'Connor draws out the words as if they feel peculiar on his tongue. "Already, I've been greeted with 'Happy holiday.' "

A small, wry smile raises one corner of his mouth. Perhaps O'Connor appreciates the irony in a cardinal's being addressed in the squishy, religi-phobic language of political correctness—especially this cardinal, such a fierce and public defender of orthodoxy. Perhaps he's just being reactionary.

The smile vanishes quickly. "Where is Christ in this?" O'Connor demands. "Where do we put Christ in our values? If Christ pervades everything we do, that is what makes a difference in our lives."

Communion is dispensed. The mass is ended. O'Connor glides to the back of the cathedral, his bright-red skullcap bobbing like a buoy on a marble sea. Descending a short flight of cool white stone stairs, he passes the doors to a crypt. Inside are the remains of his seven predecessors. O'Connor glances briefly at the tomb and continues out to a waiting car.

ON JANUARY 15, 1997, THE HOUSEHOLD staff of the archbishop's residence on Madison Avenue will "surprise" O'Connor with a cake, marking the priest's seventy-seventh birthday. The date also means that O'Connor is two years beyond the church's official (though apparently not all that rigorously enforced) retirement age.

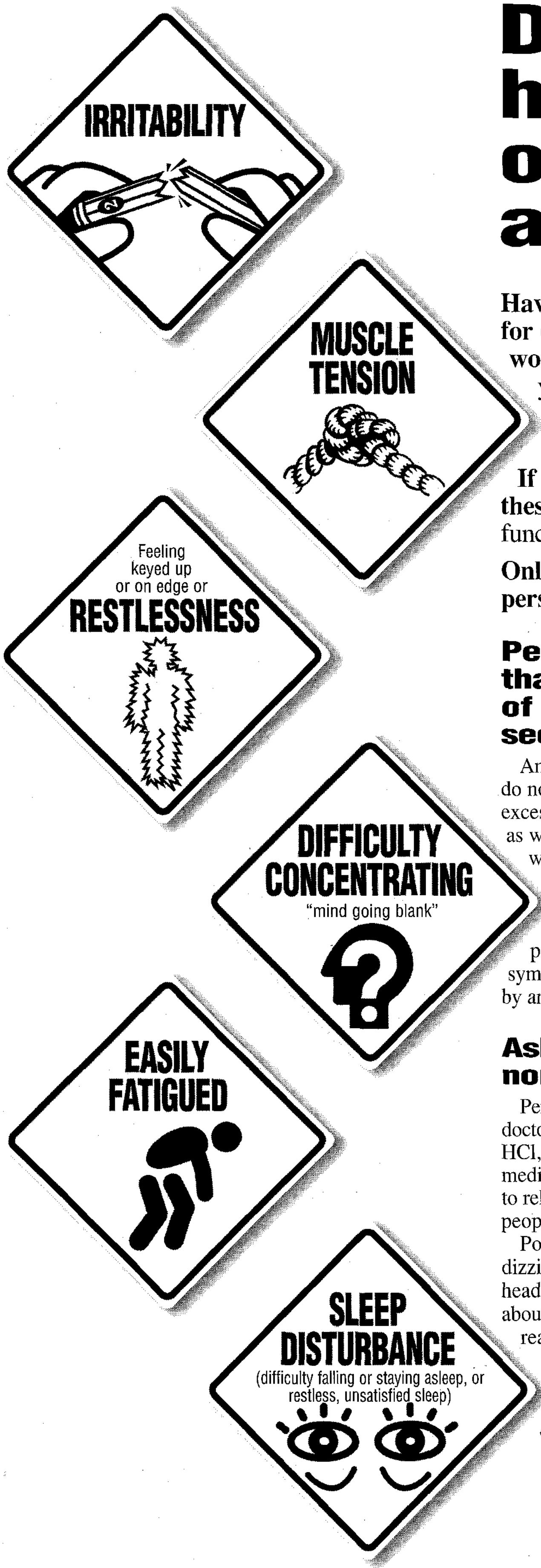
Vigorous and restless, "an apostolic dynamo" in the words of a friend, O'Connor isn't eager to depart. "He thinks he'll never die," says a church insider. "So he doesn't really want to think about [retirement] until he turns 80."

Yet envelopes with the Vatican seal have arrived on the desks of a handful of American Catholics, soliciting suggestions for the next archbishop of New York. Contenders are being sized up—and so is the the condition of the church the winner will inherit.

O'Connor's gargantuan personality will leave a choppy wake. No religious figure has used the media as relentlessly. From assailing Ozzy Osbourne to hinting at a press conference that Mario Cuomo risked excommunication, O'Connor has missed few chances to broadcast his beliefs. Admirers call O'Connor's high profile galvanizing. Other priests, demoralized by the cardinal's omnipresence, see him as a camera hog. "What I object to," says one pastor, "is his portrayal of himself as all-important. He acts like he *is* the church of New York."

O'Connor's bluster obscures a surprisingly progressive record; his harsh denunciations of homosexuality, for instance, mask the fact that O'Connor opened the city's first AIDS ward, and that he continues to expand HIV care throughout the church's $10 billion hospital system. O'Connor's ego also has had operational consequences: No decision gets made unless he endorses it. The problem is most acute in the Catholic school system. O'Connor has beefed up the worthy Inner City Scholarship Fund, but he's stalled plans to

Photographs: top, Remi Benali/Gamma-Liaison; bottom left to right, AP/Wide World Photos (2); Frederic Neema/Sygma.



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The administration of BuSpar to a patient taking a monoamine oxidase inhibitor (MAOI) may pose a hazard. Since blood pressure has become elevated when BuSpar was administered concomitantly with an MAOI, such concomitant use is not recommended. BuSpar should not be employed in lieu of appropriate antipsychotic treatment.

PRECAUTIONS

General – *Interference with cognitive and motor performance:* Although buspirone is less sedating than other anxiolytics and does not produce significant functional impairment, its CNS effects in a given patient may not be predictable: therefore, patients should be cautioned about operating an automobile or using complex machinery until they are reasonably certain that buspirone does not affect them adversely. Although buspirone has not been shown to increase alcohol-induced impairment in motor and mental performance, it is prudent to avoid concomitant use with alcohol.

Potential for withdrawal reactions in sedative/hypnotic/anxiolytic drug-dependent patients: Because buspirone will not block the withdrawal syndrome often seen with cessation of therapy with benzodiazepines and other common sedative/hypnotic drugs, before starting buspirone withdraw patients gradually from their prior treatment, especially those who used a CNS depressant chronically. Rebound or withdrawal symptoms may occur over varying time periods, depending in part on the type of drug and its elimination half-life. The withdrawal syndrome can appear as any combination of irritability, anxiety, agitation, insomnia, tremor, abdominal cramps, muscle cramps, vomiting, sweating, flu-like symptoms without fever, and occasionally, even as seizures.

Possible concerns related to buspirone's binding to dopamine receptors: Because buspirone can bind to central dopamine receptors, a question has been raised about its potential to cause acute and chronic changes in dopamine mediated neurological function (e.g., dystonia, pseudoparkinsonism, akathisia, and tardive dyskinesia). Clinical experience in controlled trials has failed to identify any significant neuroleptic-like activity; however, a syndrome of restlessness, appearing shortly after initiation of treatment, has been reported: the syndrome may be due to increased central noradrenergic activity or may be attributable to dopaminergic effects (i.e., represent akathisia).

***Information for Patients* –** Patients should be instructed to inform their physician about any medications, prescription or nonprescription, alcohol, or drugs they are now taking or plan to take during treatment with buspirone; to inform their physician if they are pregnant, are planning to become pregnant, or become pregnant while taking buspirone; to inform their physician if they are breast feeding; and not to drive a car or operate potentially dangerous machinery until they experience how medication affects them.

***Drug Interactions* –** Concomitant use with other CNS active drugs should be approached with caution (see **WARNINGS**). Concomitant use with trazodone may have caused 3- to 6-fold elevations on SGPT (ALT) in a few patients. Concomitant administration of BuSpar and haloperidol resulted in increased serum haloperidol concentrations in normal volunteers. The clinical significance is not clear. Buspirone does not displace tightly bound drugs like phenytoin, propranolol, and warfarin from serum proteins, but may displace less firmly bound drugs like digoxin. However, there was one report of prolonged prothrombin time when buspirone was given to a patient also treated with warfarin, phenytoin, phenobarbital, digoxin, and Synthroid.

***Carcinogenesis, Mutagenesis, Impairment of Fertility* –** No evidence of carcinogenic potential was observed in rats or mice; buspirone did not induce point mutations, nor was DNA damage observed; chromosomal aberrations or abnormalities did not occur.

***Pregnancy: Teratogenic Effects* –** Pregnancy Category B: Should be used during pregnancy only if clearly needed.

***Nursing Mothers* –** Administration to nursing women should be avoided if clinically possible.

***Pediatric Use* –** The safety and effectiveness have not been determined in individuals below 18 years of age.

***Use in the Elderly* –** No unusual, adverse, age-related phenomena have been identified in elderly patients receiving a total, modal daily dose of 15 mg.

***Use in Patients With Impaired Hepatic or Renal Function* –** Since buspirone is metabolized by the liver and excreted by the kidneys, it is not recommended in severe hepatic or renal impairment.

ADVERSE REACTIONS (See also PRECAUTIONS)

***Commonly Observed* –** The more commonly observed untoward events, not seen at an equivalent incidence in placebo-treated patients include dizziness, nausea, headache, nervousness, lightheadedness, and excitement.

***Associated With Discontinuation of Treatment* –** The more common events causing discontinuation included: central nervous system disturbances (3.4%), primarily dizziness, insomnia, nervousness, drowsiness, lightheaded feeling; gastrointestinal disturbances (1.2%), primarily nausea; miscellaneous disturbances (1.1%), primarily headache and fatigue. In addition, 3.4% of patients had multiple complaints, none of which could be characterized as primary.

***Incidence in Controlled Clinical Trials* –** Adverse events reported by 1% or more of 477 patients who received buspirone in four-week, controlled trials: *Cardiovascular:* Tachycardia/palpitations 1%. *CNS:* Dizziness 12%, drowsiness 10%, nervousness 5%, insomnia 3%, lightheadedness 3%, decreased concentration 2%, excitement 2%, anger/hostility 2%, confusion 2%, depression 2%. *EENT:* Blurred vision 2%. *Gastrointestinal:* Nausea 8%, dry mouth 3%, abdominal/gastric distress 2%,diarrhea 2%, constipation 1%, vomiting 1%.*Musculoskeletal:* Musculoskeletal aches/pains 1%. *Neurological:* Numbness 2%, paresthesia 1%, incoordination 1%, tremor 1%. *Skin:* Skin rash 1%. *Miscellaneous:* Headache 6%, fatigue 4%, weakness 2%, sweating/clamminess 1%.

***Other Events Observed During the Entire Premarketing Evaluation* –** The relative frequency of all other undesirable events reasonably associated with the use of buspirone in approximately 3000 subjects who took multiple doses under well-controlled, open, and uncontrolled conditions is defined as follows: Frequent are those occurring in at least 1/100 patients; infrequent are those occurring in 1/100 to 1/1000 patients; and rare are those occurring in less than 1/1000 patients.*Cardiovascular* – frequent: nonspecific chest pain; infrequent: syncope, hypotension, and hypertension; rare: cerebrovascular accident, congestive heart failure, myocardial infarction, cardiomyopathy, bradycardia. *Central Nervous System* – frequent: dream disturbances; infrequent: depersonalization, dysphoria, noise intolerance, euphoria, akathisia, fearfulness, loss of interest, dissociative reaction, hallucinations, suicidal ideation, seizures; rare: feelings of claustrophobia, cold intolerance, stupor, slurred speech, psychosis. *EENT* – frequent: tinnitus, sore throat, nasal congestion; infrequent: redness and itching of the eyes, altered taste, altered smell, conjunctivitis; rare: inner ear abnormality, eye pain, photophobia, pressure on eyes. *Endocrine* – rare: galactorrhea, thyroid abnormality. *Gastrointestinal* – infrequent: flatulence, anorexia, increased appetite, salivation, irritable colon, rectal bleeding; rare: burning of the tongue. *Genitourinary* – infrequent: urinary frequency, urinary hesitancy, menstrual irregularity and spotting, dysuria; rare: amenorrhea, pelvic inflammatory disease, enuresis, nocturia. *Musculoskeletal* – infrequent: muscle cramps, muscle spasms, rigid/stiff muscles, arthralgias. *Neurological* – infrequent: involuntary movements, slowed reaction time; rare: muscle weakness. *Respiratory* – infrequent: hyperventilation, shortness of breath, and chest congestion; rare: epistaxis. *Sexual Function* – infrequent: decreased or increased libido; rare: delayed ejaculation, impotence. *Skin* – infrequent: edema, pruritus, flushing, easy bruising, hair loss, dry skin, facial edema, blisters; rare: acne, thinning of nails. *Clinical Laboratory* – infrequent: increases in hepatic aminotransferases (SGOT, SGPT); rare: eosinophilia, leukopenia, thrombocytopenia. *Miscellaneous* – infrequent: weight gain, fever, roaring sensation in the head, weight loss, malaise; rare: alcohol abuse, bleeding disturbance, loss of voice, and hiccoughs.

POSTINTRODUCTION CLINICAL EXPERIENCE: Rare occurrences of allergic reactions (including urticaria), cogwheel rigidity, dystonic reactions, ataxias, extrapyramidal symptoms, dyskinesias (acute and tardive), ecchymosis, emotional lability, tunnel vision, and urinary retention have been reported. Because of the uncontrolled nature of these spontaneous reports, a causal relationship to BuSpar has not been determined.

DRUG ABUSE AND DEPENDENCE

***Controlled Substance Class* –** Not a controlled substance.

***Physical and Psychological Dependence* –** Buspirone has shown no potential for abuse or diversion and there is no evidence that it causes tolerance, or either physical or psychological dependence. However, since it is difficult to predict from experiments the extent to which a CNS-active drug will be misused, diverted, and/or abused once marketed, physicians should carefully evaluate patients for a history of drug abuse and follow such patients closely, observing them for signs of buspirone misuse or abuse (e.g., development of tolerance, incrementation of dose, drug-seeking behavior).

OVERDOSAGE

***Signs and Symptoms* –** At doses approaching 375 mg/day the following symptoms were observed: nausea, vomiting, dizziness, drowsiness, miosis, and gastric distress. A few cases of overdosage have been reported with complete recovery as the usual outcome. No deaths have been reported following overdosage with BuSpar alone. Rare cases of intentional overdosage with a fatal outcome were invariably associated with ingestion of multiple drugs/or alcohol, and causal relationship to buspirone could not be determined.

***Recommended Overdose Treatment* –** General symptomatic and supportive measures should be used along with immediate gastric lavage. No specific antidote is known and dialyzability of buspirone has not been determined.

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Nowhere is O'Connor's legacy more dramatic or more polarizing, of course, than on abortion. Priests worry that long after O'Connor is gone, his stridency will cripple any attempts to educate people about the church's position. The cardinal's defenders shrug off such criticism—and promise the church will be just as political after O'Connor leaves. "If we don't have protection for the most vulnerable among us, everything else crumbles," says Monsignor Peter Finn of Staten Island, an O'Connor ally. "If the cardinal is to be remembered, he will be remembered as the cardinal for life."

So who will wear the pointy red miter into the next century? With the fall of Communism, the Roman Catholic Church has replaced the Kremlin as the Western Hemisphere's premiere fount of willful obscurantism. Which is why it's no surprise to hear an otherwise decorous clergyman say the following: "I'm hoping the Pope dies before O'Connor. That's the only hope O'Connor will be followed by someone less conservative."

Meanwhile, the ailing Pope John Paul II has more urgent tasks at hand. With the death of Joseph Cardinal Bernardin, the fractious Chicago archdiocese needs a new leader; Washington, D.C., is controlled by a man far frailer than O'Connor. O'Connor, too, has little incentive to leave; he's eager to influence selections for the other big cities. As the most powerful American on the Congregation for Bishops, the panel that screens candidates on behalf of the pope, O'Connor is also in a perfect position to orchestrate the selection of his own successor.

For New York, the O'Connor connection favors four men:

- Archbishop Theodore McCarrick. Several priests pegged him as the favorite. "If money really is a problem in New York, McCarrick is the guy," says one. Now in Newark, McCarrick is a renowned fund-raiser, speaks several languages, and would be palatable to moderates. An interesting twist is that he was a finalist in 1983, losing out to O'Connor; a weird twist is that he wrote a letter endorsing bail for preppy murderer Robert Chambers. The longer O'Connor stays, though, the more McCarrick's chances shrink: At 66, he's the oldest of the logical contenders.
- Bishop Henry Mansell. A Bronx high-school basketball star, Mansell was also known in seminary as "Superman" for his brains. Now 59, he was a close O'Connor aide until last year, when he was trans-

ferred to Buffalo. His experience running a diocese will be an important credential. "Mansell knows facts and figures," says a priest who knows him. "It's people that he has some trouble with."

- Bishop James McHugh. Fireworks: He's even more combatively pro-life than O'Connor, and organized the church's first anti-abortion campaigns 30 years ago. He's 64 and working in Camden.
- Bishop Edward Egan. A conservative and former Vatican insider, Egan, 64, had a bumpy few years as O'Connor's education vicar before a transfer to Bridgeport. He may be sent to Chicago.

A politically savvy priest dismisses these four names, however: "They've all worked in or near New York. The reason you're hearing those rumors is that local priests, their friends, are promoting them." A more scientific analysis comes from Father Thomas Reese, a Georgetown fellow who's written three books about the Catholic bureaucracy. "If you look at archbishops around the country," he says, "there's only one or two dioceses that are headed by locals."

So the forecasting has shifted to several geographically distant possibilities:

- Archbishop Justin Rigali, 61. He spent more than twenty years in the Vatican, ingratiating himself with the powers that be, then was installed in St. Louis two years ago—a career move that raised eyebrows in New York. "Many of us wondered why he'd leave Rome, unless it is to prepare him for something bigger," says a downtown priest.
- Bishop Edward Braxton. Rigali's assistant in St. Louis, with an intriguing résumé. Close enough to the moderate Cardinal Bernardin to have been given one of the dying prelate's rings, Braxton has also been an adviser to Washington's unshakably conservative James Cardinal Hickey. He's tall, personable, and Franciscan, but Braxton's relative youth (he's 52) probably hurts his chances. One of the rare black bishops.
- Bishop Kenneth Untener. The 59-year-old, now in Saginaw, Michigan, is on the wish list of many New York priests for the same reason he's a long shot: his reputation as an unvarnished liberal.

A bookish priest offers a parable. "The situation now," he says, "reminds me of Luke, Chapter 24." On the dark road to Emmaus, two disciples pour out their despondency to a stranger. Only when the three sit together to break bread do the disciples recognize that their contemplative companion is Jesus.

"That's what we need after O'Connor," says the priest. "Someone who will listen before asserting his personality." ■

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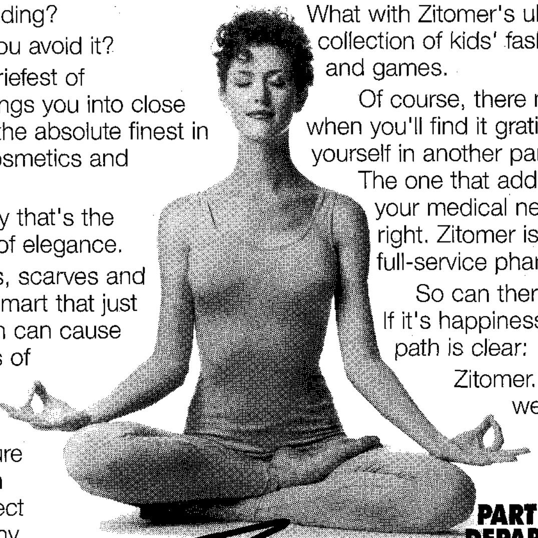

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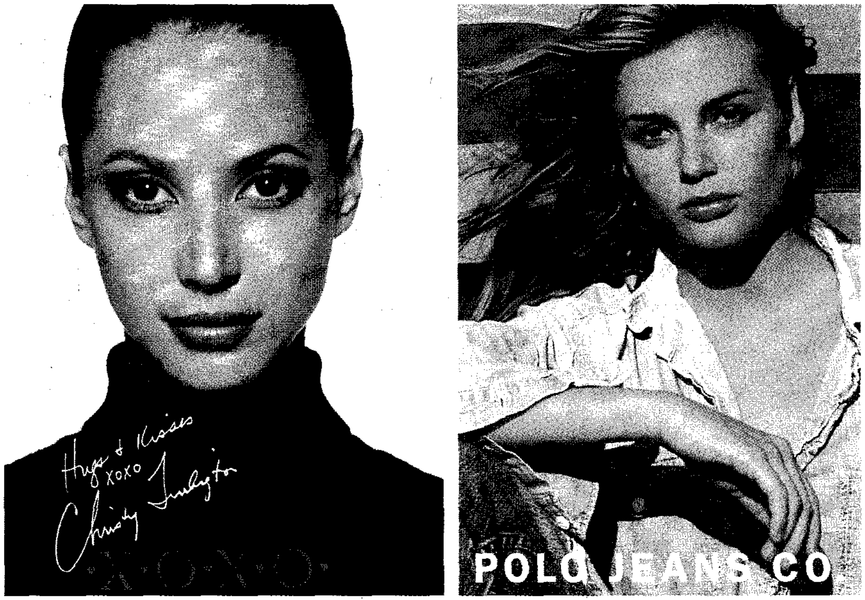
With supermodel ad campaigns and fancy flagship stores, upwardly mobile clothing labels are competing with Ralph and Calvin for the hot new mass-couture market.

WHEN *ALLURE* EDITOR LINda Wells attended the New York collections in March, she wore three labels: Chanel, Jil Sander, and a modestly priced newcomer suddenly living large on the fashion landscape—BCBG. That a major editor had deigned to endorse BCBG was no small matter, especially when critics had dismissed it as nothing more than a pastiche of generic pieces sold at Mall of America prices. At last month's collections, Polly Mellen, *Allure*'s creative director and resident drama queen, unveiled her own cheap chic uniform: a Ralph Lauren Polo Jeans denim coat ($195) and Kmart blue jeans ($19.95).

Suddenly, anyone can afford to look like a Condé Nast editor. Retail's playing field is getting increasingly crowded, with designer wannabes using the same slick marketing ploys as Calvin & Co.—supermodel-saturated ad campaigns, extravagant flagship shops, and Bryant Park runway shows. And with manufacturing times averaging as little as four weeks, some of these subdesigners are actually beating the big shots to the draw. Last spring, for instance, XOXO's $56 butterfly-print polyester dress had been on Macy's sales floor for a full month before Versace's $1,140 similarly butterflied Lycra-viscose dress turned up on the cover of *Vogue*'s April issue.

Still, these fast-food fashion labels are facing plenty of competition in the rush to dominate the new middle ground. With characteristic brio, the big guys are taking the mainstream plunge. Ralph Lauren's new Lauren line (licensed by Jones Apparel Group) is already doing gangbusters. A blazer with the Waspy crest may be had for $250; projections for 1996 revenues are $100 million. In the past year, designers have loosed a gaggle of these cheaper lines on the public: Oscar de la Renta begat *Oscar,* Isaac Mizrahi begat *Isaac,* Michael Kors begat *Kors,* Calvin Klein begat *CK Calvin Klein Jeans Khakis,* and Marc Jacobs begat *The Look.*



Supermodels Christy Turlington (left) and Bridget Hall take the mainstream plunge.

In 1983, Anne Klein launched the first of these "bridge" lines, *Anne Klein II,* a no-frills collection that didn't sacrifice the aesthetic. Calvin Klein, Ralph Lauren, and Donna Karan followed suit. Contemporary bridge-collection prices typically fall in the $275-to-$500 range. Today, Ralph Lauren has no fewer than five women's lines: A blazer could run you $1,300 (Collection), $625 (Collection Classics), $450 (RALPH), $250 (Lauren), or $195 (Ralph Lauren Polo Sport).

Alan Millstein, the publisher of *Fashion Network,* an industry newsletter, explains: "Designers are offering cheap clothes for the same reason that criminals rob banks—that's where the money is. When Macy's Herald Square got rid of all their fancy lines, it sent a signal to the industry that the madness of the eighties was officially over." Every top-tier designer's luxe label was dropped, including Giorgio Armani Le Collezioni, Calvin Klein, and Moschino's Cheap & Chic. Parallel and BCBG sidled into the vacated spots. The store's second floor, which specializes in subdesigners, now accounts for the lion's share of the store's ready-to-wear revenues.

The democratization of fashion has been a long time coming. Thanks to the media's snowballing obsession with supermodels and designers, housewives in Cleveland know who Tom Ford is ("that cute balding guy on the *VH1 Fashion Awards* who works for Gucci").

The mass's taste for couture was first indulged by companies like the Gap, which in the late eighties began tweaking its jeans-and-T-shirts agenda to include more sophisticated fitted leather jackets and twinsets. Bolstered by iconic black-and-white ad campaigns, the San Francisco–based megachain quickly gained a reputation as the poor woman's Agnès B.

Then the Gap's khaki-drenched franchise, Banana Republic, raised the ante. With its higher prices, Banana Republic's design team was able to offer something the Gap couldn't—a modicum of tailoring and detailing, not to mention cheap cashmere. Trends were recycled from the runways, and stores received new inventory monthly. Today, "the Banana" is nothing less than the House of Homage, with striped ecru shirts à la Comme Des Garçons and reasonable facsimiles of the Hermès microfiber quilted jacket. No one knows this better than handbag designer Kate Spade, who

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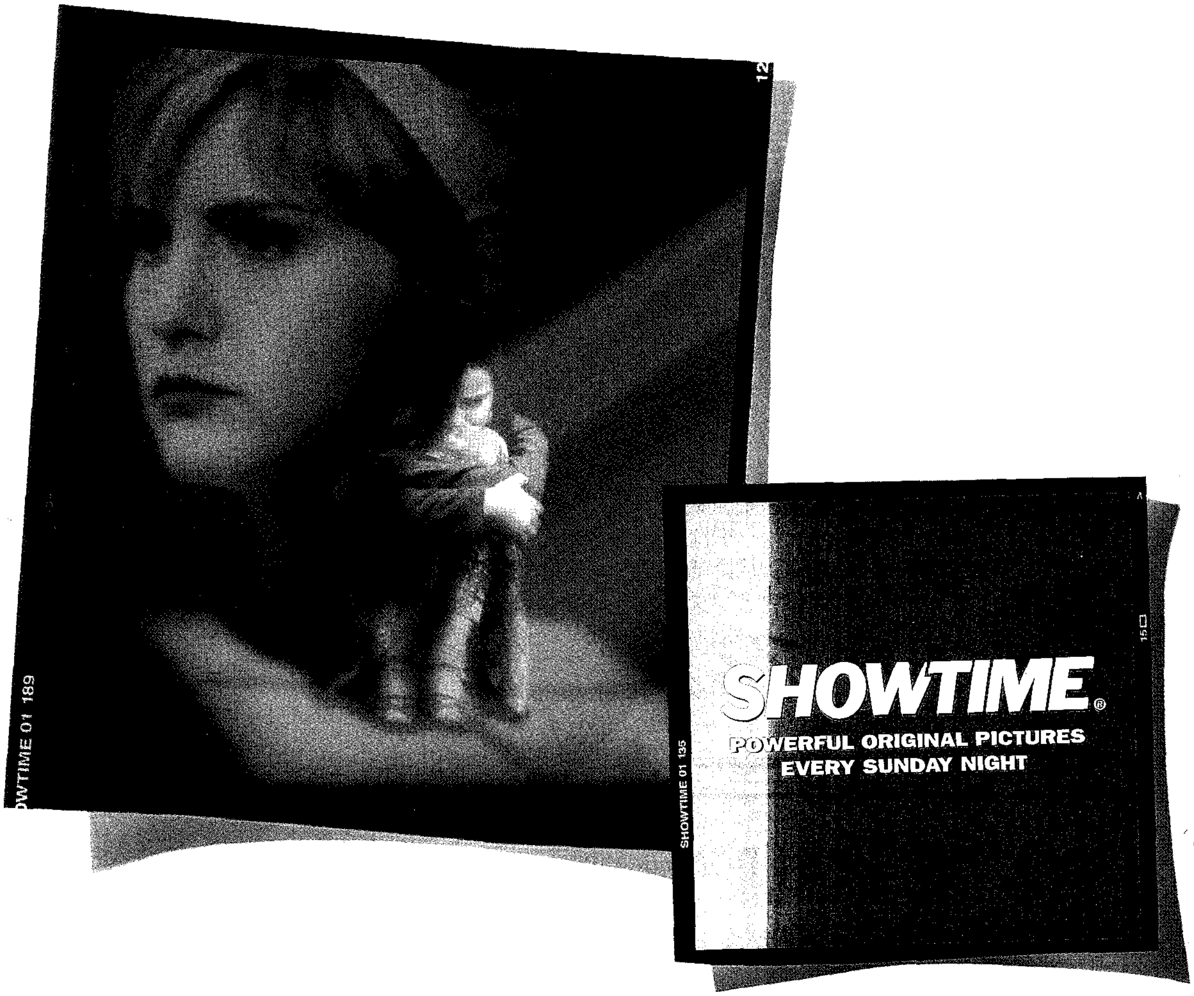

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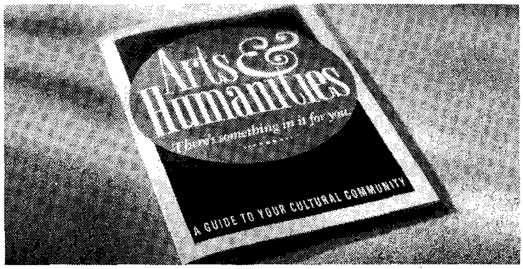
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recently took the Gap to court and won, proving that the ubiquitous Banana Republic franchise had ripped off one of her purses stitch for stitch.

Priced far below designer bridge lines, these emerging labels are the sartorial equivalent of a Swatch watch—trendy but not too precious. Club Monaco, Dollhouse, XOXO, Rampage, Mossimo, Necessary Objects, Laundry, and Et Vous may sound more 14th Street than Madison Avenue, but they're not junk clothes: They're cut from decent fabrics and won't self-destruct after a trip to the Laundromat.

"The difference between a white Calvin Klein shirt and a Banana Republic shirt is minimal," says retail consultant Vicki Ross. "You might get a slightly better fabric from Calvin, but the workmanship is comparable."

Consider Chaiken and Capone, a better-sportswear line whose jackets and pants have done cameo roles on *Friends* and *Melrose Place.* Chaiken and Capone uses the same stretch fabric in its signature pants as Prada. To the untrained eye, the $180 C & C pant is indistinguishable from the $430 Prada pant, lacking only the belt with the distinctive Milanese logo on the buckle.

Aside from price, much of the popularity of these clothes has to do with their *wearability,* a word designers love to toss around in interviews with CNN's Elsa Klensch, even if their clothes don't live up to the billing. For instance, sheer was big on the runways this season. But not everyone has the torso of a Helena Christensen. So XOXO shipped its $74 diaphanous dresses with built-in slips.

And while these mass manufacturers don't have an omnipotent big name behind the curtain, they do boast some serious talent. Club Monaco's design team, for instance, includes Hugo Boss, Anne Klein, and Donna Karan alumni.

But perhaps more interesting than the clothes themselves is the way they are being flogged. Club Monaco, hyped by the trades as an "edgy Gap," is a case in point. The current ad campaign was shot by veteran fashion photographer Walter Chin, and the new Fifth Avenue store was designed by the same architect who created Calvin Klein's chicly minimal CK stores. The Toronto-based company has 67 stores in Asia and is looking to crash Europe. Sharon Stone and Mick Jagger have some Club Monaco lurking in their closets. Not surprisingly, an IPO is in the offing. Then there's L.A.-based XOXO, which is being talked up as the

Esprit of the nineties and has grown from a $4.5 million business in 1992 to a projected $100 million one in 1996. In XOXO's ads—head shots of Christy Turlington, Tyra Banks, and Amber Valletta—actually *showing* the clothing is beside the point. (Since up to 700 new designs are created every month, the outfits would be outdated before the advertising hit.) Turlington will also surface in a Nine West campaign shot by Herb Ritts. And Shalom Harlow will be the well-paid canvas for I.N.C. International Concept.

J. Crew opened its self-important flagship on a prime stretch of Prince Street last month, and with the store came the elitist J. Crew Collection, which isn't even sold through the mail-order catalogue. The clothes have been described as *faux* Calvin Klein—not surprising, considering that the line's designer is Lena Youm, from Klein's own atelier. Suits feature Zegna fabrics, and pants are made from the same material Hermès uses in its riding breeches. A strapless black evening dress is $800. Still, it remains to be seen whether a woman will spend serious money on a dress with the bourgeois J. Crew label (even if the shop itself looks suspiciously like the uptown Calvin Klein with its blond wood and poured-cement floors).

Now that BCBG and Parallel have cracked the Bryant Park shows, high-rent designers aren't exactly thrilled, snidely dubbing them the "Kmart collections." But expensive ready-to-wear collections are hardly in danger of extinction in the same way as, say, haute couture, with its audience of about 500 women worldwide. At Prada stores nationwide, there was a waiting list recently for all the well-heeled women who had to have the $510 stack-heel Mary Janes. Gucci's earnings are up 69.1 percent from the previous quarter. Even the fall trunk shows, which fell out of favor in the seventies and eighties, are generating obscene numbers—$2.1 million for Armani at Saks and $2 million for Chanel at Bergdorf's.

"There are certain things we just can't do," concedes Joe Mimran, Club Monaco's president and CEO. "It's very difficult, for instance, to make quality leather goods like shoes and bags cheaply." True enough. None of the subdesigners could produce anything to rival Prada's shoe du jour. But walk into any Nine West store and you'll find a credible copy for $75. They're more Fashion Cafe than Indochine, but the workmanship isn't bad. Just ask Calvin Klein. Nine West is now churning out his CK-label shoes and handbags. ■

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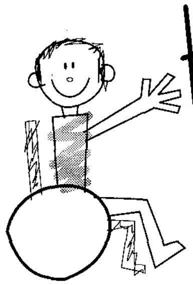

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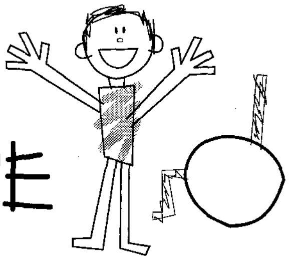


TEENA

GA

WE'RE IN THE LEXUS, HEADED UPTOWN. IT'S NIGHT and the lights along the Henry Hudson flicker across the faces of the three teenage boys, showing baby-smooth skin. They're smoking Newports. Their heads chuck back and forth inside North Face jackets to Tupac bumping on the sound system: *Ain't nothin but a gangsta party*— ■ They've started their "rills," runs, early because it's Friday and they've already gotten a lot of beeps from custies. That's customers. ■ At 87th and West End, we pull up. There are seven, eight kids on

E

SOME OF MANHATTAN'S MOST PRIVILEGED TEENAGERS HAVE JOINED FORCES WITH THEIR GHETTO COUNTERPARTS, STEALING FROM STORES AND THEIR CLASSMATES, AND SELLING POT. INSIDE NEW YORK'S NEW CRIMINAL CREWS. BY NANCY JO SALES

GLAND

PHOTOGRAPHED BY JESSICA DI CICCO
FOR *NEW YORK*

the corner, all stamping their feet in the cold, waiting for chronic. "'Hydroponically grown, ill weed," says Chi, the long-legged boy lounging in the front seat.

A.Z. and Pete hop out of the car. Doors slam. "Yo, what *up*?" you can hear A.Z. yell at Kundah. Kundah, their associate, was supposed to keep the custies inside somewhere, out of sight. "Not on the fucking *corner,* yo?"

A.Z. and Kundah are up in each other's faces now, shouting, index fingers jabbing at the air.

"You was twenty minutes late!"

"Nah, nah, it ain't *like* that."

Pete gets back in. "That is so amateurish," he says, rolling his eyes behind glasses; looks younger than 17.

A.Z. returns a couple of minutes later. He's 16, a jock. "It's all good," he says.

The custies are tramping down the street with their $50 and $100 bags of marijuana.

"Drive, Pops," A.Z. tells the chauffeur, a middle-aged African-American man in a ski cap. "We gotta change cars."

"BEING WHO I AM, WITH THE CONNECTIONS I HAVE," SAYS A.Z., "WHY SHOULD I WATCH OTHER PEOPLE TAKE THESE KIDS' MONEY WHEN I CAN DO IT MYSELF?"

ON THE WAY TO THE "BASE," THE LUXURY CAR service in Harlem they rent from by the hour, Pete says: "We only fuck with private-school kids, the kids who can afford what we do." Pete himself is a private-school student. His godfather is a billionaire whose name appears regularly in the *Wall Street Journal.*

"We sell to Dalton, Trinity, Horace Mann, Spence, Chapin, Columbia Prep, mad girls from Brearley," he goes on. "Basically, every school you can name."

A.Z.'s got rolling papers on his legs; he's fixing up a "cone," a filtered joint of chronic. They say their "shit is so strong, if you've never smoked it you can start hallucinating."

"We got all the butter custies," says A.Z. Including, they say, the daughter of the owner of a media conglomerate; an Academy Award–winning actor's son; a former child star ("He's been having ecstasy parties since he was 14 years old"); the daughter of a celebrated painter; the painter himself . . .

"If only you saw my Filofax," A.Z. says.

"That's why we're so successful," offers Pete. "That's our clientele."

"I'm an opportunist," says A.Z. His mother is a high-level executive at one of the biggest companies in the world.

"Being who I am, with the connections that I have, why should I watch other people take these kids' money when I can do it myself?"

Chi warns: "Teddy, teddy—" Cops. An R.M.P. rolls by.

They turn the Tupac way down.

"Maintain . . ."

UNLIKE THE LEGIONS OF HIP-HOP FANS POURING INTO THE MALLS in search of hoodlum chic, these boys aren't playing gangsters. They *are* gangsters, of a kind. They belong to "crews."

Crews are "groups of friends doing business together," explains one insider. While crews have been around for more than a decade, the involvement of very wealthy kids is a recent development. New York's newest crews are made up of "kids in butter condos who grew up next door to kids in projects," says a crew member who comes from a well-off family. "Their point of view is all spread with each other. It's all about making money."

Crews today are made up of the richest of the rich and the poorest of the poor: white, African-American, Asian-American, and Latino kids all working together. Part of what crews do is just hang out, but their different backgrounds provide business synergies. "We've got our connects; they've got their connects," another rich kid says.

There are more than twenty in New York, of varying head counts (from 10 to 150) and levels of criminal activity—from graffiti to robbery to drug dealing to assault. Crews have names like BFS (Blunts Forties Sex), BAF (Blunts and Forties), WKN (Who's King Now), OTR (On the Run), DNC (Double-Nine Crew), HFL (Homies for Life). Most crew members' parents have no idea what their kids are up to. "My parents think I'm a deliveryman," one crew member told me. That changed when, during the reporting for this story, a warrant went out for his arrest for stealing jewelry from another kid's apartment. His parents hired a well-known Manhattan defense attorney.

Being in a crew confers status in worlds beyond high school. Later on the same night, Pete and A.Z. breezed in ahead of everyone waiting in line to get into the Bowery Bar. "Every VIP at every club knows us," says Pete. "When promoters throw parties, they make sure we're on their lists. They know what we do.

"Superstar kids know who we are," he says, smiling. "People like us are gonna be the people other people look up to."

"SOMEHOW, WE BECAME LIKE MOVIE STARS," SAYS MR. STEAM. He's taken his name from the slang for being high, "steamed." Mr. Steam is 18 and a senior at a Manhattan private school. He's also one of the founders of DNC.

"We're like *gods* to kids," he says.

DNC, however, is considered a less "real" crew, because it's small and its members only mug, burglarize, and con other teenagers instead of dealing them drugs.

We're standing on the corner of 99th and Broadway—DNC territory—waiting for our "boomer"; that's a car that pumps the hip-hop till the walls shudder with the beat. Most crews rent boomers by the hour from the same outfit in Harlem (it's $30 an hour for most cars, $45 for the bulletproof Benz or Pops's Lex).

There are five kids here: two girls and three boys, all wearing bright-red or -yellow North Face jackets.

"Socially, people look at what crews you're down with," says Mr. Steam. "It's what makes you popular."

"When somebody wants to be down with you," says Cruise—he's Dominican, from the Bronx, 19—"they'll be like, 'Can I hang out with you, can I go bombing with you?' " Writing graffiti together.

Many of the names in this story have been changed.

"You know how lucky you are to *be* with us?" Hershey asks me. She's 16. "Ohmigod. Some kids would *pay.*"

Hershey and Ali—the two girls—are drunk and want some candy. Meaning candy. They run into a deli to make a selection.

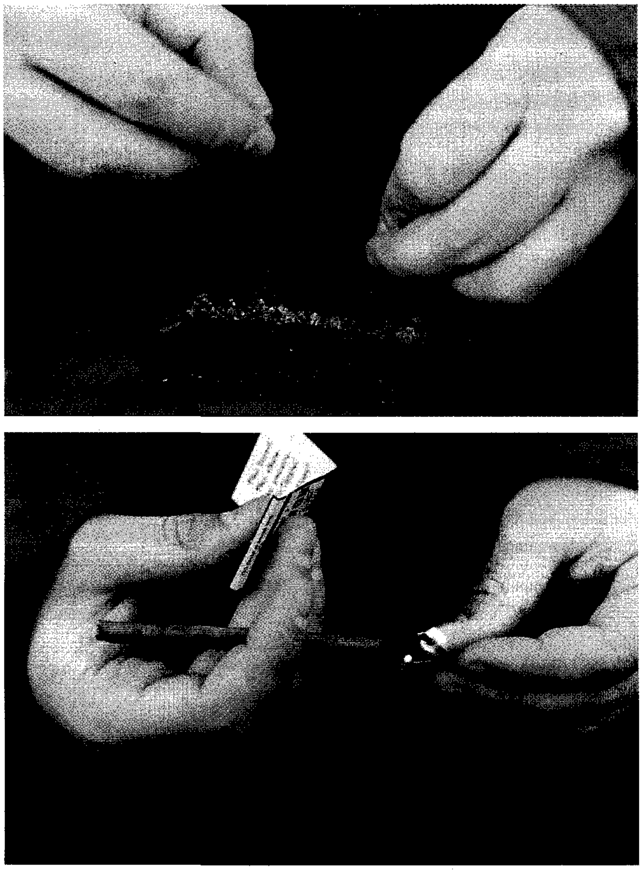
"Yo, your candy's *wack,*" Ali tells the salesman. They decide not to make a purchase.

The girls run outside. They shake down their jacket sleeves, and out fall packs of Rolos, SweeTarts, Now-&-Laters. . . .

"Aren't we good?" asks Ali.

What Ali and Hershey really like to do is rack clothes from department stores. They estimate their draw in the tens of thousands of dollars. "We like really expensive things, like everything Tommy Hilfiger, Polo, Nautica. Have you ever been to the second floor of Bloomingdale's, like Nicole Miller and all that stuff?" says Ali.

Their friend, a budding videographer, filmed them ripping off Macy's. Later, they let me watch the tape: It's two cute, "fly" girls out for a day of shopping—stuffing items in their backpacks as lighthearted music plays. Then they're shown modeling everything in a stairwell of the store, ripping out security tags.



A WEST SIDE KID PREPARES AND SPARKS A BLUNT.

Ali's father is a multimillionaire, an entrepreneur. Hershey's dad is an entertainer, and one of her relatives was the confidante of a First Lady.

They're throwing candy wrappers on the ground.

"Yo, get in the car," says Mr. Steam.

THE LAND ROVER'S HERE. THE kids are going uptown to buy pot from the "weed spot." This is how DNC—and crews like it—like to chill: get driven around in cars like this one (we have a different chauffeur tonight, a young guy from Senegal), smoke blunts, drink "forties" (40-ounce beers).

And listen to music. This is Mobb Deep:

Having cash is highly addictive
Especially when you used to having money to live with

"I drained $3,000 from a kid's ATM card once," Wham-Wham's saying. He's 20, Haitian, poor.

"Best thing I ever got off a kid was a laptop, Macintosh," Cruise says.

It's time for some stories about slaving.

"Tell about Morton!" squeals Hershey.

Morton was a "slave": a kid who wants to be down with you so bad, he—or she—will give you anything, his clothes, drugs, his parents' money, sex.

"This kid Morton," Cruise begins, "his parents worked in television. He'd buy us ounces of smoke. We used to get mad booted"—high—"and we'd be like, 'I'm hungry, man,' and he'd take us to the best expensive restaurants. We'd order lobster for no reason, just to have it on the plate. He would whip out the credit cards. He had mad money. But he didn't know what to do with it, so we'd take it, yo."

"We tell 'em, 'We're not gonna steal from *you*. We like *you*.' We brainwash them. Literally," says Mr. Steam.

"Morton was a shook one"—afraid—says Wham-Wham. Wham-Wham has the voice of a midnight D.J. and has told me, "I'm a scary guy."

"All the rich kids are too afraid to tell their parents about us," he says. "So we go after the rich kids."

"Go after the rich kids," says Mr. Steam.

Mr. Steam's father is rich, the owner of a New York institution that many affluent New Yorkers swear by. Wham-Wham never had a lot. He and Mr. Steam grew up blocks away from each other and have known each other since they were small. They used to hang out at Burger King together; now they do other things.

"Ohmigod, stealing travelers' checks!" says Cruise.

"CC scams!" Mr. Steam hisses appreciatively. "There was this girl we used to hang out with. We all went to Jersey and reamed her fucking credit card, man. We showed up with like Ralph Lauren, Banana Republic jackets, Nintendo spray-paint sneakers—fucking, the whole wardrobe. Everybody dressed dip for *months*."

"You know those *Kids* kids?" says Hershey. "We know them." Literally. "And they're our slaves, too."

Mr. Steam names one of the actors in *Kids,* Larry Clark's 1995 movie about New York teenagers that managed to shock with scenes of drug use and unprotected sex.

"Let it be known," Mr. Steam laughs. "I was his fucking *master*. I used to make him kiss my feet in front of everybody in class."

"I used to make him cook for me. Steaks," says Cruise.

THE LAND ROVER STOPS AT 139th Street. They all tumble out at the weed spot, a corner bathed in yellow light.

"Keepin' it real," says Wham-Wham, exchanging a laugh with a drunken homeless man who wanders by and admires the car.

"Keeping it real is being yourself," Mr. Steam explains.

The kids buy a small bag of "shwag," inferior dope. They get back in the car. Out the window you can see Ali swaying back and forth, flirting with some guys on the corner.

"She's acting like a ghetto bitch," says Hershey.

"Yo, get in the fucking car!" shouts Mr. Steam, leaning out the door.

Ali slides onto the front seat.

"Would you please not do that the next time we're on this street?" Mr. Steam says sharply. "Yo, this street is so *hot*—" Full of cops.

We take off. The blunt starts to blaze and is passed around. The kids share it with the driver.

But these crew members usually don't share the things they steal. "Hell, no," says Mr. Steam. "It's like BFS says—Born for Self."

"We know a lot of kids who have to do what they do," says Cruise.

"We do it 'cause it's fun," says Mr. Steam, smiling. His eyes are getting puffy; he's getting steamed.

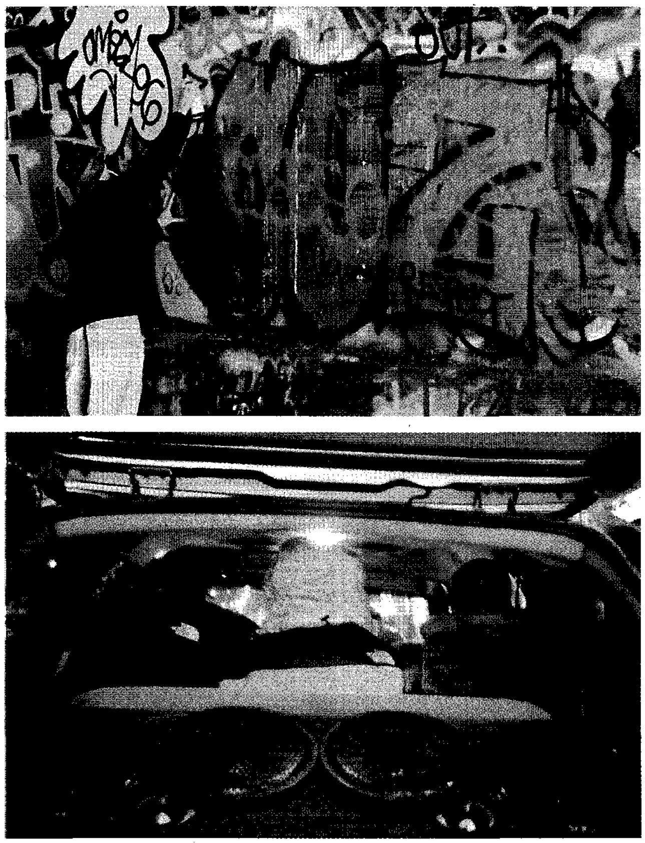
The driver spins slowly around and around Harlem, gliding through streets that look emptied as if by war. Ali's eyes are closed.

And what ever happens to a kid like Morton?

"Morton's still around," says Cruise. "I do feel bad about him. He was a little loony. His sister is a very-big-time drug addict.

"He still calls me. We talk about life.

"I'm one of the closest friends he has."



SPRAYING GRAFFITI AT THE FREEDOM TUNNEL AT 72ND AND RIVERSIDE (TOP). CREW MEMBERS IN A "BOOMER," A CAR WITH HUGE SPEAKERS.

FOUR KIDS FROM BAF ASK TO MEET AT BENIHANA, WHICH THEY call "the BAF temple." It seems like an odd choice, until you watch them watching the chef preparing the food. Their eyes light up; they're transfixed by the sizzling chopping show, the shrimp tail landing in the apron pocket. They pretend it's Hershey's birthday—she's chilling here tonight, too—and the waiter brings her pineapple in the shell and a candle. They look like kids. Everyone in the restaurant sings.

BAF's a mostly middle-class, Irish crew of public-school students from the East Side, in the sixties. They're a mid-level crew in terms of numbers, respect, and level of crime.

Their fame comes largely from their leader, the wiry, rock-star-ish 2Drunk, who has his own public-access TV show, *Temple of Intoxication,* which broadcasts on Channel 69 Monday nights at 12:30 A.M. The Manhattan Neighborhood Network moved the show from its earlier 7 P.M. time slot because the language was considered too raw. It features fights—bloody beatings on deserted city streets at night—and there's some ironic fascination throughout with urination.

2Drunk is the producer, cameraman, and director. "The reason for the show is because I can't write graffiti anymore," he says. "It brings too many problems to me, my family, and my girl: envy, beef. So now this show is the way I give my crew fame and express the things we do."

For crews at all levels, the "things they do" include graffiti. *Crew* was originally a graffiti word, meaning groups of graffiti writers who went out "bombing" together, spreading their names. Crew members protected one another from the police and from other crews trying to cause "beef"—fights—by crossing out their work. In the eighties, *crew* came to mean a cocaine ring, or even just a group of friends. The crews of the nineties still advertise their existence through graffiti, a language other kids read the way fans read publications like *Star.*

"Graffiti's on everything," says True, another BAF member, who's one of the most famous graffiti writers in the city. "All you have to do is look around you. We do it on mailboxes, walls, the subway, telephones. It's not the big pieces"—from *masterpieces*—"like before. Giuliani's been cracking down.

"If you don't write graffiti, people look at you like you're a Herb." A nerd.

True is blond and small for his age—18—but somehow has the used feeling of an old man. He wears a hooded sweatshirt, aviator glasses. "Sometimes I get so angry and I just go out bombing. I can't even remember where I go and do it." He's been homeless since he was 16.

"It's like saying, 'I'm here.' It's a rush. It's power. What's in your mind comes out on the walls, and what's in your heart.

"It's dangerous," True adds. "Look."

He pulls back his short hair—there's a thick scar where he was gouged with a broken bottle.

He looks up; he keeps watching for the table chef to put more food on his plate.

"Now all these preppy rich kids want to write graffiti," True says.

"You know A.Z.?" He manages a smile.

"He used to be my slave. He wanted to be down so bad.

"So I robbed him.

"He wasn't my real friend," says True.

AFTER DINNER, THE KIDS SAY they're going to a "free crib." That can be a hotel room rented by a Herb or a slave; a house party with no parents; or just any apartment where someone's home alone.

"We got kicked out of this house party one time," says Pink, another BAF member, "because my friend kissed his tag on this $7,000 painting. I don't know who painted it, but I saw him do it and I said, 'Oh, shit.'

"But then we said, 'Fuck that, we're not getting kicked out of some house of graff groupies. Whoever comes out of this place is getting beat up.' We beat up so many kids who came out of that place . . ."

In the cab, on the way to the free crib, Ellen tells me, "We don't know whether we're going to take advantage of this girl yet. . . ." Whether they're going to rob her, steal whatever they can from her apartment.

Ellen is Pink's girlfriend. She's sharp-eyed; a chain-smoker; beautiful. Hard-looking; 16. She goes to a Manhattan private school. Her dad is one of the most respected people in journalism.

In the course of the cab ride, Ellen sucks a cigarette down and says this:

"When I was 13, I started taking people to my advantage. They'd take mad money out on their cash cards and buy me drugs. I used to be a crazy Buddha-head drug addict. I smoked nine blunts a day. I have done everything—Special K, ecstasy, yayo . . . " Coke.

"When I was 13, I did acid every day for two months. My parents found out; they confronted me when I was tripping on acid. I blew up my own spot!"—revealed herself. " 'Why do I do drugs?' I yelled at them. 'It's *your fault*!' "

Ellen gives a nervous laugh.

"My stepfather fucked up my whole life. . . . I started ho-ing it up."

"ALL THE RICH KIDS ARE TOO AFRAID TO TELL THEIR PARENTS ABOUT US," SAYS WHAM-WHAM, A MEMBER OF DOUBLE NINE CREW. "SO WE GO AFTER THE RICH KIDS."

THE DOORMAN, DRESSED LIKE A LATIN AMERICAN dictator, cocks his finger at the kids by way of greeting as they pass into the lobby of a high-rise on the Upper East Side.

The elevator opens on the seventeenth floor. The kids' Gore-Tex jackets make a swishing sound as we move down the hallway—Ellen, Pink, 2Drunk, Hershey, and now Mr. Steam has joined us. Dr. D. has also come; he's an African-American kid who's down with a "realer" crew. Everybody communicates by beeper.

A pretty blonde girl opens the door. She could be Sandra Dee—but her hair is streaked, and there are dark circles under her eyes, as if she's been crying. Makeup smudges.

She's clearly shocked to see all the kids, but she attempts a smile. "Hi."

"Hi."

She lets them in.

The girl says her parents have been in Europe for two weeks. There isn't anyone staying with her. A maid comes in every day and cooks and cleans.

In the kitchen, there are newspapers on the floor covered with pellets of dog poo. They've got a Jack Russell.

"Hey, can we 86 the dog?" asks Mr. Steam.

The girl scoops up Benji obediently and takes him into another room.

The kids walk slowly around the apartment, a three-bedroom with a view and a lot of silver in the dining-room cabinet.

"She's a new girl—" Ellen whispers.

Hershey says, "From Florida. She, like, *trusts* everybody and is really naïve—"

The girl's bedroom is decorated with *Sesame Street* paraphernalia. "Yo, what's *this*?" Hershey says, grabbing a Big Bird doll sprawled on the girl's bed.

"That's Big Bird," the girl says softly, watching from the door.

The kids give each other a look.

Big Bird gets thrown around the room. Big Bird is made to rap-dance. (Mr. Steam's put on some music, loud.) Laughing, Hershey starts going at Big Bird's eyes with a nail file.

"What are you doing to Big Bird?!" the girl finally explodes.

Hershey throws the doll at the girl and bounces back on the bed.

The kids are on the girl's bed, flipping channels. On public access, there's an interview being conducted with an admitted gang-banger. "Gang-banging is rape," says Hershey.

"Not if the girl wants it," Dr. D. says.

Some of the kids are sitting on the floor, smoking Newports. The girl runs to get an ashtray. Mr. Steam is hip-hop-dancing.

The girl's crouched down in a wicker chair, watching. She's not sure what's going to happen.

You can see how it would occur: She's alone and there are six kids in her apartment. She doesn't know them very well, but they're very popular at her school, a Manhattan private school—they're famous, even.

Suppose these kids decide to turn this evening into her very own *Clockwork Orange*—"wilding" through the place, ripping off electronics, her parents' clothing (things some of them say they've done before), maybe all that silver . . .

If she called the police, she might have to ask herself later, what would everybody think of her?

Would these kids come and get her, beat her up?

How would she explain it all to her parents?

They find her *Buns of Steel* video and put it on. "Yo, you *watch* this?" asks one of the boys.

"No," she shakes her head.

The Lycra woman on the video is sticking out her rear end, doing stretching exercises. Mr. Steam imitates her, making farting noises. Pink stands up and imitates Mr. Steam. They're all laughing now, ignoring the girl.

She looks like she's about to cry again and leaves the room.

Ellen goes to find her. Ellen comes back and says, "You have to go."

"Why?"

"Yo, you have to *go*!"

There's some murmuring between Hershey and Ellen. The girl does not reappear.

Everyone's very quiet on the elevator ride down.

"It was her second time. He didn't use a condom," Hershey whispers once we're outside and away from the boys.

It happened a few nights ago. The guy was in his late twenties; the girl met him when she was out at the Tunnel with Ellen. She got drunk; she brought him back to her apartment. "He hasn't even called her."

We walk along silently in the cold.

Hershey shrugs. "She needs to get on with her life."

We keep walking.

Hershey seems to feel the need to say something else. "I just want to tell her—don't trust *anybody*."

AS I WATCHED THESE KIDS, I KEPT WONDERING WHAT KIND OF adults they would become. That night with Pete and A.Z., I asked them where they saw themselves down the road.

"In a couple of years," said Pete, "I start off some ill, ill cartel. Gonna have a legal job. I'll just have another way of laundering money." He added that he got 1520 on his SATs and plans to go to Columbia.

"What we're doing's actually very good business experience," said A.Z.

Pete said, "I'm not just some Jamaican guy. I'm not going to do this for the rest of my life.

"The real money is to go legit. Do the button-downs and corduroys. Catch your action on the mainstream. I laugh at people who make a couple hundred dollars a week.

"These other kids you been talking to," he said with a sigh, "they're just not on our level."

"Back in the days—" laughed A.Z.

"Back in the days!" said Pete.

Which meant, essentially, the last couple of years. And then they were off talking about how large they've lived—having slaves rent helicopters to fly them out to parties in the Hamptons, hiring $750-an-hour escorts, "Miss Centerfold that don't have no job no more." They told me that some of their fellow crew members have girlfriends who are models. (Later, they introduced me to one of them. She does print ads for a top women's designer.)

"We've had kids spend $10,000 on us in one *weekend,*" said A.Z., blinking meaningfully to make sure I'd gotten it.

"We're players," said Pete.

"Niggaz," A.Z. said, winking. "Write that with two *z*'s."

"ALL THESE RICH KIDS," SAYS SEEK, "TRYING TO GET INTO THE GHETTO LIFESTYLE, BROUGHT US INTO THEIR HOMES TO IMPRESS US, TO SHOW OFF TO THEIR FRIENDS."

"THEY'RE WILDING," PABLO SAYS OF PETE AND A.Z., SHAKING HIS head. "They haven't learned yet."

Pablo's the biggest pot dealer in the city for the private-school market. He says he used to live large, like Pete and A.Z. do, but now he's got goals, and he's saving his money.

We're in the bulletproof Benz, doing rills. With Pablo, it feels more like a job. Chi's here. Pops is driving. They don't say much, driving around and around—the music, as always, booming. East Side, West Side, midtown, downtown, we meet up with custies and they give Pablo "the pound." That's the handshake exchanging money and drugs. Pablo's selling chronic, $50, $100 bags he keeps in a Tupperware container in his backpack. He carries a small scale around; he carefully weighs out product in the car. It's clear he's honest.

Pablo's tall and mellow, 20, good-looking. His family is poor—Colombian immigrants—and he says he helps support them. He's one of the founders of BFS (Born for Self).

Tonight, in about three hours, I watch him collect $800—cash, of course. Pablo says that's slow. He says he can make $5,000 to $6,000 a week selling pot. But with school—he's going to college on Long Island—he's had to cut back to make time for studying. Later tonight, he says, he has to write a paper on the rights of handicapped people.

Pablo says he would like to be a writer.

Along Park Avenue, it looks like a *New Yorker* cover—dressed-up rich folks with umbrellas getting into cabs, walking their dogs. Kids emerge from the shadows and give Pablo the pound; hop in the Benz for a moment, give him the pound. Then they go back inside their townhouses, their landmark buildings.

At Park in the 90s, a boy who looks like Ferris Bueller approaches the car with wild eyes—his dad and little sister have come back from somewhere just as he's coming over. "I'm caught," he whispers, dry-mouthed. Still, through the window of the car, he gives Pablo the pound. "Thanks, B."

The boy's father, a short, bespectacled man in a windbreaker, squints quizzically from the lighted entryway of their apartment building, watching.

The boy runs back toward his father. The pot is on him somewhere.

"It's all good," says Chi. "He'll just say he was saying hello to some friends."

"All these kids are my friends," Pablo says in his slow, manly way. "I like every single one of them."

LATER THAT NIGHT, PABLO AND Chi take me to Ruby Falls, on Bleecker and Bowery, a meeting place for Manhattan's harder crews (the club burned down in late November). Ruby Falls has no sign. But somehow its underground cachet has registered on the radar screens of the "tighties"—white, uptight people. There are about 30 people waiting outside to be allowed to enter. "Twenty dollars for tighties," laughs Chi, sailing through the door.

The club's dark inside, lit only by a thronged, curving bar and reflected disco-ball light; the hip-hop's blasting so loud it seems like we're in one big, room-size boomer. The floor is filled with boys, young men, in their Antarctic gear, their goatees and hoop earrings; they're smoking Newports, shouting to be heard above the noise, talking business—chilling. Girls, young women, who look as if they've spent all day getting ready to come here, are "jocking" the boys (as the boys like to say), fly girls making eyes.

Chi's standing in the middle of the club with Duanne, a pot supplier; they're talking over something, nodding. Pablo and his girl—she's lithe and pretty and goes to an Ivy League school—are having a moment aside. She looks at Pablo as if he were the center of the world. Pablo looks a little tense; RFC and BFS have had beef in the past, though now "they're making money together," another BFS member tells me. "They used to want to kill each other."

I keep my hand on my gun 'cause they got me on the run—

RFC has its own table. Fifteen, twenty members fill the length of a long banquette, all looking hard and saying nothing. Unaccountably, the Picasso-faced actress, Rossy De Palma, from Almodóvar's movies sits with them; she's perched on top of the banquette, moving her head to the beat. . . . "It's not polite to stare," an RFC member tells me.

Ain't nothin but a gangsta party—

RFC is one of the two or three "realer" crews in the city. "Everyone else you talk to is gonna give you this slaving shit," one member says. "Those motherfuckers aren't real. Not one of these other ones is like us. They'll be faking the funk forever."

RFC territory is downtown, the Village, but their members come from all boroughs. One of the reasons the Village is so heavily patrolled by police now, an RFC member claims, is that between 1991—when the crew started—and 1993, "we *ran* the Village. Every single night, 100 to 150 of us were racking from stores, taking coats. Beating people up, cracking forties over people's heads. The Village is on lockdown pretty much because of us."

They used to convene outside the McDonald's at Sixth Avenue and West 3rd Street—so many "D," deep, that one Halloween, they say, they got a ticket for "parading without a license."

"The real motherfuckers pull out a razor and start cutting motherfuckers," says one member. "RFC cut a *girl.*"

Biggie, one of RFC's leaders, sits at the end of their long table. He's big; wearing sweatpants and a hooded sweatshirt. Biggie doesn't like to discuss any of his crew's alleged activities but simply wants to say that there is more to all this than I may be hearing.

"We're a brotherhood," he says. He looks at me intently. His voice is considered, deep. "We're family."

"Talk to our public speaker," says Biggie. "He would do better."

Biggie motions for Manny.

Manny comes: He's a short white guy with tousled blond hair, 20. Interestingly, his "stilo," style, isn't to talk or dress like a hip-hop kid. And it works. "These guys don't really like white people," Manny says, shrugging. RFC likes him.

The letters for their crew come not just from Running from Cops but from the night, "back in the days," five years ago, when Manny stole 50 cans of spray paint and splattered all five boroughs with his graffiti tags, never stopping until he was famous—for Racking Fifty Cans. Now he's a student at an exclusive art school.

The candlelight from the table illuminates Manny's face. He says, "Whatever you do with all this, make it profound."

Julian plops down on the banquette. He's a white private-school student, 16, wearing a ski cap, funny, funky. He's the biggest pot dealer for private-school kids in the Village.

"We the mans," he says.

Bitches get ready for the throw-down, this shit's about to go down.

A fight breaks out in a corner of the club. Suddenly, Biggie springs from his seat. His huge body leaps over the table; RFC heads follow him in a wave. Cries of young men erupt, the sounds of struggle.

CREW MEMBERS AT THE MONUMENT AT 89TH AND RIVERSIDE.

"A CREW IS A PLACE WHERE YOU DON'T HEAR ALL THE NOISE. There's a bond," says Seek.

He's sitting in an empty pizza restaurant near the Douglass Projects, where he grew up. Not far from the place known as Rock City Park at 98th Street, where CM, the Criminal Minded, started.

That was the early eighties. Seek was in elementary school then. As he got older, CM became hard-core, a nationally known crew, given "shout-outs" in rap songs.

In the years since, Seek says, he's seen 60 percent of his fellow crew members go to jail, "30 percent with problems you wouldn't believe, and the other 10 percent—okay, not locked up, shot up." He's one of the leaders; the crew is struggling to stay alive. They've made peace with RFC, despite beefs, because if not, "the city would be at war."

"You have to write this down," says Seek, all the things that make kids turn to the streets: poverty, miserable schools, lack of encouragement, no jobs. "Me and my boys did what we had to do because we had nowhere else to go." And then Seek went to jail.

"I served three years for selling crack."

When he came home in 1994, he says, "everything was different."

"These rich kids brought in a whole different image. You started to see all this wannabe shit. These kids with Mommy and Daddy from well-off families trying to get into the ghetto type of lifestyle.

"All these rich kids coming in trying to be like us—they created their own world. They brought us to their homes to impress us, show off to their friends.

"They brought people into their homes they knew was criminals." Seek makes a face. "I never understood that. Why put your family in that position?

"We took everything we saw. Anytime we wanted, we would rob them.

"These kids don't belong. They play at it. It offends me.

"We're living it every day. Coming outside worried about shoot-outs. What you have to worry about when you step out on Park Avenue?" He almost laughs. "These kids never lived through seeing their family members on crack.

"I could scheme every single one of them. I've beaten a lot of them up.

"Let them have their little crews. Let them make their money. They don't need it."

He shakes his head. "Back in the day, we were making good money . . .

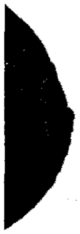
"I spent it. All. Spent it all on living."

Seek has one more thing to say before he goes. He regrets not his crimes but that he didn't save his money. "If we knew then what we know now, we'd all be rich."

I ask him whether he still commits crimes.

There's a long pause. "If I had $50,000 today, I'd put it into a Laundromat."

WOMAN BE



Theatrical, legendary, and more than a little prickly, Julie Taymor has arrived uptown with her magic-realist extravaganza *Juan Darién*. Next, she's got Michael Eisner and *The Lion King* to worry about. By James Kaplan

ND THE MASKS

EVER THINK, DEEP DOWN, THAT YOU MIGHT BE—YOU know, a genius? Think again. Julie Taymor is a genius. So, at least, say the people at the MacArthur Foundation, who awarded her one of their five-year, envy-inducing fellowships in 1991.

But you can judge for yourself by proceeding to the Vivian Beaumont Theater and taking in *Juan Darién*, the musical created by Taymor and her longtime collaborator, the composer Elliot Goldenthal. Actually, to call *Juan Darién* a musical—the same term you'd apply to *Guys and Dolls* and *Cats*—is misleading. "A Carnival Mass" is how Taymor and Goldenthal bill their adaptation of a Uruguayan tale about a jaguar who turns into a boy, is crucified, and turns back into a jaguar.

Heady stuff—and a dark, relentless, intermissionless 90 minutes that pulls out all the world-theater stops to tell its story. Taymor uses hand puppets and

PHOTOGRAPHED BY LEN IRISH
FOR NEW YORK

***Juan Darién's* primal puppets: Expressive and eerily lifelike.**

techniques inspired by Japanese *bunraku,* in which large, eerily lifelike puppets are manipulated by figures shrouded in black. The show has almost no spoken words, only music with Latin and Spanish lyrics. All the human characters but one—Juan—wear masks designed by Taymor, haunting, oversize heads reminiscent of primitive art and tribal carvings. And the staging resembles a kind of theater-cinema, suggesting the three-dimensional equivalent of pans, tracking shots, and close-ups as full-scale characters and sets shift to miniatures that turn and move through stage-space.

In short—genius.

Genius that has no problem recognizing itself. When I told Taymor, as she directed a technical rehearsal at the Vivian Beaumont one afternoon recently, that I'd never seen anything like *Juan Darién,* she said, "There *isn't* anything like it." She's a brisk, exotic-looking woman with luxuriant dark hair, highly expressive black eyebrows, a stubborn, jutting chin, and what might be called a nonrecessive personality. At work, she has a bracing air of command. "Listen, everybody! Listen up!" she called sharply at one point, clapping her hands at a lollygagging group of actors. They listened. Taymor is a director's director, and a name to conjure with in the theater. If you haven't heard of her, you're not alone, but she's doing something about it.

"It's an extraordinary experience. But I would understa

The 44-year-old director and designer of puppets, masks, and costumes has been synthesizing and perfecting her techniques for two decades, building a reputation as a theater wizard by mounting startlingly innovative productions, frequently adaptations of stories from other media: a version of Stravinsky's *Oedipus Rex,* conducted by Seiji Ozawa and starring Jessye Norman and Bryn Terfel; a hallucinatory short film for PBS called *Fool's Fire,* based on a Poe short story, with a cast of dwarfs and puppets; a bloody *Titus Andronicus* for the Theatre for a New Audience.

But most of her stage productions have been all the more legendary for their transitoriness, even their obscurity. Taymor and Goldenthal's first original collaboration, *Liberty's Taken*—a kaleidoscopic, picaresque human-puppet-mask musical extravaganza about the American Revolution—played for less than two weeks at the 1985 Castle Hill Festival in Massachusetts. The first incarnation of *Juan Darién,* produced by the Music-Theatre Group at St. Clement's Church in Manhattan in 1988, ran for only 21 performances. *Oedipus Rex* played for precisely two nights, in 1992, in Japan. Her 1993 production of *The Magic Flute,* in Florence, ran for fewer than a dozen performances.

The question is whether the present *Juan Darién* will arouse enough fervor to extend past its limited run: Recent evidence indicates that a Carnival Mass about jaguar transformation and crucifixion may be a little rich for the blood of the membership audiences at the Vivian Beaumont. "They just sat there," Taymor said of a matinee crowd the other day. Then quickly tried to put a better face on things: "It's thrilling to present this to audiences that are unprepared," she said.

The show may be the apex of her art, the essence of genius, but its perfection may be said to impress more than enthrall. So far, it hasn't been selling out most nights. "It's an extraordinary experience," says the television producer and cultural philanthropist Norman Lear, a longtime friend and supporter of Taymor's work (in 1987, he gave Taymor and Goldenthal a personal grant to go to Mexico to do research for *Juan Darién*). "But I would understand it better if I saw it again. It's everything she's about—there's enough to excite, and also enough to intimidate. It's so brilliant." Lear pauses a second. "*Intimidate* is not a box-office word," he says.

All this is about to change, however. A year from now, Julie Taymor should be drawing mammoth crowds, crowds that had better not, that in all likelihood won't, just sit there. For Julie Taymor—legend, genius, darling of the theater avant-garde—is going to direct *The Lion King.* And then we'll see whether the talent that leads so many people to speak of her with awe can sell some tickets.

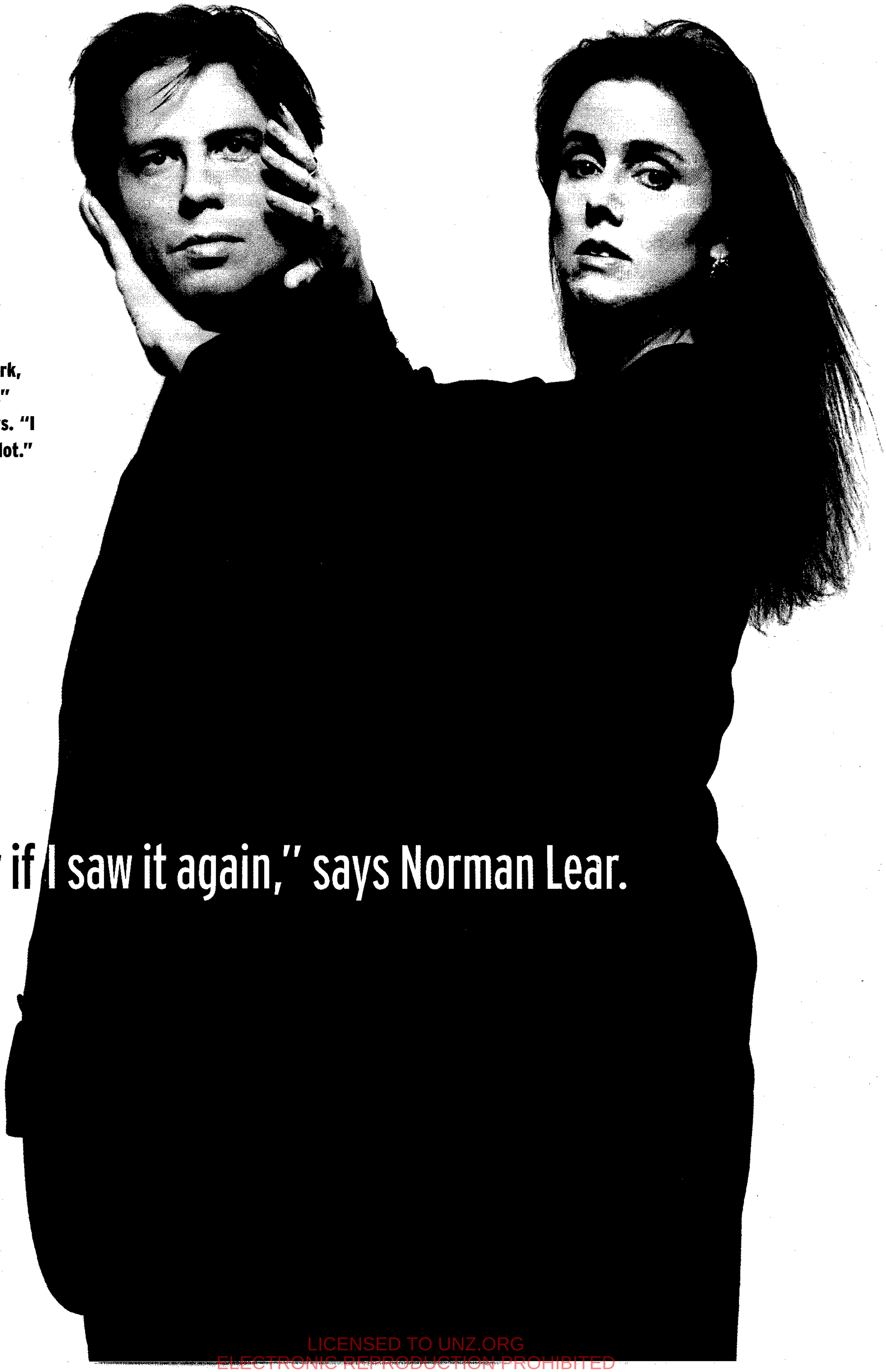
THE STAGE VERSION OF THE ANIMATED DISNEY MEGAHIT (MORE than $770 million in worldwide grosses), which will open next fall at the renovated New Amsterdam Theatre on 42nd Street (right next to the Disney Store), will be, in practically every way, Taymor's show. She won't just direct. She will design the costumes. She will co-design (with her technical counterpart, Michael Curry) the puppetry and masks. She has contributed to the show's greatly expanded second act. She may even write lyrics for one or two of the production's half-dozen new songs.

Why *The Lion King*? "I've worked in all these different media—theater, opera, film—in all these different styles, from high seriousness to low comedy," Taymor says. "Elliot does the same thing. He writes symphonies and ballets; then he does the score for *Batman.* It's *fun.* As far as *The Lion King* is concerned, it's not just that it's a lot of money—that wouldn't do it for either Elliot or me. It's that it's challenging."

Taymor is sitting next to Elliot Goldenthal at the sunny kitchen table of their downtown loft—a place whose theatrical, funkily elegant expanse has evolved into the subject of some negotiation. Taymor initially asked me not to describe the place in detail: fair enough. People, even newly famous and well-off people, have a right not to let the magazine-reading public, in effect, lounge around their living quarters. But now it appears that something more than privacy is at issue.

Goldenthal—a compact, magnetic, bracingly uningratiating

Previous page; hair and makeup by Patricia Bowden; this page, photograph by Joan Marcus.



"Elliot's dark, really dark," Taymor says. "I like that a lot."

better if I saw it again," says Norman Lear.

man of 42, with interesting, irregular teeth and a slick mane, a man who *looks* like a composer—puts it succinctly: “[You] say we live in this big place, and people get envious, and then we have no friends anymore.”

He seems to be about one-third joking. But suddenly he turns entirely serious, put out that the press is here at all: Now he’s insisting that the fact that he and Taymor live as well as work together (though they won’t be working together on *The Lion King*) not be mentioned—though, as far as the public record is concerned, that cat is thoroughly out of the bag. “It’s irrelevant,” he insists grumpily.

But isn’t their living together, I ask, of a piece with their collaboration?

Goldenthal looks me in the eye. “No,” he says.

Taymor tries to smooth things over. “I can talk to you about how our collaboration is so excellent because it never stops,” she offers. “If we get excited about a project, it can go all through the night—that’s thrilling.”

Goldenthal’s not having any of it. He shakes his head, frowning.

“We’re gonna get it a lot, sweetie,” Taymor tells him.

Indeed they are, and more of it every day. Goldenthal matches Taymor’s impressive list of accomplishments—her MacArthur, Guggenheim, Emmy, two Obies, and so on—with a list of his own. He has collaborated with Taymor on about fifteen works, and his own compositions—chiefly *Fire Water Paper, A Vietnam Oratorio*—have received wide recognition. His ballet *Othello,* choreographed by Lar Lubovitch for the American Ballet Theater, will premiere at the Metropolitan Opera House this May.

And a few years ago, after filmmaker Gus Van Sant saw and loved one of the early performances of *Juan Darién,* Goldenthal began a new and lucrative career writing dark-toned movie scores, beginning with Van Sant’s *Drugstore Cowboy* and proceeding to *Interview With the Vampire, Batman Forever, Heat,* and *Michael Collins.* Still, something about this recent success doesn’t quite sit well with him: “The critics have really dogged me because of my cinema work,” Goldenthal says. “There’s a tremendous snobbery because of accessibility. But I always like to say that Shostakovich did over 40 films.”

The subject of selling out seems to hover, edgily but insistently, in the air. (Even Goldenthal’s outfit—plush, Italianate sport jacket and knit shirt above, black jeans and scruffy cowboy boots below—seems unresolved.) When I ask Taymor whether she had seen the movie of *The Lion King* before Disney approached her with the theater project, she makes a face. Did she have any misgivings about taking on the show?

Now it’s her turn to be uningratiating. “Things get so twisted in the press—I’m not going to tell you I had misgivings,” she says curtly. “The question is more, how can I remain true to my artistry and stay in the fold of this gigantic company? That will remain a question to the end.”

No doubt Eisner was impressed. After all, Julie Tayn

And it’s a legitimate question, despite the fact that in building its new theater business, Disney appears to be making unprecedented efforts to hew to the artistic high road, or at least the middle-high road: efforts that emanate from the company’s executive vice-president for feature animation and theatrical productions (and the executive producer of the *Lion King* movie), Thomas Schumacher. “It’s not like I’m working with film people who don’t know what they’re talking about,” Taymor says. “Tom’s a real mind.”

A combat-hardened veteran of the nonprofit world, Schumacher worked as assistant general manager for the Los Angeles Ballet, spent five years on staff at the Mark Taper Forum, and, as co-founder of the 1987 Los Angeles Festival, was instrumental in presenting the American premieres of such high-cult landmarks as Ingmar Bergman’s stage production of *Miss Julie* and Peter Brook’s production of *The Mahabharata.*

“I’d known of Julie’s work for a long time—she was legendary,” Schumacher says. (There’s that word again.) “When I was with the L.A. Festival, I saw *Liberty’s Taken* on videotape and was knocked out by it. I called her in the hopes of getting her to do something for the festival, but it fell apart, and that was the end of it.”

Fast-forward eight years. “When we started to look at *The Lion King,* I couldn’t think of how to do it, so I just called her up. She immediately knew who I was—she’s phenomenally adept at stuff like that. We chatted; then we flew her to L.A.”

“Her first reaction was, why her?” he recalls. “But really, when you look at Julie’s work, she deals with mythic material, legends, stories that have something deeper at their roots, and then she finds literally fantastic ways of telling them. *The Lion King* is mythic at its core—it’s about this kid who has to find out who he is.”

After the initial meeting, Schumacher gave her a CD called *Rhythm of the Pride Lands,* of songs based in part on the film score, including choral work orchestrated by South African singer Lebo M. Inspired by the music—as well as, conceivably, by initial business discussions—Taymor warmed to the project.

“She just busted out of the box,” Schumacher says. “It didn’t take some kind of convincing on our part. She came back in and pitched an approach. Her fundamental idea was to expand the bridge from late Act II into Act III—what happens to Simba after ‘Hakuna Matata,’ the crisis that he experiences. In the movie, we quickly moved through that—animated movies use a kind of shorthand."

Taymor worked with the film's original director and writer on strengthening the book, and came up with the idea of adding a half-dozen new songs to the play—much of the material to come from *Rhythm of the Pride Lands*—in order to beef up the story. "In the show," Taymor says, "the songs are like arias in an opera: Time stops, and you get inside the character's emotion."

But her chief contribution would clearly be to the look of the play—a look that must preserve the essence of the story's franchise characters, yet at the same time be Taymoresque.

"In the case of [Disney's first theatrical production] *Beauty and the Beast,* you could go two directions," Schumacher says. "You could either mount a show that looked and felt like the movie, or go a different way. We went way one. But with *The Lion King,* you don't have that option. From the get-go, you assume the concept has to be stylized."

Juan in the flesh (Daniel Hodd)—the puppets heighten reality, and keep it at bay.

Photograph by Joan Marcus.

Early this year, Taymor met with Schumacher and Disney chief Michael Eisner at Disney World in Orlando. It was a memorable meeting all around: Eisner, who'd spent the morning canoeing with Schumacher in the canals of Disney World, was still wearing a sweatshirt and baseball cap; Taymor was loaded for bear, having brought along a full presentation, drawings and mock-ups of puppets and masks. It was a potentially tricky moment—for both Taymor and Eisner. Would art, or Disney, be compromised?

For Taymor, the fundamental question was: "How can I create each animal's image and have its human character be as strong as it was in the movie?" The answer: "You will almost always see the human being," she says. Some of the characters will wear masks not unlike the ones she designed for *Oedipus Rex,* which sit atop the actor's uncovered face. "With Pumbaa, the giant head is built off the stomach of the actor," she says. "The actor's face is where Pumbaa's hair starts; the animal's ears are on the actor's shoulders."

a kind of potentate, too.

Taymor also wanted her stage-cinema techniques to come into play. "When Mufasa and Simba move through the grasslands, they're small heads on top of the heads of the chorus," she says. "The projection will be minimal; we don't want it to be like a movie. Revealing the technique is the magic—allowing the audience to absorb it, then forget about it."

Michael Eisner got all this immediately, Schumacher says. No doubt the most powerful man in entertainment was also impressed by the hauteur of a woman who—stranger in a strange land though she was—came off as a kind of potentate, too.

"Julie just wanted to make sure the kind of ideas she was talking about were the same as ours," Schumacher says.

Taymor does seem absolutely engaged with the project, even if on more a technical than a spiritual level. She speaks in passing of the story's mythic essence—"It's the prodigal son," she says—but what appears to have hooked her on *The Lion King* was the practical puzzles: translating the animal characters, the big-screen effects. "When I saw this movie, the question was, how can you translate the stampede of the wildebeests onto the stage? How would I do that?"

She's arrived at an answer—though, since the premiere is still almost a year off, she has to be somewhat vague about it. She speaks elusively of treadmills and conveyor belts, and of the effects she's used in her other shows: the painted crowd banners held aloft in *Juan Darién;* the bobbing-wooden-heads-on-wheels device she created for *Liberty's Taken* to satirize the morality-legislating Boston Committee of Safety. The wildebeest stampede will be a little like these things, she says, only different.

Just as *The Lion King* itself, with its genuine, accessible humor and emotion, will be a little like her other productions, only different.

MASKS AND PUPPETS, A WAY OF HEIGHTENING REALITY BUT ALSO OF distancing oneself from it, have defined Taymor's career. Despite her exotic looks, she grew up in the plush Boston suburb of Newton, Massachusetts, the daughter of accomplished parents (her father a gynecologist, her mother active in Democratic politics), but got out as soon as she could—"I really hated the idea of being part of the suburbs"—and went as far away as she could. Her first idea was to act: She commuted to the Boston Children's Theater during her school years, and joined an avant-garde theater ensemble at 15. She also traveled to India and Sri Lanka that year, alone, as part of the Experiment in International Living. Strikingly, she claims to remember almost nothing about her childhood up to that point ("My memory doesn't take off until Sri Lanka"), an odd gap—perhaps a telling one—for an artist whose work attempts to plumb the unconscious.

Upon graduating from high school, at 16, she went to Paris to study mime but, deciding against a potentially ominous career path, returned to attend Oberlin, where, along with fellow future MacArthur genius Bill Irwin, she joined the theater group of experimental director Herbert Blau.

"I was always considered a little offbeat," Taymor says—meaning that, unlike most of her peers, she wasn't interested in drugs or rock and roll. "I danced to Motown at parties, but music wasn't as huge a part of my life as it was with other teenagers," she says. She never even had a record collection—or many friends, for that matter. Making art—acting, sculpting, painting, drawing—was what counted for her. "I just *did* theater; it was just something I always did," she says. To this day, she retains something of the air of a distracted, socially maladroit teenager: that genius thing again.

After college, she went to Indonesia for four years, on Watson and Ford Foundation fellowships. It was the ultimate escape for a Jewish girl from the Boston suburbs. "I was always an outsider there," she says. "It was a very exhausting, very lonely thing to be." But also thrilling. For the first time, she discovered that she was, as she puts it, "too much of a director to be an actor." She formed a troupe of Indonesian actors, living with one of them in a small compound with a dirt floor and no running water, electricity, or telephone. She traveled to the country's heartlands, witnessing ancient rituals imperiled by fast-encroaching civilization. "It was a culture in transition, from slow-moving and individualistic to fast-paced and consumerist," she says. "We in this country have had a long time for that transition—people there couldn't cope."

Taymor and Goldenthal are stranded in strange territory, somewhere between young and poor and rich and famous.

It was those tensions that inspired her first major theater work, the trilogy *Way of Snow*. The piece, which began with the shamanic possession of an Eskimo in frozen fields near the North Pole, moved in its second section to the peasant world of Indonesia, where a farmer's ox was killed by a bus, and in its third part to a modern metropolis, where an answering-service operator plugging and unplugging wires went berserk. *Way of Snow* incorporated masks, shadow puppets, and Javanese-style rod puppets that Taymor carved herself from a cotton tree outside her house. The feathers used to represent snow in the Eskimo section came from a chicken the company had sacrificed and eaten to bless the project.

It was going native in a big way—the ultimate cultural-anthropological trip for the disenchanted suburbanite. Still, if Lawrence of Arabia, a dreamy English schoolboy, could bring off wearing a kaffiyeh, why couldn't Taymor of Indonesia sacrifice chickens? Though she may have been an outsider overseas, "I never really felt like an American," she says. "It was at the time of the Vietnam War, and I was embarrassed at being associated with it. Why did I have to defend this terrible thing?"

Even today—despite working for Disney—she doesn't seem to have entirely repatriated. "I'm an American," she says, "but what I do as an artist has no boundaries. I can do a *Salome* in Saint Petersburg, a *Magic Flute* in Florence. I don't care about nationalities—I care about culture."

Goldenthal, who seems the more grounded of the pair, comes from the other side of the tracks: The son of a house painter and a seamstress, he grew up in housing projects on Coney Island, and his childhood memories are sharp. "If you opened the window, you heard salsa and opera and John Coltrane and tarantellas," he recalls. It was an atmosphere of rich rot, soaked with "the smell of 110 years of cooking french fries. You had the feeling, in the winter, that if you licked the air, maybe the french-fry oil would come alive."

They met in 1980, when Taymor designed the production of Elizabeth Swados's *The Haggadah,* for a culturally inclusive Passover pageant staged at the Public Theater. Taymor created a giant Seder tablecloth that billowed up, Peking Opera–style, to become the Red Sea, not to mention life-size puppet rabbis debating Passover scholarship, and alarmingly graphic plague effects projected through Plexiglas shadow puppets. A mutual friend sent Goldenthal to see the show, calling it "just as grotesque" as his own work.

"Elliot's dark—really dark," Taymor says, smiling. "I like that a lot."

He's also more verbal than she is. When he first read the story, by magic-realist Horacio Quirogà, that *Juan Darién* is based on, "I wanted to do it as an oratorio," Goldenthal says. "I couldn't imagine it theatricalized till I saw Julie's *Haggadah.*"

"A lot of what I do is very intuitive," she says. "I don't say, 'Okay, it's time for this symbol.' I brought the carnival to Elliot's Mass."

They began collaborating soon after they met—"Working with Elliot is the best thing I do," she says—though they've succeeded to the point where working together is practically the only chance they get to see each other. (Their next collaboration, somewhere down the road after *The Lion King* and *Othello,* will be an opera version of John Gardner's novel about Beowulf from the monster's point of view, *Grendel.*) "We used to get away more when we were unemployed," Taymor sighs.

Now here they are, somewhere in the strange territory between young and poor—"Elliot was struggling financially when I first met him"—and rich and famous. The friends they barely get to see anymore, the ones they worry will envy them, are both successful and more-or-less-struggling actors and photographers and dancers; but Taymor and Goldenthal also mention such acquaintances as Calvin Trillin, Max Roach, and Peter Jennings. Now and then, for a stray moment, they get to relax in the big loft, Taymor spacing out on junk TV, Goldenthal cooking or watching boxing.

But mostly they work. When Goldenthal talks about *Othello*'s May premiere, Taymor's eyes wander off. "That's when I go into rehearsal," she says. "That's when *I* go into rehearsal," he says.

It never stops. "I just finished a movie script of *The Transposed Heads,*" she says, speaking of the fantastical Thomas Mann novella she turned into a mask-and-puppet production, last seen—for two weeks—at the Mitzi Newhouse Theater in 1986. She's also adapted her *Titus Andronicus,* for First Look Pictures.

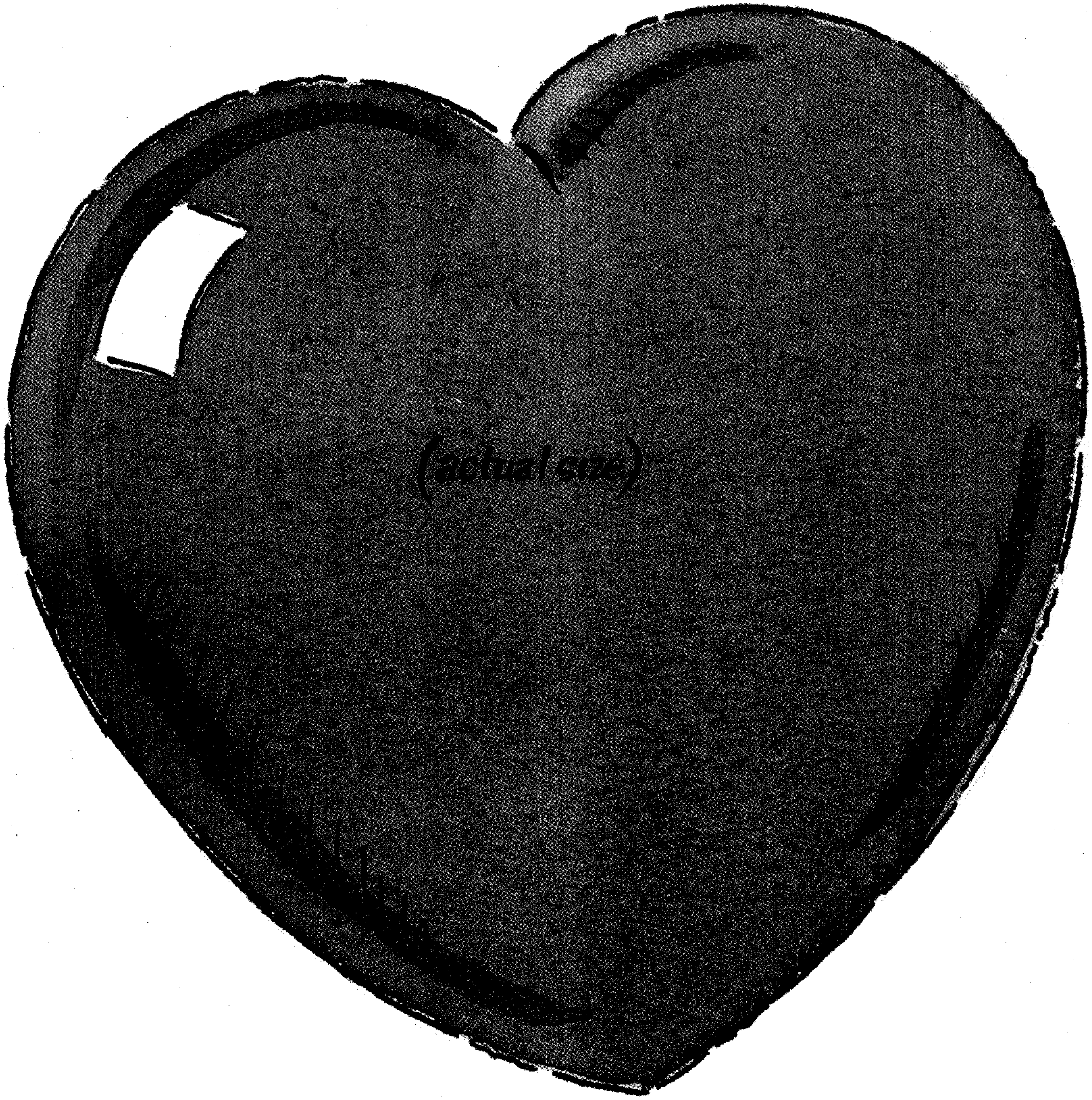
"It's fun to try a new medium," she says, but "I'm not about to move to L.A." Why should she? The translation from theater to film is more fraught for most directors than it is for her. "My landscapes in the theater are already vast," Taymor asserts. "Most theater isn't."

Vast, yes, but cool and remote. Wouldn't it be strange if it took the carefully packaged warmth of Disney to give Julie Taymor her first real hit? ■

Photograph by Joan Marcus.

Philip A. Scheuer

How you feel when you give to the United Way.

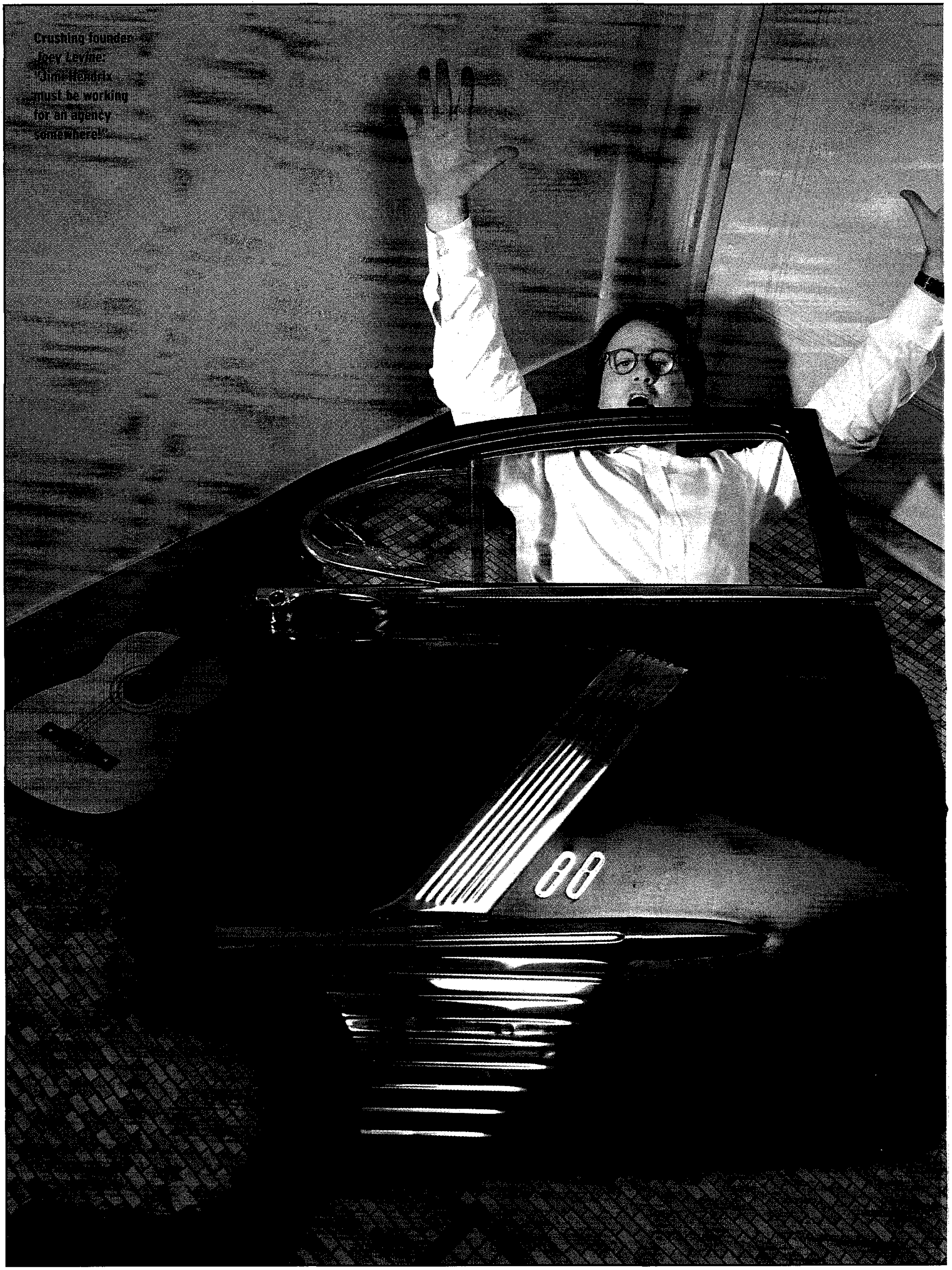


THE UNITED WAY IN NEW YORK, NEW JERSEY & CONNECTICUT.

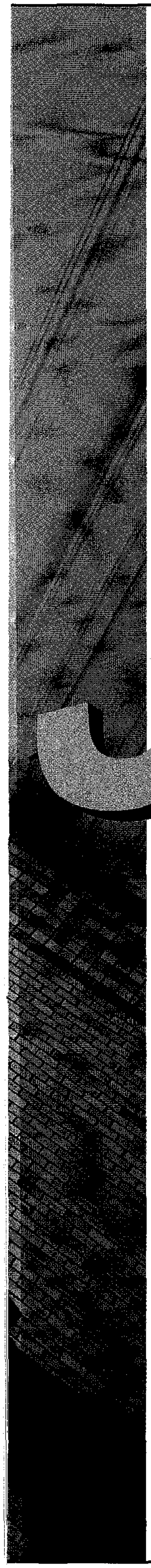
DOING GOOD FOR THE NEIGHBORHOOD

http://www.uwtristate.org

Ad courtesy of this publication.



Crushing founder Joey Levine: "Jimi Hendrix must be working for an agency somewhere!"



THE GREAT ROCK & ROLL JINGLE

LET PEARL JAM AND GREEN DAY BROOD OVER "SELLING OUT." CRUSHING UNDERGROUND SELLS PRODUCTS—WRITING HIT AFTER CRASS, COMMERCIAL (AND SURPRISINGLY LISTENABLE) HIT.

JASON APPLETON, 28, IN STOVEPIPE JEANS AND BLACK boots, sits holding an electric guitar—the songwriter in repose. He leans over, turns up his amplifier, and starts strumming the sort of rave-up riff that might power a Blues Traveler song. He tries out his latest vocal line: "Take, take a fresh look at Long John's . . . Long John Silver's . . ." He stops. "The other version I'm doing is a bit darker."

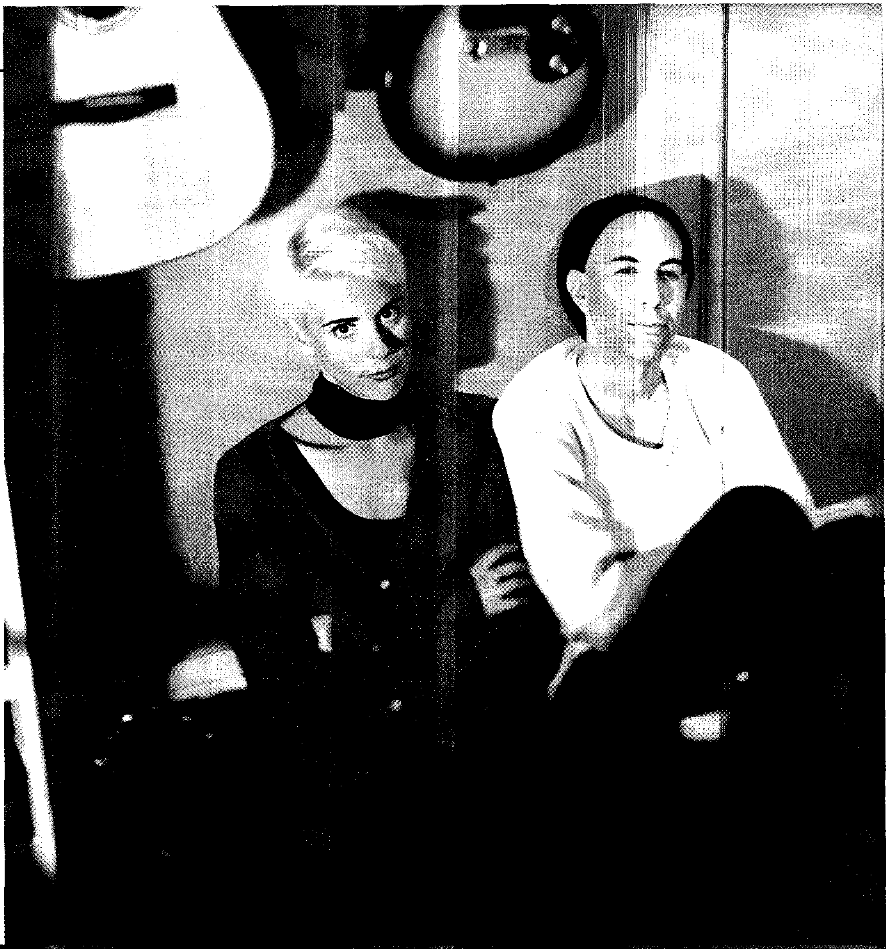
In the next room, sound designer Dave Barratt, a 31-year-old Brit who resembles a young, shaven-headed Michael Caine, slouches behind a recording console, coaching an R&B singer through his latest opus. A sultry hip-hop cut booms from the overhead speaker. Eyes closed, headphones on, singer Debbe Cole leans in toward the microphone, soulfully intoning, "This is the ta-a-aste." When she gets to the chorus, her syllables swell like those of hip-hop diva Mary J. Blige. "Oh-oo-oh-oo Doc-tah Pep-pah. Oh-oo-oh-oo Doc-tah Pep-pah."

In the hallway, a wall is filled floor-to-ceiling with master tapes: Almond Joy, Marine Corps, Sprite, Snickers, Chevrolet, Toys 'R' Us, Exxon—twenty years of corporate hit singles, hooks that go "Oh, what a feeling!" and "Yo-o-our true voice." This is the place where dreams are made and burgers are sold, where nothing else is a Pepsi and sometimes you feel like a nut. This is Crushing, house of a million jingles.

Crushing is the brainchild of bubblegum-rock auteur Joey Levine, the man who in the sixties composed the immortal "Yummy Yummy Yummy (I've Got Love in My Tummy)" as well as many other high-fructose melodies. Then, in the late seventies, he formed what has become the most successful jin-

BY CHRIS NORRIS

PHOTOGRAPH BY CHRIS BUCK
FOR *NEW YORK*



Collaborators Wood and Lane: "You can actually get away with being extremely creative," Lane says.

gle house in the business. Levine has found his métier. "Commercials are built-in hits," he says. "Writing jingles *is* writing hit songs." Crushing has perhaps written more of the tunes that we sing against our will than any other group in the world.

HERE AT CRUSHING'S offices, however, change is in the air. A new crop of musicians is settling into power. They're known as Crushing Underground, the new, hot "alternative" wing of advertising's Tin Pan Alley: Gen-X jinglists.

Appleton is the Underground's newest recruit. He's the front man for the Grasshoppers, fixtures on the local club scene, though without a record contract. Now they've crossed over, with a Diet Coke spot in heavy rotation. "The band *sounds* like a band," Appleton says. "I mean, we're playing out of tune, we're a little sloppy—but that's what sells it. We're playing our guitars like we'd play them at CBGB's; we're digging in. It's real. Everyone says that about our stuff. It's always honest and real."

"IF YOU HAVE A RECORD DEAL WITH SONY, HOW DIFFERENT IS

Honest and real. An interesting word choice, especially given the mien of nineties rock.

Pearl Jam's Eddie Vedder broods over his complicity in the Machine. Beck's finest, funniest lyrics writhe and sigh over his own commodification. And Kurt Cobain adorned his album with a photo of a dollar-baited fishhook, luring a swimming infant. "Selling out"—living in, fighting against, negotiating with consumer culture—may be the central issue for rock's current generation. This is the group who spawned the genre "alternative" and recast rock style around ideas of emotional honesty and sonic roughness, and did it so successfully that the mainstream is awash in grunge clones. Crushing Underground is taking this ethos in a whole new direction: McDonald's.

OVER A TWITCHING, FUNKY DRUM TRACK, A young woman sings a song of quirky defiance—"So I'm, I'm a little bit crazy / So I'm, I'm walkin' a fine line"—her yodelly vocalisms like Alanis Morissette's. "You might think I'm a little bit crazy / But I know what's mine." That, of course, being a Pepsi. A ragged-voiced youth sneers over a charging rock band: "There's not much that I believe . . . Don't make me think things I can't think / *Don't make me drink things I don't drink!*" Punk-rock cola.

The two songs were written by Clifford Lane and Mary Wood, Crushing Underground's A-team. Wood, 28, tall and pretty in punkishly short, bleached coiffure and Doc Martens, was the first of the young stars to come to Crushing, the one who started the Underground and has brought in much of its talent. "I think the trick to writing something good is to look at it more as a song rather than as a vehicle to sell," Wood says. A music grad from Sarah Lawrence, Wood worked as a music producer for Saatchi & Saatchi while playing live gigs and shopping demos to record labels. Now executive producer of Crushing Underground, she has been singer-songwriter for Mobil, Michelob, Kool-Aid, and Pepsi. She has sung "Everybody needs a little KFC" for Kentucky Fried Chicken and "It's an Up thing" for 7-Up. Needless to say, Wood and her team are highly valued by the advertising world.

"People today are very finicky and sophisticated about music," says Rani Vaz, senior music producer for the ad agency BBDO. "I think that [Crushing Underground's writers] are really able to speak to those people as well as have a sense for this industry that we're in, which is advertising. It's got to have a great hook, a catchy groove, all these elements, and that's extremely, extremely difficult to do, let alone do it well so that it's not going to sound like a jingle."

People at Crushing jokingly refer to Wood's and Lane's spots for Pepsi as "The Pepsi Album," because they sound so much like the songs on modern-rock radio. All musicians at Crushing Underground are active in non-advertising music—rock bands, solo projects, hip-hop production—encouraged by Crushing's owners to pursue outside careers. Lane, whose background is in sound design, is an ex-member of the Poppies, a Warner Bros. act. He's currently working on a project with his girlfriend, a singer. Wood has a deal with Polystar records.

For Lane, the work is more than just preferable to his previous day job, driving a truck. "They're not selling products anymore; they're selling images," he says. "So you can actually get away with

Photographs by Kenneth Chen.

being extremely creative. You can get as textural and trippy as you want. It's like you go in and do a really neat puzzle and you go home and your own project is heavy and looming. It's kind of nice to just go in and just bang something out in a creative way."

Morgan Visconti, Crushing's quiet, British boy genius, also appreciates the business's liberating possibilities. "It's cool because you can be somebody for a day," he says. "One day you can be a rock-and-roller and do a rock track, and the next you can go do something else." A five-year Crushing veteran at 24, Visconti is as adept at on-the-spot tunesmanship as at contempo sound design; his latest coup is the demonic techno track that accompanies silhouettes of slam-dunking basketball players in an ad for the channel ESPN2. That day, he was Nine Inch Nails. "With records," he says, "you have to stick with the same thing for six months."

At Crushing, it's more like a day. Work ranges from providing hip "underscores" for existing video, to setting "a brief," or tag line, to music, to writing an entire song from scratch, lyrics and all. "Sometimes they'll say, 'Go out and buy this CD,' " Visconti says. " 'We want something in that vein, like Sheryl Crow or Garbage.' But ultimately, I try and fashion something unique."

Crushing competes with companies like Sunday Productions, Three Tree, Rocket Music, and Red House—crafting several mini-songs for ad agencies to choose from. Its success depends on extremely fertile melodic imaginations. "It's that kind of place where people just have a knack for that immediate pop kind of mentality," Wood says. "I know I do. Even when I was a kid, I was always singing commercials all the time, constantly. My brother was like, *Shut up.*"

The two floors of Crushing's midtown offices (a few flights up from the Lester Lanin Orchestra) are a bustling, subtly wacky work environment. Odes to AT&T peal down the carpeted hall. A sofa is host to eleven Oster appliances—blenders, food processors, coffeemakers—their whirring and grinding sounds soon to be sampled for an Oster jingle. An upright piano sits in the corner with a leaf of sheet music that says "Pizza Hut" at the top.

"When we do 7-Up, we have to run down and make sure we have it in the fridge," says an employee. "Agency people sometimes call ahead and say, 'We're bringing the client by, and I just want to make sure there's Pepsi around.' "

Barratt, an accomplished producer who has worked on records for Robert Plant and Gravity Kills, recalls his first encounter with the ad world. "I got this phone call from someone from Ogilvy & Mather," he says. " 'Would you like to do a spot for L.A. Gear?' I said, 'I'm an artist. I don't wear L.A. Gear shoes. I wouldn't subject myself to such degradation.' And they said, '$27,000.' I said, 'I'll put Dave Barratt on the phone.' "

Indeed, post-punk ethical qualms seem foreign here. "To hear a spot and know that your rent's going to be covered, that feels good," says Appleton. "And I mean, if you have a record deal with Sony, how different is that really? It's one step removed, but you're still a corporate product."

Appleton—who says he's naming his publishing company Ka-ching—seems to relish the capitalist overtones. "We were doing this investment ad," he says, "and we were singing, 'Money! Let's make money!' at the top of our lungs. Totally surreal. It's like, we were singing this and trying to do it."

" APPLETON SAYS. "YOU'RE STILL A CORPORATE PRODUCT."

Jason Appleton (second from left) and his band The Grasshoppers: "always honest and real."

JOEY LEVINE LEANS BACK BEHIND HIS DESK, knees up, lightly strumming a small guitar. A rack full of Clio awards lines the wall behind him. A pile of tapes sits on his desk, Beck's *Odelay* on top. A compact, impish 45-year-old in the Andy Williams vein, Levine has thick glasses and a wicked cackle. He's the brains of Crushing, maybe its soul as well.

"I always got kicked out of bands because I was so lackadaisical," he says. "They were always real serious, and I'm writing the music, going, 'Who cares about words? No one listens anyway. I'll just memorize the first verse.' "

But in another way, Levine, the son of the bandleader Eldon Lewis and the pop chanteuse Miriam Kingsley, showed a solid work ethic early. When his mother wouldn't let him join a band in the Catskills, the 16-year-old began bringing his guitar over to the Brill Building to peddle his songs—about five a week.

"I'd make appointments with the publishers and go and play the songs and try to sell 'em for advances. I'd figure, 'Okay, this is my $250 song; this is my $150 song; this is my $100 song; this is the $50 song.' And I sold a lot of songs."

Among them was "Yummy Yummy Yummy," a song R.E.M.'s Michael Stipe credits as a primary influence. Levine had sent a demo of the song to the group Ohio Express with his own vocals there solely as a guide. They put the record out the way it was—a fitting beginning for a strange career.

Ensconced in the Brill Building, Levine co-wrote with such masters as Doc Pomus and Artie Resnik. He also sang for groups like 1910 Fruitgum Company, Tommy James and the Shondells, the Monkees, the Archies—all of them studio fabrications. It was the golden age of bubblegum.

Levine performed one gig as two different groups on the same bill, both with pseudonymous Top 40 hits. At one point, two songs that he sang on were in the Top 10 simultaneously—a distinction he claims to share only with the Beatles. ("Well, maybe Ronnie Duncan got in there too," he allows. "With the Archies and the Cufflinks.")

But soon industry cutthroats and the rock-and-roll lifestyle took their toll on Levine's already remarkably low sense of wonder. Looking for an escape, he did a stint in California, where he wrote a screenplay with Sal Mineo. Then he tried his hand at jingle writing.

"COMMERCIALS ARE BUILT-IN HITS," SAYS LEVINE.

His very first effort was the candy-bar ditty "Sometimes You Feel Like a Nut."

Ka-ching.

"My father, who was my business manager, he started showing me checks," Levine recalls. "He was like, 'Man, look at this. You should be doing this, forget that other thing. This pays.' "

"Oh, What a Feeling!" "You Asked For It, You Got It." "We Are Dr-r-r-iven." The hits just kept on coming. Levine formed Crushing Enterprises in 1979.

Today he is a staunch champion of the form. He decries society's unfair estimation of the product-oriented songster. "Probably 70 percent of the music you hear is advertising," he says, leaning forward. "So how come ASCAP and BMI pay, like, Burt Bacharach more for 'Do You Know the Way to San Jose?' if it gets played on TV than I get paid for Sears? I'm a lot more popular."

Levine bemoans the creative bankruptcy of today's ad agencies. "Most spots now, they're just buying old familiar songs," he says. "Jimi Hendrix is the copyrighter of the new Microsoft commercials. He wrote the line, he wrote the music. Jimi Hendrix must be working for an agency somewhere!"

"Why not write originals?" he continues. "Commercials, people hear 'em whether they want to or not, so they're always hits. It's a great format. Are you gonna play me the Doors, or are you going to play me something new?"

THE LOGIC IS CURIOUS BUT somehow perfect for this place. In fact, in a perverse way, it's actually kind of convincing. Consider the current landscape these songlets inhabit. "If you want to destroy my sweater," goes an MTV hit. "Oh-oo-oh-oo-oh." Is a rockin' seafood shanty that much more coyly meaningless? Given the state of current R&B, how much more hackneyed are 30-second R&B jams that substitute words like *taste* and *fresh* for *love* and *freakin'*? Even Sex Pistol Johnny (Rotten) Lydon, a true visionary of pop Realpolitik, sang "Route 66" in a recent ad for Mountain Dew. When every rock revolution of the nineties—distortion, angst, co-ed punk—has been absorbed, when even anti-commercialism has been commodified, are jingles the purest form of pop?

Well, no.

Lane has few illusions about the mission. "Advertising now is more about, you know, 'This club is where you should be, and this is what you drink or wear if you're in this club.' And as that happens, they're kind of commercializing the subculture," he says, adding with a wan chuckle: "And that's my job."

Then there's the truth thing. "Clifford [Lane] was approached by a client who gave them the questionnaire from a focus group. And everything that people said the bank didn't have, they said to put in the lyric. If they said, 'I think the customer service is really bad—people aren't friendly there,' they were like, okay, the song has to say how friendly [they are], how good customer service is."

Musical lies are still lies. Jingles are the crass manipulation of human sentiment, subcultural pimping, consumer brainwash. And yet . . . it's music.

A jangly, ethereal modern-rock song begins, its stately drift and shimmering atmosphere sounding like a lush new single from the Cocteau Twins. A lovely female voice sings the opening lines: "People that we know / Seem to come and go / But it's not too late." The lines and melody transport us into a dream-pop reverie—thoughts of fleeting time, passing friends, seizing the moment. Then the majestic, singsong chorus opens like a flower: "Nothing else / Nothing else / Nothing else / Is a Pepsi." Whether you feel betrayed or delighted depends largely on how well acclimated you are to the present cultural moment.

The spot won Wood and Lane the London International Advertising Award for Best Music and Lyric; maybe it's the nineties' "I'd Like to Teach the World to Sing." Yes, this is shameless hucksterism, but it's a song. That's got to score more points than setting Bach to BMW or Motown to macaroni and cheese.

"We won't do anything we're not proud of," Wood says. "We won't say, 'The client wants something corny, so let's do something really corny.' "

Lane, a vegetarian, considers different ethical issues. "I used to say, 'I don't do chicken,' but I was really broke last month and I did KFC.

"It's one of those nineties contradictions that you just gotta live with," he says. "You're in arts or whatever, you get into the commercial world and deal with the status quo and smile and take your paycheck home and turn around and kind of laugh at it.

"But I mean, you do something that's really creative that doesn't kind of have that fifties mythology about it, like, 'Jingle, jingle, jingle, I'm happy to be alive'—you do something a bit dangerous. And on one hand, you're just feeding the company that you're working for. But you're also supplying something creative instead of something normal. You're breaking some boundaries in some way."

I ask Wood whether she's troubled by the role she plays in global sound-bite-ification, in an enterprise that crafts truly heart-tugging melodies (sing "You deserve a break today" to yourself, slowly) in the service of quarter-pounders with cheese. What are the responsibilities of pop music's hidden auteurs, the conceptual artists who fill our cultural ether?

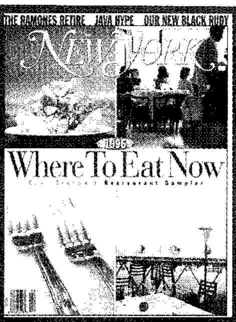
She seems thoughtful for a moment. "Well, you know, I don't personally feel responsible for it," she says. "At least when we do it, it somehow has a fresh approach to it."

There's a sense of finding pleasure among the wreckage, of gentle détente.

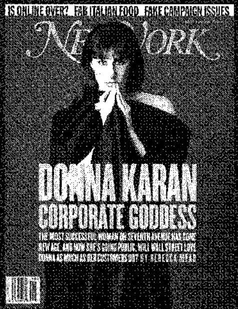
"It makes people listen and feel good. And that's okay. I don't have to change the world."

Just teach it to sing. ▬

MERRY


THE RAMONES RETIRE JAVA HYPE OUR NEW BLACK RUDY
NEW YORK
1996
Where To Eat Now

50 TIMES A YEAR... A GIFT OF NEW YORK.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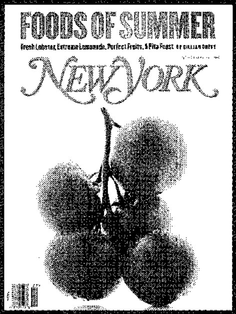
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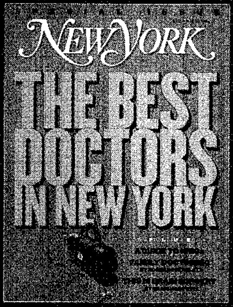
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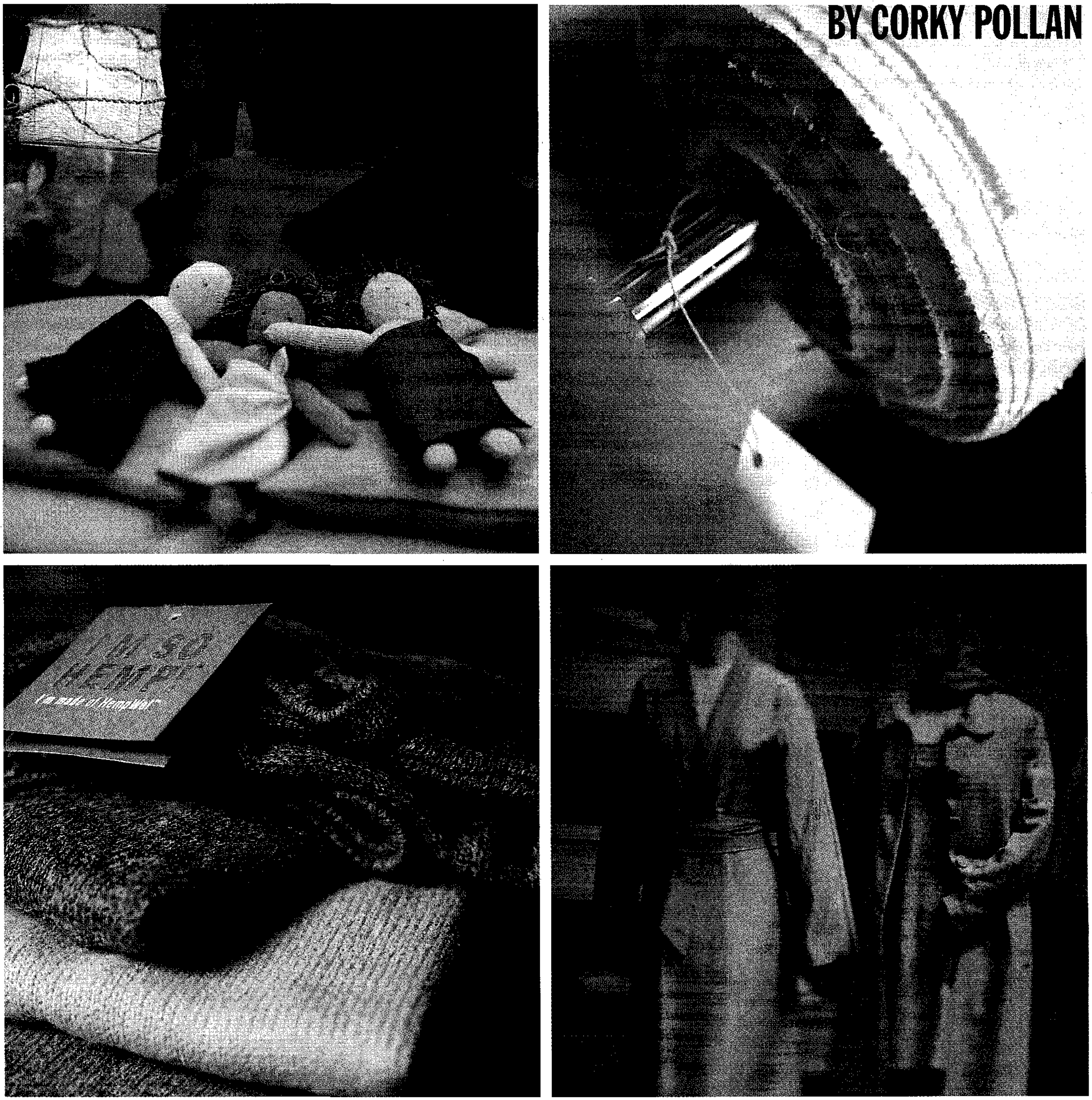
BY CORKY POLLAN



High Fiber

Hemp is versatile, strong, and, as we all know, easy to grow. But it can't be cultivated in the States, afflicted by its counterculture connotations. Planet Hemp, an airy mini–department store in SoHo, just might change that perception. Though everything in the store is hemp-related, the fashions are more Eileen Fisher than hippie, the home furnishings more Calvin than Haight-Ashbury. The shop is owned by the Hemp Company of America, and New York artist Laura Weymouth designed the Moroccan-Japanese interior. Most of the clothing is made of 100 percent hemp, but Pod's lush knits blend the sometimes rough fiber with silk and baby alpaca. Lip balms, lotions, and massage oils are made from hemp-seed oil; prayer candles are covered in hemp paper; and there are hemp blankets, hemp-canvas sneakers, even hemp wallpaper (from $3.95 for a lip balm to $38 for a mini-backpack to $68 for a curtain panel to $270 for a Pod sweater to $4,500 for a handwoven Navajo rug).

PLANET HEMP/*423 Broome Street/965-0500*

Shock Absorber

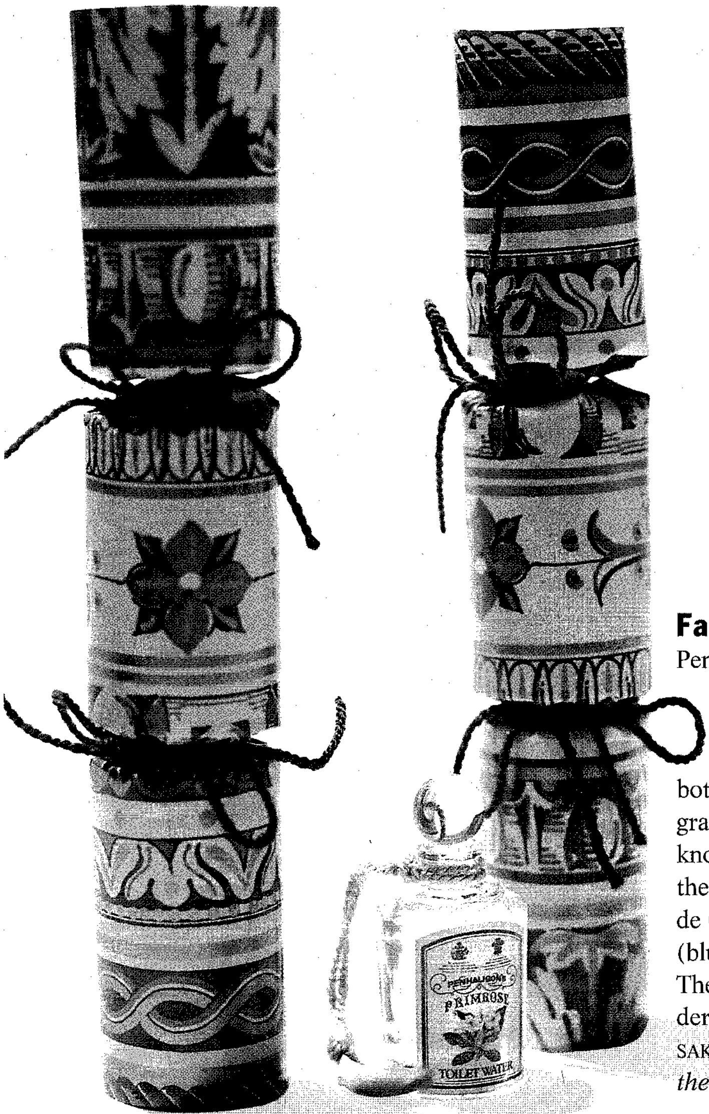
Unlike elbows, wrists, and ankles, Casio's G-Shock watches can withstand any kind of skateboard or snowboard crack-up. The standard model has a stopwatch, a backlight, and an alarm chronograph; the higher-end Snowboarder G-Shock has all of the above, plus it's waterproof to 200 meters and comes with a Velcro band that fits easily over puffy ski gloves ($119 and $159).

BLADES BOARD & SKATE/*All locations*
PARAGON SPORTING GOODS/
867 Broadway, at 18th Street/255-8036

Flight Plan

These days, children's holiday-travel destinations are more far-flung than over the river and through the woods to Grandfather's house. They need real luggage for carting both garb and gear, and Quail Hill's sturdy cotton-and-canvas duffels are more than up to the task. The bags are multi-pocketed, display kid-friendly graphics, and can be stowed (by parent or helpful flight attendant) in an overhead bin ($69 to $89).

A BEAR'S PLACE/*789 Lexington Avenue, near 61st Street/826-6465*



Favor of the Month

Penhaligon's, the venerable London parfumerie, has come up with haute Christmas crackers for posh holiday place settings. No paper hats or plastic rings secreted inside, only tiny bottles filled with the company's signature fragrances. And as you'd expect from the British, known for their strict separation of the sexes, there are scents for the gentlemen (reticent Eau de Cologne, sporty Racquets) and the ladies (blushing Primrose, vampy Night Scented Stock). The favors come two to a box, segregated by gender, and each holds one bottle ($18 per box).

SAKS FIFTH AVENUE/*Penhaligon's boutique on the main floor*

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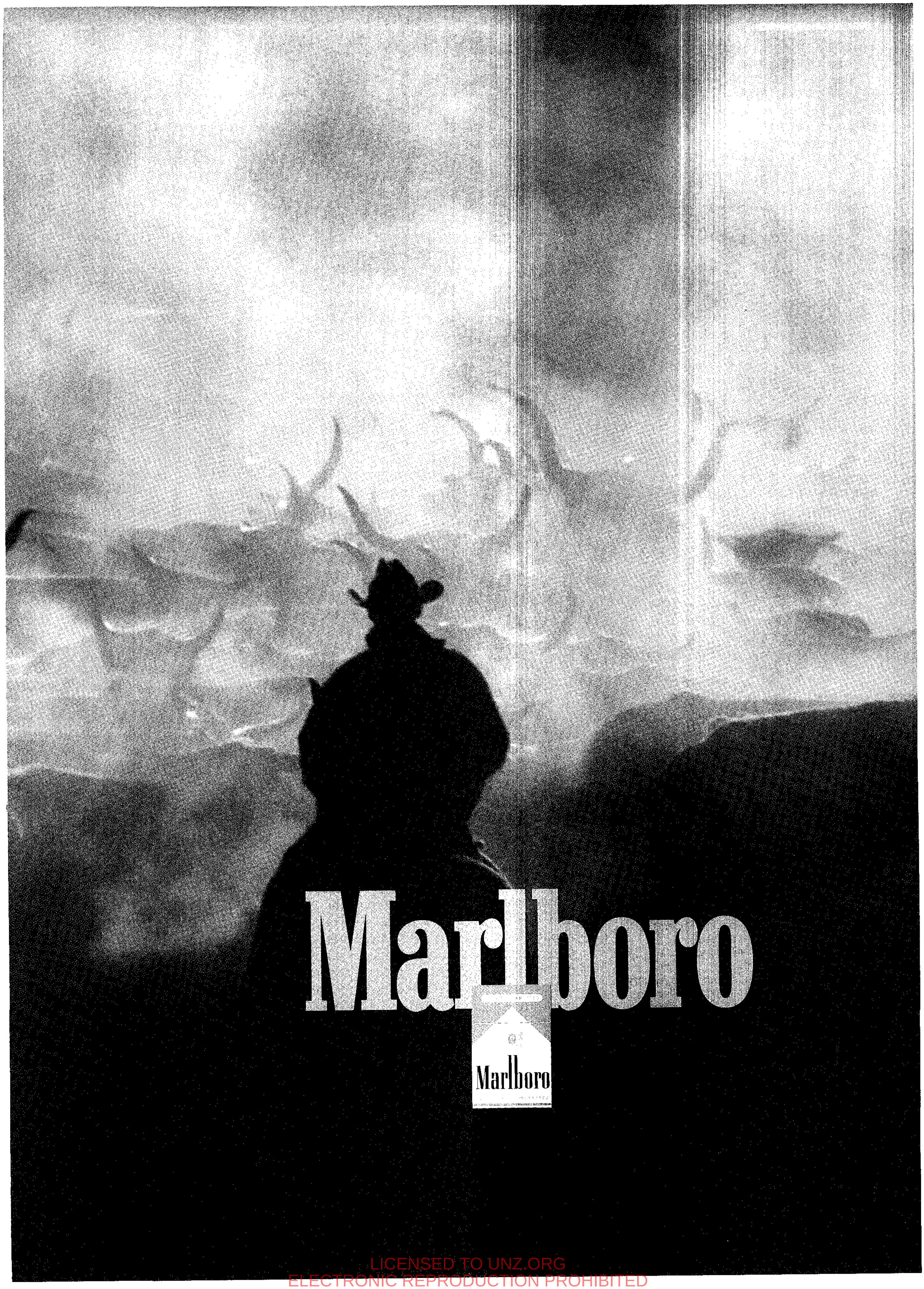
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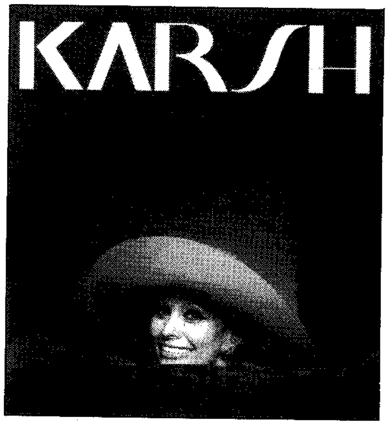

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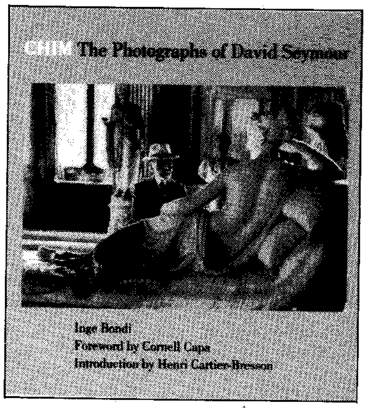
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Inge Bondi
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THE ITALIAN DESIGN HOUSE TRUSSARDI has never hosted a sample sale in New York before. The maiden event will feature haute leather accessories and the ready-to-wear collection priced wholesale and below. For example, suede skirt, was $1,800, now $850; bags, were $750, now $175. *Trussardi, 650 Fifth Ave., fourteenth floor (541-6780); checks accepted with I.D.; Tues.–Wed. 9–6:30; 12/10–12/11.*

Product Alert

AN IRKSOME RULE OF SHOPPING MATH: THE simpler and more understated an item of clothing, the higher its price tag. Product, known for sartorial simplicity, breaks the rule this week, selling off its women's samples and back stock at 30 to 70 percent off. Don't expect to find a lot of the basic-black stuff, though—think more along the lines of patterned styles and colors called fire, peacock, and fern. *Product, 71 Mercer St. (274-1630); all major credit cards and checks; Mon.–Sat. 11–7, Sun. 12–6; 12/12–12/19.*

All the Pretty Houses

THE FRUITS OF SVA'S LIBERTY PARTNERSHIP Program—hand-painted papier-mâché houses, pine end tables, and such—are now on sale. These works by middle-school students who come to the School of Visual Arts each Saturday to learn about the business of decorative arts—*faux* finishing and other techniques—are priced at $10 to $30; 25 percent goes to the artist, and the rest helps fund the program, which is sponsored by the New York State Education Department. *School of Visual Arts, 209 E. 23rd St. (592-2010); checks accepted; Mon., Tues., Wed., Fri. 9–6:30, Thurs. till 8, Sat. 10–5; 12/12–12/18.*

DO NOT PHONE: Send suggestions to Dany Levy, *New York* Magazine, 444 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022-6999, six weeks before the sale. Only sales exclusive to "Sales & Bargains" and not previously advertised or published elsewhere will be considered.

These holiday arrangements by Bobby/Flowers are usually $100; now they're $75, Manhattan delivery included. *Call 929-4819; 12/9–12/20.*

Got Issues?

A&S MAGAZINES, BROKERS IN COLLECTIBLE, back-issue, and current magazines, is a welcome haven from its surroundings—29-year-old shop owner Kurt Westphal sits strumming his guitar among some 925,000 magazines, some of which date back to the twenties. The shop's normal price for relatively current magazines, half the cover price, is being lowered to two thirds off. A 10 percent discount is also being offered on all collectibles. *A&S Magazines, 308 W. 40th St. (947-6313); cash only; Mon.–Fri. 11–7, Sat. till 6, closed 12/23–12/28; 12/10–/20.*

A Fine Line Production

DESIGNER SYLVIA HEISEL'S CLOTHING IS A nod to the elegant and sleek—with its clean lines and fluid jersey and silk fabrics. Normally it sells at Barneys, but her sample sale comprises around 1,000 pieces of clothing priced wholesale and below. *Sylvia Heisel, 230 W. 39th St., third floor (719-3916); all major credit cards and checks; Thurs.–Fri. noon–8, Sat. 10–1; 12/12–12/14.*

Stuart, Little

THE EVER-POPULAR JILL STUART IS HAVING her semi-annual sample sale—meaning that the clothing from her fall and holi-

Photograph by Steven Freeman.

day '96 collections that you see *everywhere* is priced at $40–$350. *Jill Stuart, 275 W. 39th St., third floor (do not phone); all major credit cards; Mon.–Sat. 11–6; 12/11–14 and 12/16–20.*

Sweet Georgia

MILLINER GEORGIA HUGHES GETS BREATHY when she speaks about her hats. "If I'm in a room with 200 of them, I can tell if one is missing—they're my babies." Well, she's emptying the nest, so hats made from cashmere, antique silk velvet, cut chenille (and some fur) that retail at Barneys are priced wholesale and below. *Georgia Hughes, 45 E. 89th St., entrance on Madison Ave. (996-5183); cash only; Mon.–Sun. noon–6 or by appointment; 12/9–12/15.*

Putting Around

THIS MAIL-ORDER CATALOG OF GOLF things—clubs, clothing, and accessories—is opening its West Side warehouse to the public to unload overruns, closeouts, and samples. So clubs run $10 and up, and clothing is priced at $15–$140. *Competitive Edge Golf, 526 W. 26th St., tenth floor (924-3800); all major credit cards and checks; Mon.–Fri. 9–7, Sat. 9–3; 12/12–12/21.*

I.F.O. Sighting

EACH SEASON, BUYERS FROM SHOPPING meccas like Banana Republic and J. Crew head to the accessory manufacturer I.F.O. to select bags for their private-label collection. The rest gets tagged I.F.O., and that's what you'll find at this sample sale. Prices range from $20 to $60 (retail $80–$140). *I.F.O., 215 W. 40th St., sixth floor (382-3330); cash only; Thurs.–Fri. 10–6:30; 12/12–12/13.*

Christopher Street

CUSTOM CLOTHIER MARK CHRISTOPHER IS discounting his prices on shirts, suits, ties, and custom tailoring by 20 percent. Shirts, for example, regularly $145 to $300, are $116 to $240. He also does tailoring for women and will copy whatever you bring him. *A. Mark Christopher of New York, 26 Broadway, lobby store (509-2355); all major credit cards and checks; Mon.–Fri. 9–6, weekends by appointment; through 1/1/97.*

Pearly Whites

SINCE 1926 THOSE IN THE MARKET FOR *faux* jewelry—everyone from Rita Hayworth to the big department stores—have looked to Miriam Haskell for their *bijoux*. Her sample sale has prices at and below wholesale: pearl bracelet, retail $36, here $18; pearl-and-rhinestone dog collar, retail $700, here $350. *Miriam Haskell, 49 W. 37th St., seventh floor (764-3332); checks accepted with two forms of I.D.; Wed.–Fri. 11–6, Sat. 10–4; 12/11–12/14.*

A Game of Marbles

MARBLE ARCH DESIGNS IS A FAIRLY straightforward collection of tasteful napkins, pillows, throws, and tablecloths that normally sell at Barneys and Adrien Linford. The sample sale has items ranging in price from 50 cents to $130. *Marble Arch Designs, 380 Lafayette St., second floor (777-3011); checks accepted with two forms of I.D.; Wed.–Fri. 11:30–7, Sat.–Sun. 12:30–5:30; 12/11–12/15.*

A Function of Forms

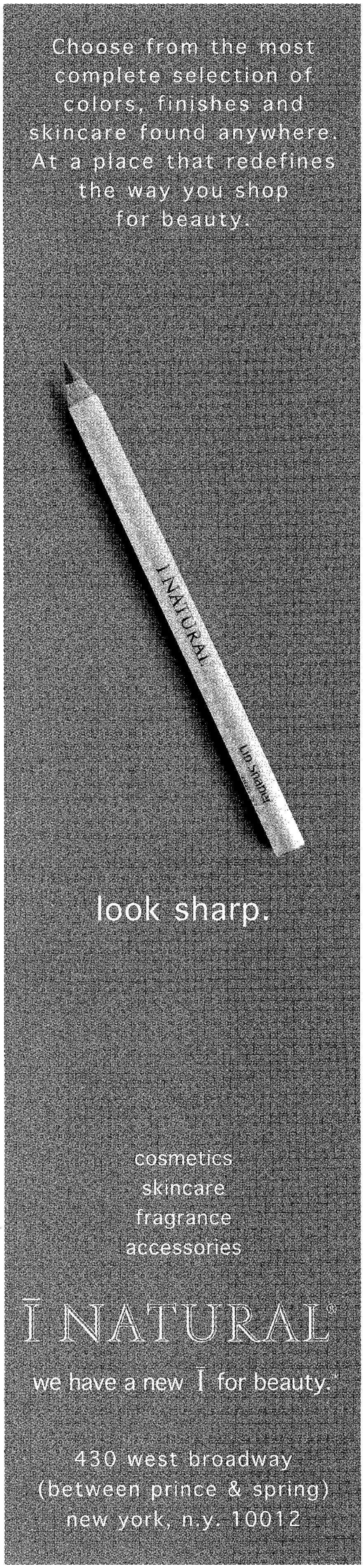
BALDWIN POTTERS IS A STUDIO SHARED BY twelve ceramicists who make bowls, platters, mugs, and goblets as well as decorative pieces. The holiday sale offers items such as vases, usually $100–$600, now $50–$400. *Baldwin Potters, 534 La Guardia Pl. (475-9742); checks accepted with I.D.; Fri. 6–9, Sat.–Sun. 1–6; 12/13–12/15, 12/21–12/22.*

One Foot First

VANESSA NOEL IS CLEANING OUT HER NANtucket store and stocking her Manhattan showroom with shoes and clothing for her first public sample sale. Shoes, regularly $325–$750, are $30–$250; clothing by other designers such as Todd Oldham is also discounted. *Vanessa Noel, 12 W. 57th St, suite 901 (333-7882); all major credit cards; Thurs.–Fri. 10–6, Sat. 10–4; 12/12–12/14.*

Lofty Ideals

THIS 4,500-SQUARE-FOOT LOFT SPACE IN Chelsea, shared by a trio of designers, is filled with tasteful home accessories and antiques. In addition, one designer has over 1,000 pieces of vintage clothing collected by his mother that date from the twenties through the sixties. Together, all this makes for a six-day sale of ornaments, pillows, topiaries, and far too many other accessories to list, priced as follows: silk napkins and place mats, retail $20–$40, here $10 and less; set of six mahogany chairs from the 1880s is $1,200. *MU/H Inc., 220 W. 19th St., suite 8R (366-4740); cash only; Tues.–Fri. 10–8; Sat. till 6, Sun. noon–6; 12/10–12/15.* ■



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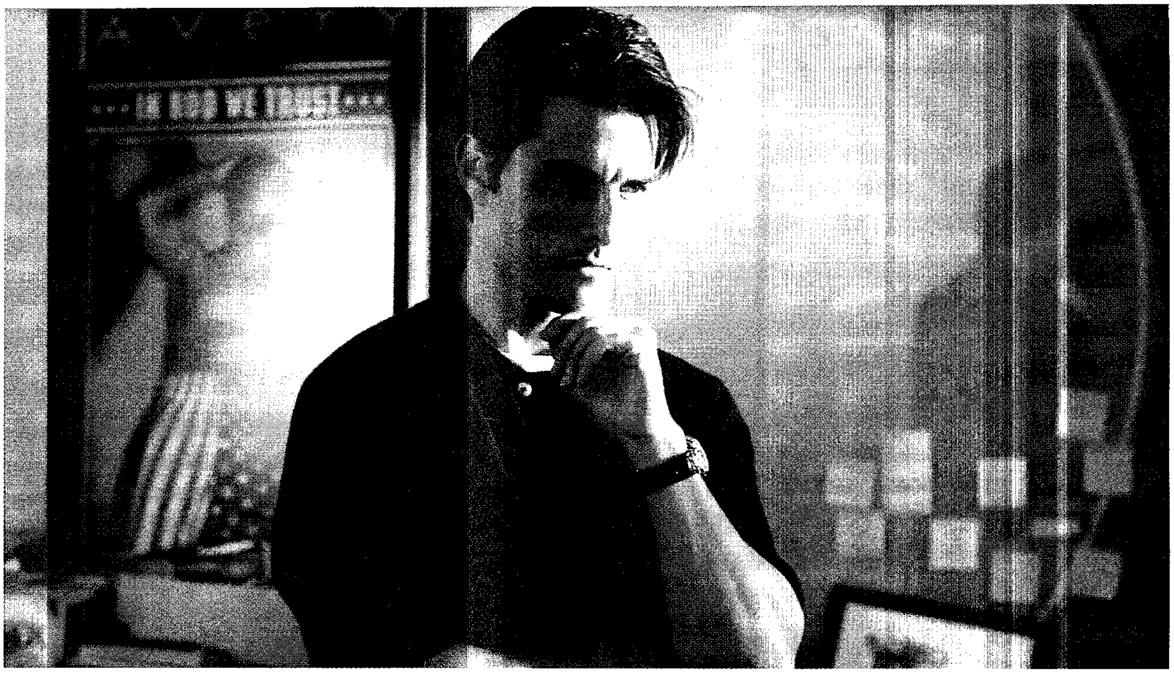


Tom Cruise shines in the overnight-failure-then-success story *Jerry Maguire.*

Photograph by Andrew Cooper/Columbia/TriStar.

MOVIES DAVID DENBY

Good Sports

With 'Jerry Maguire,' Cameron Crowe becomes a big-time director while keeping his small-time flair; who else could bring intimacy to the world of pro football?

“YOU, YOU, YOU!” CRIES JERRY MAGUIRE (Tom Cruise), a big-time sports agent, to one of his clients. “I will kill for you, I will maim for you! I will not sleep until you are rich!” The sports agents in **Jerry Maguire** crash through the ceiling on jet blasts of energy. The huge amounts of money they can snag for their clients in multiyear contracts and product endorsements drives everyone crazy—the athletes, the owners, the agents themselves, and none more so than the great Jerry Maguire, who keeps his high clear and pure in a steady stream of winning, adulation, and sex, all the while humbling himself in ecstasies of subordination to the clients whom he will make rich, and who will make him rich.

Jerry Maguire, written and directed by Cameron Crowe, captures the American whirlwind of success better than anything in recent movies. Crowe gets the noise, the competitive push and shove, the trumpet blasts of flagrant egotism that make up the sports-world style of doing business. At the same time, he captures the discontent beneath the mania. Crowe, who directed the small-scale romantic comedies *Say Anything* and *Singles,* still shows a striking gift for intimacy.

Jerry, it turns out, is miserable. Even as he becomes a star at his agency, he hates the crush, the cynicism, the way people get torn up. He writes a soul-searching memo—a “mission statement,” in the inflated jargon of his trade—and distributes it to the entire company. Jerry doesn't propose turning the profits from professional basketball over to the homeless. All he asks is that the company handle fewer clients and give them more personal attention. But the company takes his statement as a betrayal, and Jerry is thrown out within a week.

In sports, everyone plays the same mental game: The obsession with winning hides its menacing twin, the obsession with losing. Jerry has made himself a loser and therefore someone with bad magic, someone to avoid. Everyone drops him except for a single client, Rod Tidwell (Cuba Gooding Jr.), who is a promising pro player—a young wide receiver—but not quite a star. And Dorothy (Renee Zellweger), an accountant from the office, stays with Jerry, too, and falls in love with him. *Jerry Maguire* is about a complete success who betrays a moment of doubt and threatens to become a complete failure. Crowe is gruesomely funny and observant about the nauseating slide down the corporate water chute—the dead days of unreturned phone calls and nasty snubs.

Tom Cruise, of course, has played different versions of this part in the past. In *Top Gun, Rain Man,* and *Cocktail,* he was the slick young man who suffers a crisis, falls, and then struggles to pull himself together. Redemption is Tom Cruise's theme, his myth—he can assert himself as a winner, the ultimate winner, only if he first faces losing (*actually* losing is of course not a possibility for him). By conquering failure, he deserves to win; he becomes a saint of winning. Tom Cruise is the spirit of corporate resurrection—the actor as entrepreneur of himself. The nice thing, however, is that he's now playing this role with greater physical freedom and richness than before. He shows us that there's a terrifying abyss under the confidence—no ideas, no particular personality, nothing. His spirit has caught up to his hyperactive body, and when he goes into rages here, kicking the walls or falling into drunken incoherence, he's not the gleaming, overripe show-off of *Cocktail* (his worst performance) but a good actor who now has the skill to play a failed show-off.

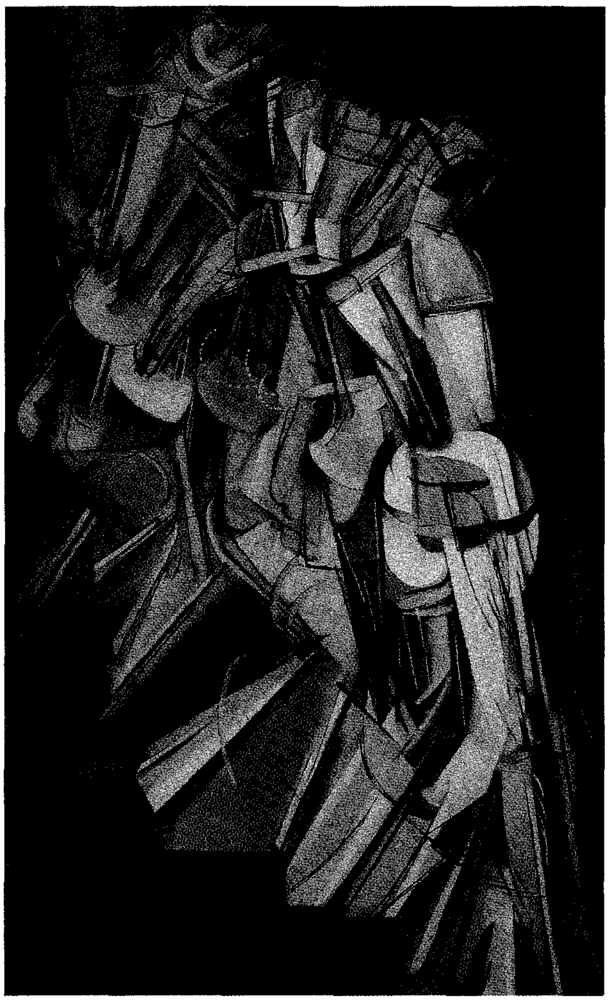
Cameron Crowe is the right director for Cruise; he connects him to other people (Brian De Palma left Cruise floating and alone in *Mission: Impossible*). From his first film as director—*Say Anything* (1989), a delicate romantic comedy with John Cusack and Ione Skye—Crowe has been good at getting an idiosyncratic rhythm going between two people. This would seem to be a skill essential to film directing, but how many directors now have it? Crowe links up Cruise with Gooding, whose football player is a talented athlete but unsure of himself. Gooding speaks in jive patter—he turns everything into a slogan ("Show me the money! Show me the money!" he shouts at Cruise). His Tidwell is likable and good-hearted but also so greedy in the noisy, ego-on-sleeve style of the new sports capitalists. There's something missing in him: dedication, perhaps. His unease connects with Jerry Maguire's. They both need to prove something, and neither is quite sure what he wants from the other. This confusion and the anger it produces, with each telling off the other and going into a huff, is funny and emotionally satisfying. In the end, Tidwell learns about true ambition from Jerry, and Jerry learns about loyalty and love of family from Tidwell.

Jerry and Tidwell are like a warring but successful couple, and we realize, after a while, that the movie is really the story of two marriages, one of them actual. Dorothy and Jerry get hitched, and the charm of this union is that the camera is still discovering who this young actress, Renee Zellweger, is. Her Dorothy, a young widow with a little boy, is attracted to good-looking Jerry yet also afraid that he may turn into a bum. At first, Zellweger looks scrunched-up and preoccupied, like a self-conscious teenager. We think of her as a lonely, lovelorn, and tentative young woman. It's fascinating to watch her face open up, the eyes become larger and clearer as desire and will take over; she has the strength to go after Tom Cruise, after all. And Cameron Crowe supports the slowly developing romance; he's interested in this young mother's life, her funny relationship with her overprotective sister and her cranky, jazz-loving male baby-sitter.

Jerry Maguire doesn't so much leave sports-world macho behind as place it in the context of a larger life. It's a terrifically alert movie, hip to the way people feel about one another from moment to moment, and therefore it's completely absorbing even when not much is happening dramatically. Cameron Crowe has broken into big-time commercial filmmaking without losing his soul. He's a saint of winning, too. ■

IN 1913 THIS PAINTING SHOCKED NEW YORK.
AND THAT WAS ONLY THE BEGINNING.

Collection of Philadelphia Museum of Art: The Louise and Walter Arensberg Collection.



Design: Lisa Billard Design, NY

Marcel Duchamp, *Nude Descending a Staircase, No. 2* (1912).

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Cue

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BOOKS **WALTER KIRN**

Middle American

In the good old days, affability, clubbability, and personality could take you to the top. 'A Reporter's Life' is Walter Cronkite's paean to the American amateur.

A Reporter's Life

BY WALTER CRONKITE

Knopf; 384 pages; $26.95

WALTER CRONKITE'S MEMOIR, *A REPORTER'S Life,* is really two books: a casual autobiography that tells how a spirited boy from the Midwest grew up to become the nation's most trusted newsman, and a miscellany of dinner-table anecdotes concerning his brushes with presidents and kings. Both books are light and likable, the musings of a lucky regular guy whose singular gift, the reader finally gathers, was not to possess any singular gift. Cronkite's a product of the late great age of American amateurism, when being a good sport meant everything, and fortunate timing and placement did the rest. Plucky, bright, ambitious, and gregarious, up for any job that came along, he seems to have made his way to the top while whistling a tune.

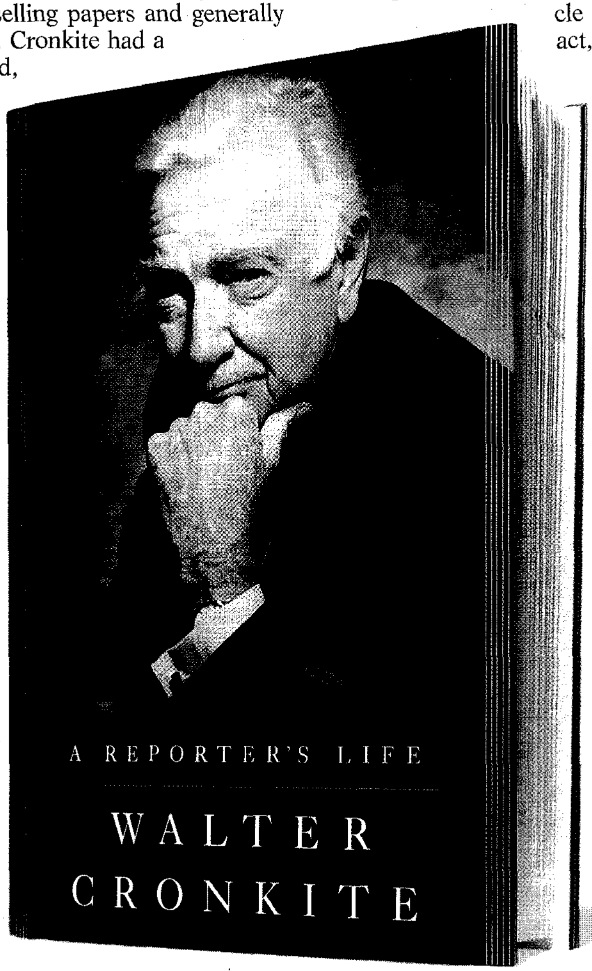
His story begins on the streets of Kansas City, where Cronkite knocked around selling papers and generally poking his nose into things. Cronkite had a merry, soda-pop boyhood, noteworthy only for its lack of trauma. The great issues of the day did not concern him, except briefly when the family moved to Houston and Cronkite had an early sour taste of racist bigotry. The ill-treatment of black acquaintances offended him, but not in any searing way. Cronkite, who's honest about his limitations, breezed right along, a child of his times. He worked on the school paper, switched over to radio, and honed his broadcast skills as a sports announcer, reconstructing college football games from the terse play-by-play of wire reports. More than once, when the wires went down, he faked his way through the action. Clever kid.

But not particularly brilliant, not a prodigy. Cronkite's career, as he modestly remembers it, was something of a lark. At least at first. Then World War II broke out. A wire reporter, he rose to the occasion by moving to England and covering the air war, often from the bombers that were conducting it. It was a time of gritty gallantry, and Cronkite remembers it fondly and at length, exactly as one might expect him to. There's a glider ride onto the battlefields of France, a winter Jeep excursion with Patton's army. The stories pour out easily, amusingly, with a war correspondent's barroom bonhomie. There's hardly anyone Cronkite doesn't see some good points in, except, of course, the German enemy.

The moral watershed is Nuremberg, where Cronkite, for the first time in the book, opens up as an editorialist. The Nazi arch-villains sickened him, and he writes of wanting to spit on them in court. Shouldn't anyone? Cronkite's reactions, here as elsewhere, are reasonable, apt, and down-the-line conventional, as if he were some composite American created by the Gallup organization to witness the century's great events. His private mind and the public mind are, for the most part, one. The Uncle Walter persona was not an act, it seems: Cronkite was born to sing in the chorus, to hit the middle note whenever possible.

Sometimes—rarely—this wasn't possible, as in Cronkite's famous editorial against the Vietnam War. The voice of consensus became the voice of conscience then, and all the more arresting for the shift. Cronkite downplays his own courage in the affair by asserting that he was only speaking the obvious: The war could not be won. He even suggests that he was saying openly what President Johnson believed in private. Still, Cronkite clearly relishes the stir he caused: "David Halberstam would eventually write in his book *The Powers That Be* that it was the first time in history that an anchorman had declared a war over." Cronkite follows this testimonial with the story of a meeting with Robert Kennedy at which he was asked to run for senator.

Cronkite's reactions to Nazis, Nixon, and nationalism are reasonable, apt, and down-the-line conventional, as if he were a composite American.



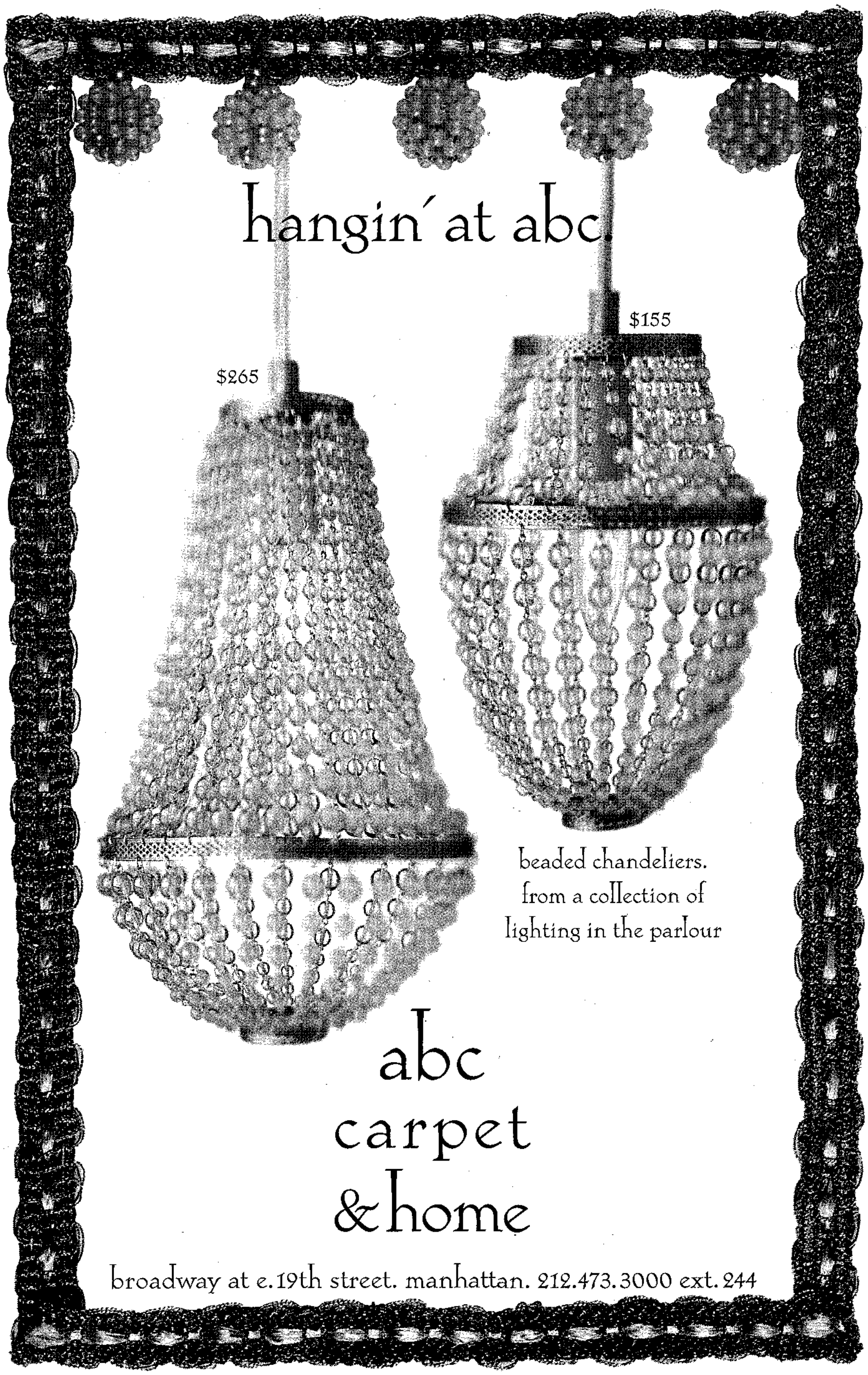
Photograph by Steve Wisbauer.

Nobly and selflessly, Cronkite declined. Rather egotistically, he tells us so.

Cronkite is not without vanity. Far from it. Here and there he takes the opportunity to play the wise man, and even the old crank, but it's hard to extract an ideology from the outbursts. Recalling a favorite teacher, he lashes out at today's "selfish" unions for driving down the quality of instruction. Later, in words that will worry militias everywhere, he calls for global government: "The proud nations will someday see the light and, for the common good and their own survival, yield up their precious sovereignty, just as America's thirteen colonies did two centuries ago." Toward the end of the book, Cronkite takes on television and, in particular, CBS News. TV he accuses of undermining democracy by spreading vulgarity, superficiality, and political ignorance. CBS News he charges with heresy for firing its best and brightest journalists, succumbing to infotainment, and slashing budgets. We've heard all this before, but not from Cronkite, and until we've heard it from him, he seems to think we may not fully believe it.

To learn Cronkite's views is no reason to read his book. They aren't that interesting, and never were. More diverting is his cocktail chatter, most of which is crammed in toward the end. As the book and its author gradually unwind, we hear the voice of an affluent man's man who's lived well, eaten well, and, it's hinted, drunk well for over 80 years. He takes us into JFK's bedroom, which resembles an Ivy Leaguer's college dorm. He lights into Pat Buchanan and William Safire for "lying" about the press while serving Agnew's campaign against the media. He rates Jimmy Carter as the brainiest president, Nixon as the most complex, and Reagan as the most genial. Except perhaps for Johnson, he seems to get along famously with all of them. In one of the photos included in the book, he laughs it up with Reagan and his staff during an impromptu White House party to celebrate his retirement as an anchorman. Cronkite was nothing if not clubbable.

If there's a note of sadness in the memoir, it concerns the dissolution of that old boys' club. There was a time, Cronkite tells us, when sitting presidents simply called reporters into the office and chatted off-the-record about their day. Government wasn't big business yet, and neither was anchoring a nightly news show. Men did their best to discharge their various duties, then knocked off for highballs and rounds of dirty jokes. The money was good but not great, women hovered supportively in the background, and somehow America's business always got done. Walter Cronkite was in the middle of it, and it's to that lost American male middle—its lazy confidence almost exotic now—that he keeps drifting back. ■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Into the woods: A nontraditional production of Britten's *Midsummer Night's Dream.*

CLASSICAL MUSIC PETER G. DAVIS

All About Elves

The Met's production of Britten's 'Midsummer Night's Dream' takes a hard look at the opera's unsettling subtext and its fantastical creatures.

BENJAMIN BRITTEN WOULD HAVE BEEN PLEASED that so many of his operas are now repertory pieces. Even in conservative New York City, at least four are on view this season, at the Met, City Opera, and the Manhattan School. That said, it's probably just as well that he can't see how they're being brought to the stage. This exigent composer has been dead for twenty years, and the musical-dramatic orthodoxies he and his associates established at the first performances are fast being replaced by the different perspectives of a new generation. Good—even the greatest creators don't entirely grasp all the implications of their works. Britten presumably loathed tenor Jon Vickers's half-crazed Peter Grimes, one of the great operatic characterizations of the past half-century, and not long ago I saw a provocative Robert Carsen production of **A Midsummer Night's Dream** at the English National Opera that would likely have sent the composer into cardiac arrest. Among other quirky inventions, that postmodern interpretation included a magical woods represented as a gigantic green bed with Puck, in a trench coat, bouncing on top of it and amusing himself by flashing the chorus of little fairies.

I also doubt that Britten would have looked kindly on the Metropolitan Opera's recent first-ever production of his *Dream*. He, along with most Met regulars, would probably have expected to see Shakespeare's fantasy world: lovely sylvan night scenes inhabited by fanciful fairy folk, romantic mortals, and merry rustics, an enchanted forest whose mysterious power bewitches, changes, and heals all who enter. No doubt a decade ago the Met would have cooperated by serving up a sumptuous production with all the trimmings, and it might well have turned out to be delightful and diverting. The current British production team, though—Tim Albery (director) and Antony McDonald (set and costume design)—is having none of that. Their *Dream* is more than a bit nightmarish, a view that takes a hard look at the opera's unsettling subtext.

Even those who object to their approach can't deny that this class-conscious play deals with harsh themes that take on a still sharper edge in the opera, which must necessarily distill the original text down to its dramatic essentials. Albery and McDonald recognize this and run with it. When we first meet the bickering Oberon and Tytania, he is a malignant tyrant—his vicious treatment of Puck amounts to child abuse—and she a spoiled, petulant wife with too much time on her hands. Their estrangement and reconciliation is presented as a difficult process expressed in their costumes as much as in their actions. Tytania arrives impatiently, bashing her way through a paper crescent moon, her trim purple ensemble (complete with purse) clashing violently with Oberon's green crushed-velvet suit and magenta vest. The visual jolts continue—Tytania's infatuation with the "translated" Bottom has seldom seemed more horrid—and their marital discord is only resolved at the final curtain as the couple appears triumphantly reunited, in fantastical matching king-and-queen outfits.

The two sets of quarreling lovers also wear their emotions quite literally on their sleeves. They metamorphose from smartly dressed, superficial young British professionals circa 1930 (Act I) into long-haired woodland creatures in chlorophyll-stained white robes (Act II) and, their love spats finally settled, into idealized toga-clad figures who might have stepped from a Grecian urn (Act III). Occupying the lowest social rung, the six rustics never really change but merely trade in their loud holiday checks, plaids, and pinstripes for ridiculous camp costumes to act out their play of *Pyramus and Thisbe*. These simple folk have no trouble remaining true to themselves even when disguised, but the others in this disturbing drama must undergo magical transformations as they painfully grope toward self-knowledge.

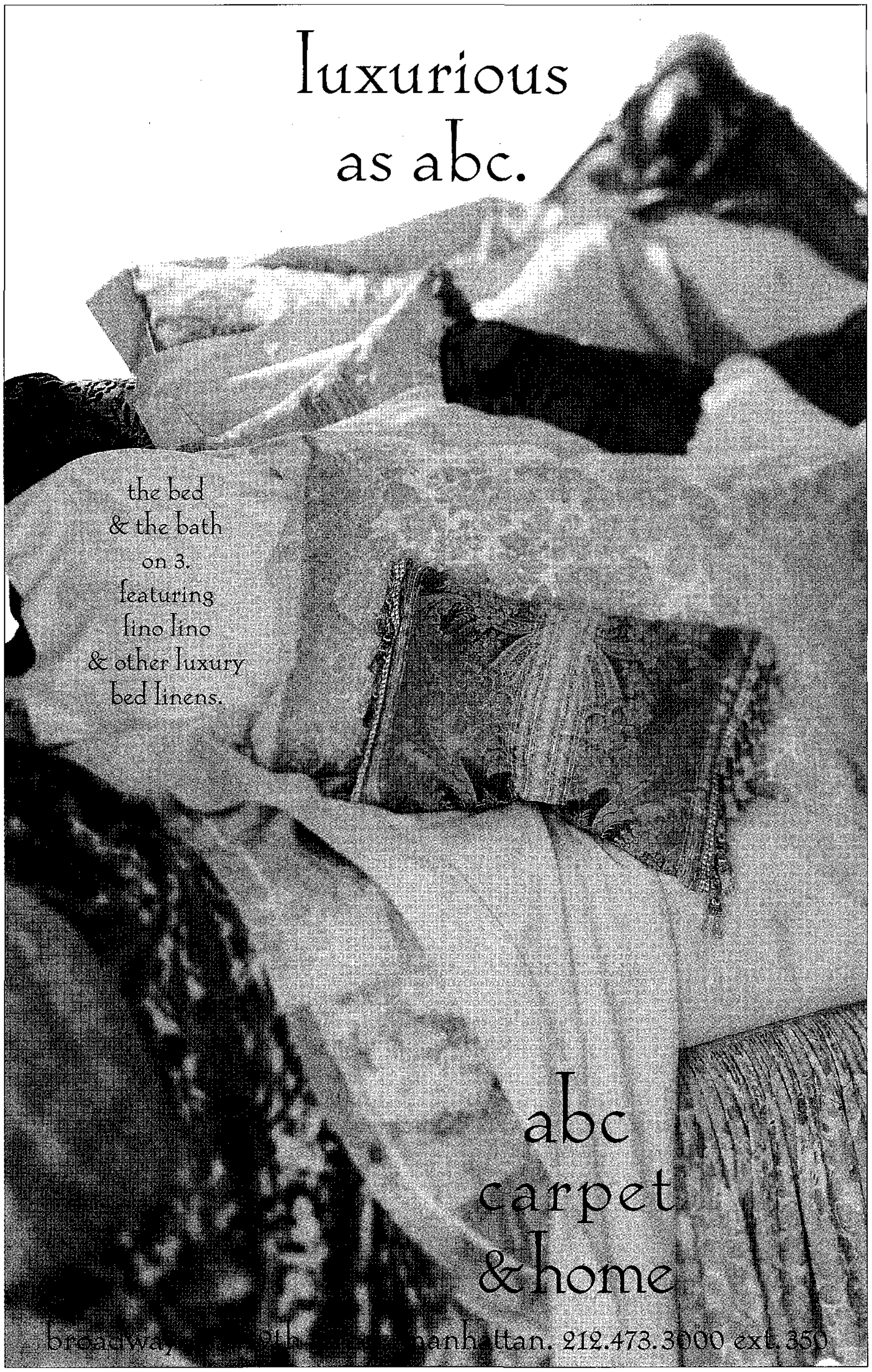
I heard some grumbling over the jumbled dress code,

Photograph by Beatriz Schiller.

but it seemed like an inspired device to me, effective symbols that also accurately suggest the motley mix of old Athens, merry England, and a never-never fairyland that gives both opera and play their special texture. The often surprising scenic designs make just as many provocative glosses on the drama, but perhaps there is a price to pay. The sight of a forest clearing represented by stark parallel partitions with one grim leafless tree branch piercing them may be a powerful image of alienation and separation. It's also a poor reflection of Britten's luscious music, which so exquisitely evokes the magic of nature and the slumbering woods.

My chief problem with the production was not so much adjusting to the unusual visual concepts, but the performance itself, which, at least on opening night, lacked dramatic energy and musical distinction. Except for the hilarious rustics, led by Peter Rose's capital Bottom and Barry Banks's fey Flute, I never had the sense that the cast felt comfortable or even especially convinced by what they were asked to do. The fights between Oberon and Tytania have an extravagant musical intensity, fiery situations that Jochen Kowalski, with his unpleasantly guttural countertenor, and Sylvia McNair, with her swooping portamentos and lazy articulation, fail to ignite. If the four lovers never quite seem convincing, that is partly Britten's fault—their music is wonderfully theatrical, but the composer treats them as abstractions rather than real people. This vocally impeccable quartet of Nancy Gustafson, Jane Bunnell, Kurt Streit, and Rodney Gilfry never succeeds in generating much dramatic tension.

Most disappointing of all is the Met orchestra, which sounds uncharacteristically sluggish, unresponsive, and distinctly unmagical under David Atherton's direction. True, such a huge auditorium is not especially hospitable to an opera that verges on chamber music, but acoustics can hardly take all the blame if this gorgeous, endlessly inventive score fails to register. To hear what's missing, listen to the newly released Philips recording of the opera (454 122-2) conducted by Sir Colin Davis. All the textural definition, instrumental color, and lyrical expansion lost at the Met is present here in a reading that rivals the composer's own classic version on Decca/London. Even McNair's Tytania seems more pointed and vibrant, Brian Asawa's proud Oberon makes ravishingly seductive sounds, and the rest of the British cast couldn't be better. Perhaps when the Met eventually revives the opera, the musical and dramatic elements will come into sharper focus. Certainly this imaginative and challenging staging of a contemporary masterpiece deserves a chance to win a permanent spot in the company's repertory. ▬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TELEVISION JOHN LEONARD

Grief and Blood

First-time director Anjelica Huston knows what she wants from the stunning cast of 'Bastard Out of Carolina'—if not from Dorothy Allison's brutal novel.

THERE ARE TWO WAYS TO LOOK AT THE DISAPpointing TV adaptation of **Bastard Out of Carolina** (Sunday, December 15; 9 to 11 P.M.; Showtime). The first is cautionary. According to stories in *TV Guide* and other cultural Geiger counters, *Bastard* was supposed to run on TNT—till Ted Turner saw the child-rape scene. Not on his cable system . . . Never mind how anybody, even a media mogul, could have imagined any version of *Bastard* that somehow omitted the scene toward which every narrative sinew in Dorothy Allison's heartbreaking novel strained, the nightmare endgame logic coded into its very DNA. More worrisome is that, with the merger of Time Warner and Turner Broadcasting, imperious Ted will be waving his wooden sword at HBO. From HBO, if not TNT, we've come to expect programming that takes a chance with material the networks and ad agencies are reluctant to touch. Bravo to Showtime for providing a home for the homeless *Bastard.* That it should have needed one raises a warning flag for the rest of television.

Since I can't do anything about what Agent Mulder on *The X-Files* has so memorably called "the military-industrial-entertainment complex," let's look at *Bastard* in the other way, as an honorable TV movie that somehow loses its sad-sack way; as a series of arresting images strung up on chords of country music, faithful to the action of the novel while missing its harsh resonance; as a waxworks tableau of Erskine Caldwell down-and-outers unredeemed by a brilliant author's magical swift sword; as some fine acting that neglects to connect some important dots. First-time director Anjelica Huston has a clear idea of what she wants to do, in South Carolina in the fifties, with Jennifer Jason Leigh as Anney Boatwright, the teenage mother of two daughters by two different long-gone men; and with Jena Malone as luckless Bone, the older of those two girls and the developing consciousness of both the book and movie; and Glenne Headly, Diana Scarwid, and Susan Traylor as Bone's remarkable aunts; and Michael Rooker and Lyle Lovett as her good-ol'-boy uncles; and Grace Zabriskie as her crazy-cynical Granny; and Ron Eldard as the stepfather from hell, Daddy Glen. By not taking her cameras into their minds, however, Huston and her teleplaywright, Anne Meredith, leave us thinking that *Bastard* is wholly about bad luck and child abuse.

But as much as *Bastard* is about one mother's poor choice of a wretched man to live with and one child's molestation and rape, it's also about a class war and a gender war and how the victims of these wars internalize their brutal norms in the very ways they imagine themselves. It is a clenched fist of a novel; to pry it open, you almost have to break the narrative fingers. Inside are combat and torture tales. From Granny, Gospel, or Patsy Cline, the ballads all "come back to grief and blood," even the nightmare lullabies that Bone sings to the children she babysits—of severed heads, green-faced dwarfs, and green-black lizard tongues, of vampires, witches, and gangs of women on motorcycles setting fire to people's houses. Hunger itself, eating ketchup on soda crackers, imagines parboiled puppies, steamed daffodils, sugar-glazed turtle meat with poison greens, and hot-piss dressing. "Mama," Bone will tell us, "hated to be called trash, hated the memory of every day she'd ever spent

Developing consciousness: Jena Malone plays the luckless Bone in *Bastard Out of Carolina*.

Photograph by Erik Heinila/Showtime.

bent over other people's peanuts and strawberry plants while they . . . looked at her like she was a rock on the ground." And: "How long had it been since I had seen Mama not tired, not sad, not scared?" And: "Anger was like a steady drip of poison into my soul, teaching me to hate the ones that hated me. Who do they think they are? I whispered to myself . . . They piss honey? Shit morning-glory blossoms?" And: "I wanted, I wanted, I wanted something—Jesus or God or orange-blossom scent or dark chocolate terror in my throat." Finally: "I wanted the way I felt to mean something and for everything in my life to change because of it." In her own mirror, Bone sees somebody mean, "rawboned, crazy, and hateful." Even her masturbation fantasies are sadomasochistic; how could they be otherwise?

This TV movie, however, omits the trawling hook and chain Bone takes to bed with her; as it omits Aunt Raylene's lesbianism ("I like to watch things pass. Time and men and trash on the river"); as it omits Bone's burglarizing of a Woolworth's where the hunger for things is fed with trashy trinkets and contempt; as it omits the toxic mix of Christ's blood and country music, and most of the back-breaking work in garages and mills, and the Boatwright men with their wide shoulders, broken teeth, hunting dogs and pickup trucks, shooting up windows and punching out bartenders and "sipping whiskey and talking dirty," and ringworm and chiggers.

I know you can't have everything in two hours, but if you've already got Diana Scarwid on board as Raylene, already talking to Bone about running away with the carnival and coming home alone to the river and the weeds, why cut her off just when she gets to the interesting part? Why spend most of your TV movie's time with Glenne Headly as Ruth, whose dying from cancer is much less to the novel's point? Bone has tried to escape from her own life into books like *Black Beauty, Robinson Crusoe, Tom Sawyer, Not As a Stranger, The Naked & the Dead,* and *Marjorie Morningstar*—what a list!—and at the end of her own novel, this Huck Finn with no territory whatsoever to light out for is left to conclude: "We had all wanted the simplest thing, to love and be loved and be safe together, but we had lost it and I didn't know how to get it back." As Bone, Jena Malone is stunning. As the voice of a grown-up narrator Bone, remembering when, Laura Dern seems appropriately to echo from deep inside a fugue state. But how they lost this "simplest thing" is not only Daddy Glen's fault, and not even Ted Turner's. Savage and disquieting art has been turned into merely competent television. ■

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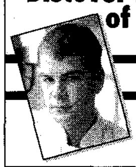

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Wok on the wild side: Chef Chuen Ping Hui at Ping's, on East Broadway.

Photograph by Bernd Auers.

THE INSATIABLE CRITIC GAEL GREENE

Ping Dynasty

A master chef from Hong Kong claims all of Asia for his palette, packing crowds into an East Broadway storefront.

CHUEN PING HUI LOOKS LIKE A MOVIE STAR AND stunt master from Hong Kong's latest kung fu saga. But it is not malevolent drug lords Ping pounds into submission. It's shark's fin and Dungeness crab. As head chef for eight years at Chinatown's clamorous Triple Eight Palace, he was ranked the most gifted of the youthquake from Hong Kong. But focused as he was on the arcane subtleties of banquet platters, with temples carved in turnip and sculpted-carrot dragons, his spell was lost on the Westerner seeking to score a dazzling casual dinner. Only with Shun Lee boss Michael Tong as mediator did we finally get an impressive tasting of Ping's cross-cultural tricks—fiery Thai clams, Japanese crab roe on mayonnaise, and Korean beef rolls with hot pepper.

So when I learned that the 36-year-old chef had opened **Ping's,** a spot all his own, just weeks ago, I rounded up a posse of adventurous pals and rushed to the garbage-strewn wilds of East Broadway. To me, the glass-enclosed steam-table clutter, the cloudy fish tanks, and the spatter of innards at the fish-butchering block may look discouraging. To the fussy Chinese eater, it says serious and fresh. Inside, hysterical wattage, bassinet pink and blue paint, the padded wall of red velvet, and the good-luck symbol in gold are design metaphors that speak to Ping's regulars: well-dressed young people and families, three generations with babies in strollers and on laps. The single empty table, tight and pressed against a wall, is for us, the sole non-Asians in the room.

I've been around long enough to remember when Chinatown was quaint and knowable, an easy subway detour to satisfy egg foo yung hungers that had matured into cravings for dried shredded beef with pickle and General Tso's fiery chicken. Now, as Chinatown has crept north and west, gobbling up chunks of Little Italy, it is *more* foreign. You almost need an interpreter to get what you want in restaurants that don't need your business, not with the city's booming population of affluent Asians. But Ping's is ready for us. We can order by photo from the English menu—I recognize the chef's pan-Asian noodlings. And when the English-speaking waiter isn't sure he understands my queries, he summons Elisa from her cash-register post. Nowhere on the menu do I see my favorite rice casserole—baked in a covered clay crock with duck sausage and cured pork. Do they do it? "Of course." Small, pert, and fluent, Elisa is Mercury, rushing our requests to her cousin in the kitchen.

Sipping beer, we test our chopstick prowess by snagging peanuts and dipping them into a tiny saucer of chili sauce till Japanese seafood rolls arrive—velvety squid inside, greasy but good. Giant oysters glazed with honey and soy are served in the shell on individual fan-shaped plates. I order the mayonnaise prawn for its advertised nuggets of fried milk. Ready to send the shrimp back when it instead comes with broccoli flowers, I bow to the table's protests and find it exquisitely cooked and tartly sauced. Knives and forks arrive with scallops of veal, soft from an egg-white-and-cornstarch marinade. I remember to ask for Ping's X-O sauce, a potion of dried squid and shrimp in peppery oil with an old-tennis-shoe taste not everyone likes as much as I do. Wonderfully rich Malaysian oxtail casserole in a crock with crisp-fried pancake wedges prompts a call for rice to sop up the last of its fragrant curry sauce. Silken scallops tossed with asparagus make me wonder why I see only stalk; most Chinese chefs toss the precious asparagus tips into the garbage because they come apart when stir-fried. Next, a platter of sausage and meats arrives, then the savory rice the meats were cooked on, provoking cries of "I can't eat another bite." But it's too late to cancel the udon noodles with seafood. Somehow, they disappear, too. Soup arrives. Soup? We didn't order soup. It's the nutty scraping of the rice casserole in a rich pork consommé, an irresistible coda. True, the prices seem high for Chinatown—$15 to $17 for many chef's specialties. But most of our favorites are $9 or less, and we've managed to feed six for $160, beer, tax, and tip included.

I can't wait to taste more, and persuade a friend to join me for lunch. A disaster. If I didn't see Ping tending pots at the steam table, I'd think we'd wandered into another restaurant. The $8.80 lunch—shark's-fin soup, two weary and wimpy stir-fries, a small crock of rice casserole and tea—could be dorm food in Beijing.

Nervous now, I attempt another dinner with a team of high-risk eaters. We're beguiled again. Elisa knows us now. I ask her to come up with something special that's not on the English menu. She gets the chef to send wok-sautéed dried squid with onion crisps and also a sensational noodle dish, deep-fried filaments with both fresh and dried shrimp. Appetizer portions of fatty roast duck and soy-sauce chicken quickly disappear. And there are murmurs of appreciation for the subtlety of braised chicken with its ginger-and-scallion dipping sauce. Shredded beef with Yushan garlic sauce, chosen willy-nilly from the typed menu, proves to be a marvelous stir-fry surrounded with spinach-leaf tempura. As always, I order sautéed Chinese greens. It's always different. Tonight, it's baby Chinese greens. A week later, pea sprouts. By whatever name, the al dente vegetables make a healthy palate cleanser after the gingered lobster. This group loves the baked casserole, too, and since they've never tasted the last crunchy rice bits in broth before, the fact that tonight's are scorched is a tragedy only to me.

A week later we're back—forgive me, but research can be sheer pleasure. Again the waiter's English gives out, and he summons Elisa. She urges us to try a fish from the tank, but we're mesmerized by a pile of crab at the next table. The delicate Dungeness flesh suffers from frying, but we're scooping up the bits of garlic crunch to flavor our rice till the end. Someone at our table begs for something hot, and the orange beef packs a killer pow. Weeping, most of us love it, savoring the sweet citric taste through the fire. We ask for the steak rare, and it's almost blue, delicious in a slightly sweet sauce with onion slivers and broccoli flowers. Shiu Chow Wong is Elisa's idea—shrimp, fluted squid, asparagus cuts, and peppers, both sweet and incendiary, another torrid triumph.

Elisa is back totaling tabs at her station. I ask her to explain the plaster-of-Paris Garfield with one arm raised in a power salute. "It means bring the money," she says with a sweet smile. And if Garfield can't do it, I'm sure Ping's cooking will.

Ping's Seafood Restaurant, 20 East Broadway (965-0808). Lunch, 11:30 a.m. to 4 p.m. daily; dinner, Monday through Thursday 5:30 p.m. to 2 a.m., Friday, Saturday, and Sunday till 3 a.m. A.E. ■

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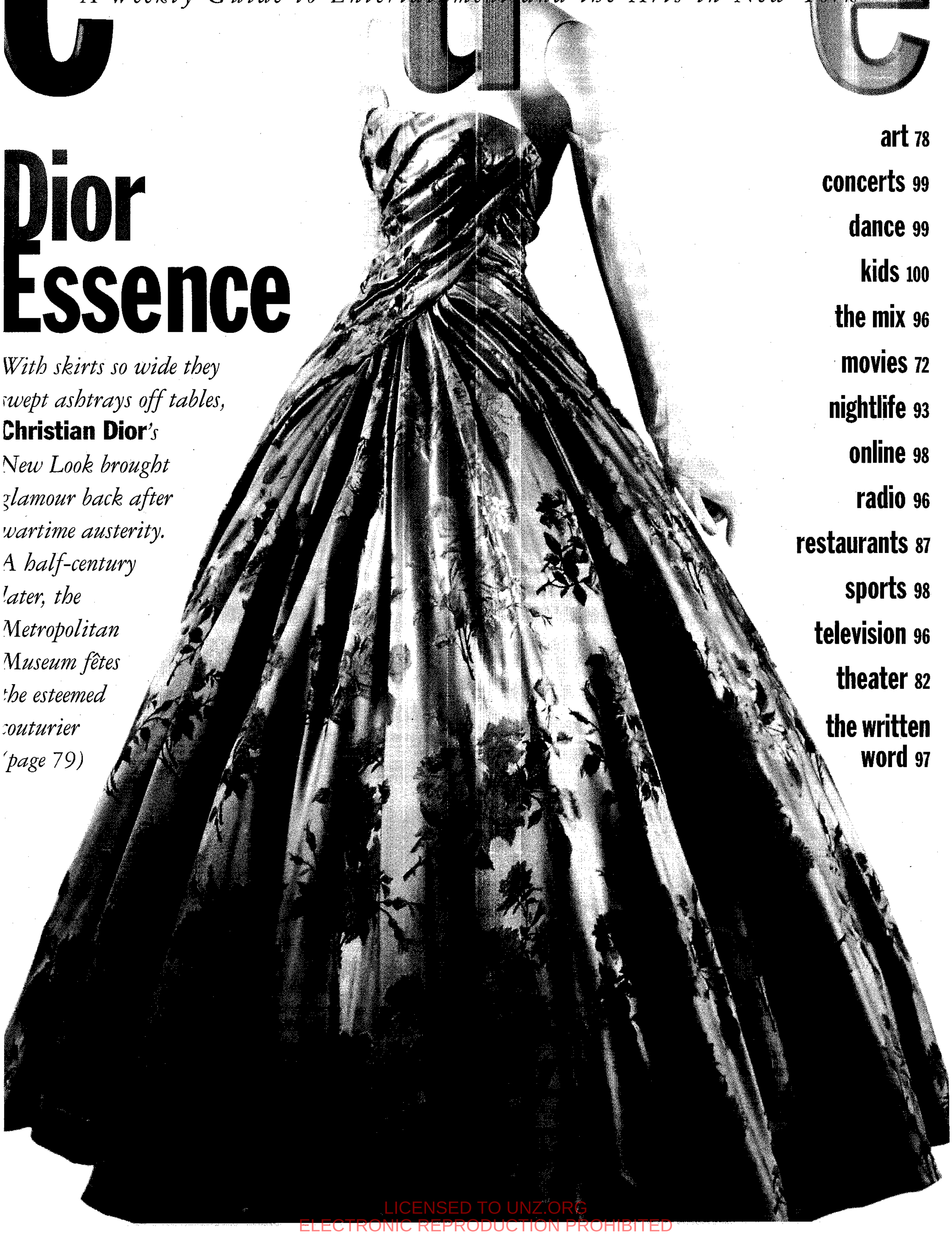
A Weekly Guide to Entertainment and the Arts in New York



Dior Essence

With skirts so wide they wept ashtrays off tables, **Christian Dior***'s New Look brought lamour back after wartime austerity. A half-century ater, the Metropolitan Museum fêtes he esteemed outurier page 79)*

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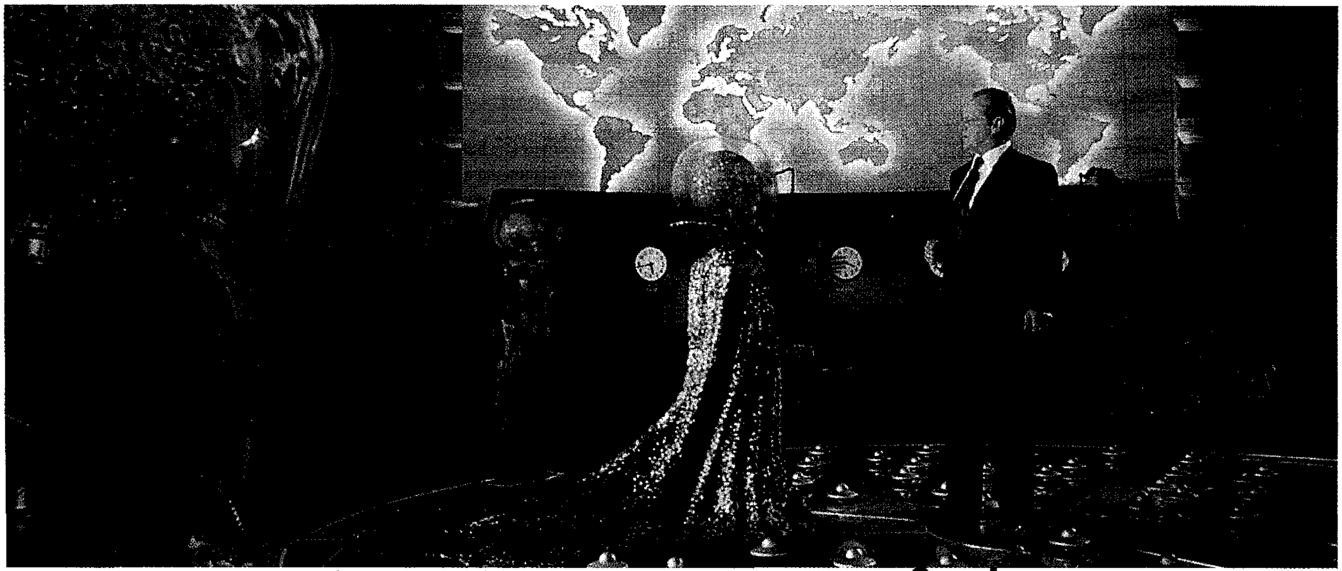
Out of the Inkwell...*Citizen Ruth*



Opening
Illegal Aliens

As a dangerously out-of-the-loop president, Jack Nicholson (above) breaks new protocol ground as he welcomes space invaders to earth in *Mars Attacks!* Tim Burton's bizarro sci-fi extravaganza—based on a series of Topps trading cards that was discontinued in the fifties—opens Friday the 13th.

New Films

Beautiful Thing—Two teenage boys, both from troubled homes, fall in love. Adapted by Johnathan Harvey from his award-winning play. Directed by Hettie MacDonald. (1 hr. 30 mins.; R) *Quad Cinema.*

★**Big Night**—Gentleness in a movie can be the surest road to boredom, but the gentleness of this lovely comedy (directed by the actors Stanley Tucci and Campbell Scott) is a form of strength. Sometime in the late fifties, in a nowhere resort town on the Jersey Shore, two brothers, Italian immigrants, desperately try to keep a gourmet restaurant afloat. The older bother, Primo (Tony Shaloub), is a superb chef, a solemn worshiper of Bolognese and Roman kitchens. But his kid brother, Secondo (Stanley Tucci), knows that the local customers are not ready for risotto. Down the road, an older Italian immigrant, the vulgarian Pascal (Ian Holm), runs a successful red-sauce joint. Pascal is at home in the America of huge, finned Cadillacs and get-rich-quick schemes, and Secondo wants to imitate him. But he can't do it: He's trapped by his love for his stubbornly honorable brother. Tucci and his collaborators have given *Big Night* the shape of a classic fable. Pascal offers the men one last chance: He invites his friend, the band leader Louis Prima, to come to the brothers' restaurant, and the men throw everything into a great banquet. The food should be so good, Primo explains, that you will want to die. And in some ways, he is right; the banquet brings everything to a crisis and an end. But rebirth awaits—and possibly the development of a major writing-directing career. (Denby; 10/28/96) (1 hr. 48 mins.; R) *Village East; Cinema 3; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Ground Rules:

These brief reviews, where noted, are condensed versions of reviews by David Denby...A ★ denotes a current release that *New York* recommends, ranging from best-of-the-year picks to worthy curios to flawed movies with one outstanding element...Reviews are followed by the Manhattan theaters where the film is playing.

Bitter Sugar—A tragic romance, inspired by actual events, set against the backdrop of modern-day Havana. Starring René Lavan and Mayté Vilan. Written and directed by Leon Ichaso. (1 hr. 44 mins.; NR) *Carnegie Hall Cinema; Cinema I, II, Third Ave..*

Bound—A modern *noir* about two women (Jennifer Tilly and Gina Gershon) who attempt to rip off the mob. (1 hr. 49 mins.; R) *Manhattan Twin.*

Breaking the Waves—Lars von Triers's bizarre love story about a sheltered Calvinist girl who believes she can make her paralyzed husband walk again by taking other lovers. Starring Emily Watson and Stellan Skarsgard. (2 hrs. 36 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center.*

Citizen Ruth—Laura Dern stars in this comedy about a single, glue-sniffing, brain-damaged woman whose desire to have an abortion sparks national debate. Directed by Alexander Payne. (2 hrs. 6 mins; R). *Area theaters.*

The Crucible—Arthur Miller's play about the Salem Witch Trials opened on Broadway in 1953, was revived a year later, and, appearing as it did at the height of the McCarthy period, must have made a powerful impression. The panic and hysteria of Salem, 1692, was an analogue—a sort of pre-echo—of the present. Coming out now, the material requires some historical interpretation, or at least a point of view, and that's what it doesn't get. In the beginning, Salem's teenage girls rush from their beds at dawn and dance around a fire in the woods, and director Nicholas Hytner keeps his distance. The dance is meant to be an explosion of repressed sexuality (dancing is forbidden) but he doesn't let it explode. Discovered, and terrified of punishment, the girls accuse their elders of casting spells on them, and the Satan-haunted religious community of Salem instantly falls apart; anyone who has any kind of grievance against his neighbor hurls an accusation. The principal engine of the plot is Abigail (Winona Ryder), a young woman in love with John Proctor (Daniel Day-Lewis), a married farmer. Ryder plays Abigail as a hot, nasty teen with longing eyes; she reaches for Day-Lewis's crotch whenever she can get near him. Frustrated, and sure she can get Proctor back, Abigail becomes a vengeful hypocrite; she accuses Proctor's wife of witchcraft and destroys anyone else who gets in her way. This is strong stuff, but Hytner is more efficient than expressive; the shifts from fear to aggression happen all too quickly, without the half-steps, the hesitations, the nauseated sense of guilt that such conversions produce. Psychologically, the material is distant, rushed, jumbled; Hytner mounts the play as spectacle, but fails to frame any coherent interpretation of it. (Denby; 12/2/96) (2 hrs. 3 mins.; PG-13) *Lincoln Square.*

Daylight—Sylvester Stallone is a New York City cabdriver who attempts to rescue trapped commuters from a crumbling tunnel filled with explosives. (1 hr. 55 mins.; PG-13) *Art Greenwich Twin; 34th Street Showplace; Chelsea West; National Twin; 86th Street; First & 62nd St. Cinema; 84th Street Six; New Coliseum; Nova; Pavilion/Windsor; Plaza Twin; Plaza.*

★**The English Patient**—Based on Michael Ondaatje's award-winning 1992 novel, this film is filled with images of great intensity—a fine poetic fervor—and also moments of great generosity and tenderness. The director, Anthony Minghella, is drawn to the erotic and spiritual allure of flesh, the texture of sand and rock and sky; he is drawn with equal force to the power of mercy. In Italy, in October 1944, French-Canadian nurse Hana (Juliette Binoche) tends, in his final days, a mysterious "English patient" whose body was horribly burned when he was shot out of the sky by the Germans. The patient (Ralph Fiennes) is actually not English but a Hun-

"Cue" cover photograph courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

garian count. Before the war, Count Almasy had led a party of European explorers and mapmakers in the Sahara—a highly fashionable and educated group, including the crisply articulate married beauty Katherine Clifton (Kristin Scott Thomas). As Almasy lies dying in Italy, he recounts to Hana the story of his passionate affair with Katharine, which brought ruin on everyone. The Italian scenes, however, are not merely a frame for the flashbacks: The two places, Tuscany and North Africa, stand as equals, each with its own stamp of pleasure and fear, each with its own visual motifs and characteristic life. What fuses the separate parts is nothing less than the varieties of love—erotic love, the pleasures of companionship, and even healing as vocation. After an embarrassingly masochistic performance in *Strange Days,* Ralph Fiennes has recovered his spirits; his count is a formal and demanding fellow, witty but not good-humored. As Katherine, Kristin Scott Thomas has a bladelike finesse and strength. She provokes Fiennes, teases his rigid formality, and she is provoked herself, stirred by something proud and romantic in his nature. After a very tense and even wounding dance of flirtation, these two make love, and we can see that the freedom of the screen—so much derided recently—actually means something. (Denby; 11/25/96) (2 hrs. 39 mins.; R) *Village East; Chelsea; New York Twin; Lincoln Square.*

Everyone Says I Love You—In movies, music and dance crystallize and heighten emotion. When ordinary speech seems inadequate, singing and dancing become, like poetry, the strongest way of saying something. But in Woody Allen's new musical, the gesture toward song or dance is meant to be enough, a sign of the irrepressible lyric impulse that exists in everyone. So he uses actors with no training as singers, actors who may have never sung professionally in their lives—Allen himself, Julia Roberts, Tim Roth, Alan Alda, and many others—and they warble in their thin little voices, which barely reach the microphone, and there's no exhilaration, no release. If Allen wanted the sound of nonmusical people making music, why not encourage his actors to bellow, to sing like heroes? This timid, dry, uninvolving way of approaching the problem robs the democratic impulse of its audacity. The movie is a comedy about a large, rich, mixed-up New York family (Alan Alda is the paterfamilias), with first marriages, second marriages, stepchildren, and friends, all of them falling in and out of love, usually at the drop of a hat. Like an MGM director from 45 years ago, Allen mounts the production in a supersaturated, picture-postcard New York, Venice, and Paris. Posed against static backgrounds, none of the love affairs gets more than brief, anecdotal treatment; the characters wander around beautiful places, and they sing, always in the same tepid, colorless style. The dancers are pros, however, and Allen, working with choreographer Graciela Daniele, shows some talent for satirical dance routines. He should do another musical, and this time risk the danger of real emotion. (Denby; 12/9/96) (1 hr. 47 mins.; R) *Lincoln Square.*

Fire on the Mountain—A documentary about the legendary 10th Mountain division, an elite group of World War II servicemen who specialized in fighting at high altitudes, in the harshest of weather conditions. Directed by Beth Gage and George Gage. (1 hr. 12 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema.*

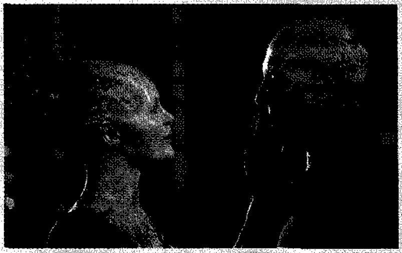
★**First Wives Club**—Three wealthy Manhattan women of a certain age, abandoned by their husbands for younger women, join forces, plotting and scheming to trip up the men. Goldie Hawn plays an aging movie star obsessed with her figure and her Bardot-Jagger lips, a boozy Narcissa who can do little more than fake an interest in another human being. Bette Midler plays a brilliant Upper West Side frump—a tough, loving, wised-up woman who has helped her husband build his business and is now too bitter to gloss over painful truths. And Diane Keaton's goody-goody is another self-parodying job, a trampled-upon wife too frayed in her impulses to get through a single sentence without heading off in five directions. This is not an original or deeply creative film; it's a formulaic commercial comedy. But it's also genuinely pleasing. Directed by Hugh Wilson. (Denby; 10/7/96) (1 hr. 40 mins.; PG) *Embassy 2–4; Gemini Twin.*

The Funeral—Abel Ferrara's latest is a bad movie filled with startling speeches and extraordinary sequences. *The Funeral* is set in New York during the Depression, and it concerns the self-destruction of a minor Mafia family in the days after their youngest member, a Communist thug, has been killed. As the leader of the family, Christopher Walken does his specialty, giving long speeches filled elaborate intellectual and moral distinctions that are totally nuts. Chris Penn, as the family lunatic, seethes and explodes; he's used as the movie's wild card. Meanwhile, Annabella Sciorra and Isabella Rossellini, as the wives of Walken and Penn, respectively, give sober and realistic performances. They are both very impressive, but they don't seem to realize they are performing in a movie that is, at bottom, a put-on. (Denby; 11/18/96) (1 hr. 39 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center.*

★**The Garden of the Finzi-Continis**—Vittorio De Sica's beautiful and heartbreaking film has been revived on the occasion of its twenty-fifth anniversary, and as much as ever leaves its audience shaken. In Ferrara,

Data Feels Like the *First* Time

Attention, Captain Picard: Your crew may harbor a traitorous member of the Borg! Just as the *Enterprise*'s evil-and-hated foes in *Star Trek: First Contact* go through the universe, "assimilating" individuals—and entire planets—into their expansionist collective, director Jonathan Frakes (who also plays Picard's trusted deputy, Commander William Riker) appears to have assimilated a healthy number of key images and concepts from the film universe for his own nefarious purposes. Herewith, a sampling of details that have been reanimated in the name of the *Trek* collective. ETHAN SMITH



Re-Björn: Borg and Picard recycle familiar images.

***TREK*-ASSIMILATED ELEMENT**	**FORMER LIFE IN . . .**
Humanity's future threatened by creepy cyborg killers that have one eye replaced by a glowing red device.	**THE TERMINATOR**, in which humanity's future is threatened by creepy cyborg killer Arnold Schwarzenegger, one of whose eyes is a glowing red device.
Zombielike former *Enterprise* crew members with putrefied-looking flesh walk around, dispassionately killing people.	**NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD** (1968), in which zombielike former humans with putrefying flesh walk around, dispassionately killing people.
The Borg queen makes her entrance as just a head, shoulders, and a spine waving indecorously around in the air.	**NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD** (1990), in which an unidentified young woman puts on a similarly graphic anatomical display.
Maverick pilot Zefram Cochrane takes a hootin', hollerin' ride in a nuclear missile.	**DR. STRANGELOVE**, in which deranged pilot Major Kong takes a hootin' hollerin' ride *on* a nuclear bomb. (See also **GRAVITY'S RAINBOW**, for Tyrone "Raketemensch" Slothrop's adventure atop a V-2 rocket.)
In the process of bestowing the "gift" of living flesh upon the robotic Mr. Data, the Borg queen straps him to a table that appears to zap his head with little lightning bolts.	**FRANKENSTEIN.** (Duh.)
Data melts the Borg queen by dumping plasma coolant on her.	**THE WIZARD OF OZ**, in which Dorothy melts the Wicked Witch of the West by dumping water on her.
Capt. Picard holds the Borg queen's skull in contemplative silence.	**HAMLET,** in which Hamlet holds Yorick's skull and contemplates aloud.
Twenty-first-century Earthlings live amid trailer-park-like squalor in the wake of a nuclear war.	**DAMNATION ALLEY, WATERWORLD, BLADE RUNNER, THE DAY AFTER**, all four **MAD MAX** movies.
Captain Picard leads the Federation fleet in blasting the Borg cube to smithereens by shooting at one tiny, unassuming spot.	**STAR WARS**, in which Luke Skywalker leads the rebel fleet in blasting the Death Star to smithereens by shooting at one tiny, unassuming spot.

Photograph by Elliott Marks/Paramount Pictures.

in the late years of the Fascist period, the Finzi-Continis, a family of aristocratic, land-holding Jews, live in an immense house set amid gardens and tennis courts, and from within this safety and enclosure seem barely aware of the horror gathering outside. The head of the family is some sort of scholar or antiquarian; his two grown children, Micol (Dominique Sanda) and Alberto (Hemut Berger), hothouse beauties, lie about the house in elegant tennis whites and silk gowns. The anti-Semitic laws give the Jews of Ferrara no place to play, so the Finzi-Continis open their gates: A number of handsome young people enter, including Giorgio (Lino Capolicchio), a middle-class boy who has loved Micol since childhood. The movie is based on an autobiographical novel by Giorgio Bassani (it was first published, in Italy, in 1962), and its special mood of pained nostalgia is marked by both longing and guilt, two emotions that, in combination, may be impossible to resolve. Micol has no sexual interest in the fair-haired, smooth, and gentle Giorgio (she takes up with a much coarser man); she's vague about everything but her determination to keep Giorgio out of her bed, and Giorgio's pursuit ends in one of cinema's great images of erotic exclusion as a naked Micol stares defiantly at her anguished admirer. The movie is so powerful because it looks back at a particular moment densely packed with anger, desire, perversity—a moment of preoccupation, furiously poised just before annihilation. Earlier in his career, in such postwar neorealist films as *Shoeshine* and *The Bicycle Thief,* De Sica had told stories of troubled and impoverished people living in the squalid Italian streets. *The Garden of the Finzi-Continis,* by contrast, is voluptuous and haunting. (Denby; 11/18/96) (1 hr. 34 mins.; R) *Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

High School High—Jon Lovitz stars as a private-school teacher who quits his job to teach in the inner city. Directed by Hart Bockner. (1 hr. 26 mins.; PG-13) *Embassy 2–4.*

Jerry Maguire—See David Denby, p. 60. (2 hrs. 20 mins.; R). *Area theaters.*

Jingle All the Way—Arnold Schwarzenegger stars as a hapless dad who is trying, with much difficulty, to buy his son the perfect Christmas gift. With Sinbad and Phil Hartman. Directed by Brian Levant. (1 hr. 20 mins.; PG) *Waverly; 34th Street East; Chelsea; Baronet/Coronet; Criterion Center; 86th Street; 84th Street Six; New Coliseum; Olympia Cinemas; Brooklyn Heights; Pavilion/Windsor.*

Looking for Richard—By juxtaposing a troubled and highly charged production of Shakespeare's play—Alec Baldwin, Kevin Spacey, and Winona Ryder grapple with the text of *Richard III*—with man-on-the-street interviews, director Al Pacino makes the play accessible, and lots of fun, without rendering it lowbrow. (1 hr. 52 mins.; PG-13) *Waverly; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Losing Chase—A housewife in the midst of recovering from a nervous breakdown forms a close kinship with a young woman sent to help care for her. With Helen Mirren and Kyra Sedgwick. Directed by Kevin Bacon. (1 hr. 32 mins.; R) *Quad Cinema; Orpheum.*

Lovesick on Nana Street—In Tel Aviv, the owner of a TV station falls desperately in love with a local TV star. In Hebrew with English subtitles. (1 hr. 34 mins.; NR). *Angelika 57.*

Mars Attacks!—Tim Burton's satirical mash note to the sci-fi fever of the fifties, starring Jack Nicholson as both the president of the United States *and* a shady real-estate developer. Also starring Glenn Close, Natalie Portman, Annette Bening, Danny DeVito, Jim Brown, Pam Grier, Michael J. Fox, Sarah Jessica Parker, and Tom Jones. (1 hr. 45 mins; PG-13) *Area theaters.*

Marvin's Room—Diane Keaton and Meryl Streep star as estranged sisters who struggle to reconcile in the face of terminal illness. With Leonardo Di Caprio. (1 hr. 35 mins.; R). *Area theaters.*

Michael Collins—In Neil Jordan's violent and beautiful dream of the perfect revolutionary leader, Collins, the founder of the Irish Republican Army, rushes into rooms, shouting, issuing orders, always in movement, a humanist-warrior who never makes mistakes and kills without taking any pleasure in killing. Liam Neeson has the size and power to play a larger-than-life figure; he's aflame from the first scene to the last. *Michael Collins* is set in the climactic period of Ireland's struggle to free itself from Great Britain (1916–21). In Jordan's telling, the Irish people forge a national identity in spontaneous acts of violence—violence as creative passion. In scene after scene, Collins invents tactics on the run, taking whatever men, weapons, and means are at hand and throwing them into battle, all the while avoiding any direct involvement in murder himself. The way Jordan tells it, Collins is a saint of violence, a warrior uncorrupted by war, who, at the end, sickened and exhausted by death, turns to peace—and is killed for his new pacifist longings. That it might be too late for such longings—that Collins might have unleashed something that cannot simply be turned off—is a complication Jordan does not want to take on. (Denby; 10/28/96) (2 hrs. 12 mins.; R) *Village East; Beekman.*

Microcosmos—A hyper-realistic and erotic look at the world of insects. Narrated by Kristin Scott Thomas. (1 hr. 15 mins.; G) *Film Forum.*

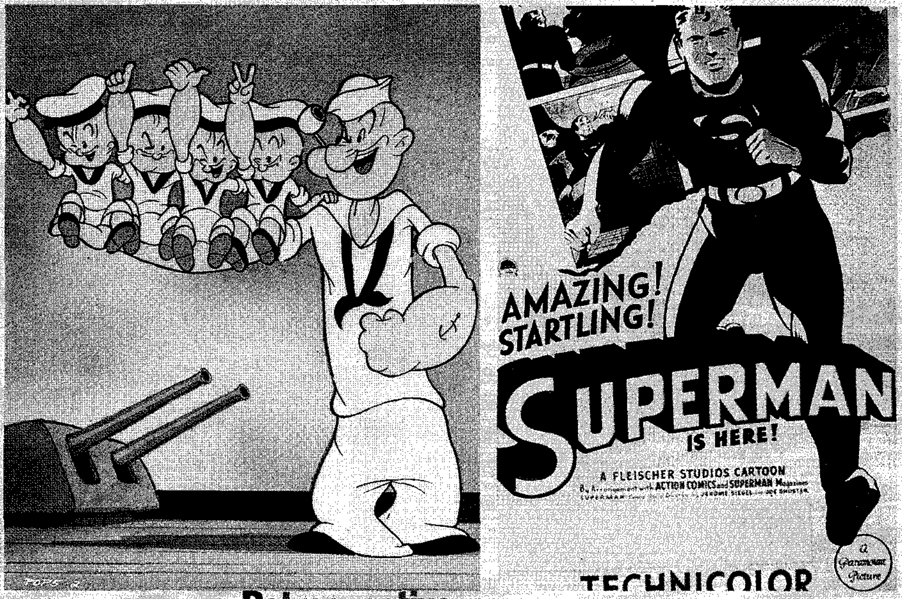
The Mirror Has Two Faces—Barbra Streisand stars as a frumpy, middle-aged lonely heart who enters into a loveless marriage with an emotionally numb yet foxy Columbia professor (Jeff Bridges) with hopes of winning his heart. Directed by Streisand. (2 hrs. 6 mins.; PG-13) *Village Theatre VII; Chelsea; Murray Hill Cinemas; Ziegfeld; Gemini Twin; Orpheum; Lincoln Square.*

101 Dalmatians—Disney's live-action remake of the animated feature, with Glenn Close as Cruella DeVil. Directed by Stephen Herek. (1 hr. 43 mins.; G) *Village East; 19th Street East; Murray Hill Cinemas; Crown Gotham; Guild 50th Street; 86th Street East; Lincoln Square; Metro Cinema; New Coliseum; Nova; Pavilion/Windsor; Plaza .*

The Proprietor—Jeanne Moreau plays a French expatriate writer who suddenly finds herself in the company of former friends, lovers, and colleagues and begins to reassess her life. With Sam Waterston and Nell Carter. A Merchant Ivory film. (1 hr. 55 mins.; R) *Carnegie Hall Cinema.*

Ransom—Mel Gibson stars as Tom Mullen, a self-made New York millionaire at the peak of his career who is domineering, unpleasant—a big bad boy used to having his own way. Out in Queens, his underworld counterpart, a violent cop (Gary Sinise), hatches a scheme to snatch Tom's little boy and hold him for ransom. The movie has one effective sequence: Tom and his glamorous wife, Kate (Rene Russo), are doing a charity event at the Delacorte Fountain with their little boy (Brawley Nolte) in tow. They allow the boy to play with his kite a few feet away from them, they see him, and for an instant they take his eyes off him—and then he's gone. It's the ultimate fulfillment of New York paranoia, and it's chilling. But that's it. *Ransom* is monotonous and tiresome. What happened to director Ron Howard's steady calm, which was so admirable in *Apollo 13*? This movie isn't about a bank heist or a terrorist attack; it's about the kidnapping of a child, and one wants more repose and reflection, a greater intimacy. *Ransom* is not a stupidly amoral movie like *Sleepers,* but it lacks sensitivity. The picture turns into a celebration of Tom's toughness, and we get the unfortunate impression that Tom's moral victory is more important than getting his child back. (Denby; 11/11/96) (2 hrs. 1 min.; R) *Village East; 19th Street East; Murray Hill Cinemas; Embassy 1; Embassy 2–4; Sutton; 86th Street East; 84th Street Six; Pavilion/Windsor.*

★**Ridicule**—As screenwriter Rémi Waterhouse and director Patrice Leconte tell it, wit rules the court of Louis XVI so thoroughly that a man who says something brilliant at a dinner party or recovers quickly from another man's insult finds him rewarded with the king's favor. What makes the situation even more frightening is that the king himself does not possess wit and sometimes has trouble recognizing it. "It's not a pun, is it?" he asks anxiously after hearing something that pleases him. (Puns are considered unworthy). There is, perhaps, a certain fatuity and theatricalism that makes movies like this one irresistible. Brenard Giraudeau is particularly brilliant as the capering, fantastically dextrous Abbot de Vilecourt, a fornicating cleric who triumphs on every occasion but finally goes too far and outrages the king. Wit, as it is conceived here, is artificial, formal, logical. It reveals nothing of character; its very point might be to conceal it. But the director finds these people out; he is more ruthless than the king. *Ridicule* is a rather preposterous movie, but, in grand style, it gives us the pleasures of malice. After the revolution, people couldn't have had half so much fun. (Denby; 12/9/96) (1 hr. 42 mins.; R) *An-*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Retrospective Animaniacs

As the animators of such cultural stalwarts as Popeye, Superman, and Betty Boop, Max and Dave Fleischer were, for twenty years, the only competition Walt Disney ever took seriously. The American Museum of the Moving Image salutes the brothers with "Out of the Inkwell," an exhaustive, three-week retrospective beginning December 14. (See 'Museums, Societies, Etc.' for info.)

Photograph courtesy of the American Museum of the Moving Image.

Opening
Pregnant Pause

As an unwed, pregnant "huffer"—a fan of cheapo chemical inhalants like gas, paint, glue—Laura Dern (left, with Mary Kay Place) unwittingly becomes a national lightning rod in *Citizen Ruth.* The film—which bills itself as a spoof of American fanaticism rather than a pro-choice salvo—opens Friday.

gelika Film Center; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.

Romeo and Juliet—Claire Danes and Leonardo DiCaprio star in Baz Luhrman's bold adaptation, which transposes the tragedy to modern times, text intact. With Paul Sorvino, John Leguizamo, and Pete Postlethwaite. (1 hr. 53 mins.; PG-13) *Angelika Film Center; Chelsea; Manhattan Twin; Orpheum; Plaza Twin.*

★**Secrets & Lies**—At the center of Mike Leigh's great new comedy is a loving but lovelorn mother with two illegitimate daughters. Cynthia (Brenda Blethyn), past 40, is a desperately sweet white woman who has never received much affection from anyone. She gave away her first daughter, conceived when Cynthia was 15, without looking at her, and has lived in a prison of suspicion with the other, Roxanne. Night after night, the two women, who have ordinary factory and street-sweeper jobs by day, sit in Cynthia's house, tearing at each other. The other wing of Cynthia's family is dominated by her heroically amiable brother, Maurice (Timothy Spall), a large and prosperous man who is one of the rare human beings genuinely pained by egotism and orneriness in other people. Into this noisy glen of magpies steps Cynthia's other daughter, an elegant, accomplished black woman named Hortense (Marianne Jean-Baptiste). Her adoptive parents have died, and despite her success and evident self-possession, she feels lost. Hortense presents herself to Cynthia, and the discomfort and confusion and anguish that follow are a comic harvest without rival in recent movies. (Denby; 9/30/96) (2 hrs. 22 mins.; R) *Screening Room; Eastside Playhouse; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Set It Off—Four African-American women from the L.A. projects turn, in desperation, to a life of crime. With Jada Pinkett, Queen Latifah, Kimberly Elise, and Blair Underwood. Directed by Blair Underwood. (2 hrs.; R) *Village Theatre VII; 19th Street East; Criterion Center; Orpheum; Plaza Twin.*

Shine—This much-hyped movie is pretty bad, but you should see it anyway for Geoffrey Rush, the Australian theater actor who plays the real-life pianist David Helfgott, and who turns David's compulsive speech—what psychiatrists call "word salad"—into the very music of the soul. As screenwriter Jan Sardi tells it, David Helfgott suffered through a cramped, driven childhood in the house of Polish refugees who lost their relatives in the Holocaust. The father (Armin Mueller-Stahl), a bearish domestic tyrant, bullies his talented son into winning competitions, then crushes the boy with guilt when he tries to leave home to continue his career. Bent over from fear, skinny and pale, all glasses and big hands, the teenage boy is so spooked that he collapses smack-bang on the piano as he completes a performance of Rachmaninoff's Piano Concerto No. 3. After shock treatment, he winds up in the bin, then makes a long climb back. *Shine* is meant to chronicle the triumph of the human spirit, but it's mostly a crock. Rush, however, is almost giddy from excitement; his performance is the real triumph. (Denby; 12/2/96) (1 hr. 45 mins.; PG-13) *Angelika Film Center; Cinema I, II, Third Ave.; Lincoln Square.*

★**A Single Girl**—Early on a gray Paris morning, Valerie (Virginie Ledoyen) meets her boyfriend, Remi (Benoit Magimel), at a café. She tells him that she is pregnant, and that she wants to have the baby. Remi struggles to find a response, at which point Valerie shrugs him off and walks out, striding across the street and around the corner, where she enters the side door of a four-star hotel and begins her first day of work. Valerie is a room-service waitress; her job requires her to enter rooms with a breakfast tray and wake people up, sometimes to interrupt their lovemaking, to invade their privacy—an act, we realize, that is really an invasion of her privacy. The director, Benoit Jacquot, skips a few minutes here and there, but mostly the film is shot in real time, and Jacquot captures the physical and spiritual geography of Valerie's existence. The movie is an experiment that works brilliantly, and it should make an international star out of Ledoyen. (Denby; 11/4/96) (1 hr. 30 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema.*

Sleepers—Barry Levinson's movie version of Lorenzo Carcaterra's notorious book is muffled and convoluted. When Carcaterra's "nonfiction memoir" came out last year, a number of reviewers smelled a fabrication, and a bad fabrication at that. Whether the story is literally true is not the point: as much as journalism, fiction needs to be "true" (although perhaps in different ways). Transferred to the screen, *Sleepers* feels unconvincing in every frame. Four young boys, growing up in Hell's Kitchen in the sixties, get sent to reform school, where they are sexually abused by sadistic guards. Years later, the four young men, now in their twenties, carry out an elaborate scheme of revenge against their tormentors. The plan requires fixing a New York murder trial and persuading a priest to lie; it also requires the assistance of "friendly" mafiosi and drug dealers—benevolent men who only want to help four unremarkable characters and who commit murder as a favor. At the beginning of the movie, we see the boys' early years in Hell's Kitchen—a series of hazy, affectionate memories. We're set up for a tale of innocence despoiled. The tone is very high-minded—yet Levinson is stuck. Without the rape and torture in the reformatory, he's got no movie, so he returns to the sadism over and over again. Is it possible to do rape scenes in good taste? Levinson tries awfully hard, but caught between sleaze and his better judgment, he turns out sickly, guilt-ridden exploitation. (Denby; 11/4/96) (2 hrs. 20 mins.; R) *Village Theatre VII; Orpheum; Tower East.*

Sling Blade—A mildly retarded young man—who, as a child, slew his mother with a sling blade when he caught her having sex—is released, against his will, from an insane asylum. With John Ritter, Dwight Yoakam, and Billy Bob Thornton, who wrote and directed. (2 hrs. 14 mins.; R) *Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Space Jam—A vehicle for NBA all-stars, including Michael Jordan, and the Warner Bros. stable of Looney Tunes characters. Directed by Joe Pytka. (1 hr. 30 mins.; PG) *Village Theatre VII; 19th Street East; 34th Street Showplace; Criterion Center; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Orpheum; Lincoln Square; New Coliseum; Nova; Olympia Cinemas; Plaza Twin.*

Star Trek: First Contact—Captain Picard (Patrick Stewart) and the rest of the Enterprise-E crew battle some aliens for control of the earth. Directed by Jonathan Frakes. (1 hr. 54 mins.; PG-13) *Village Theatre VII; 34th Street Showplace; Chelsea; Astor Plaza; First & 62nd St. Cinema; UA East; 84th Street Six; Metro Cinema; Brooklyn Heights; Pavilion/Windsor.*

The Substance of Fire—An adaptation of the award-winning play about a highly contentious New York publishing clan. Starring Ron Rifkin, Tony Goldwyn, and Sarah Jessica Parker. Directed by Daniel Sullivan. (1 hr. 41 mins.; R) *Carnegie Hall Cinema.*

Surviving Picasso—Anthony Hopkins, playing the guy

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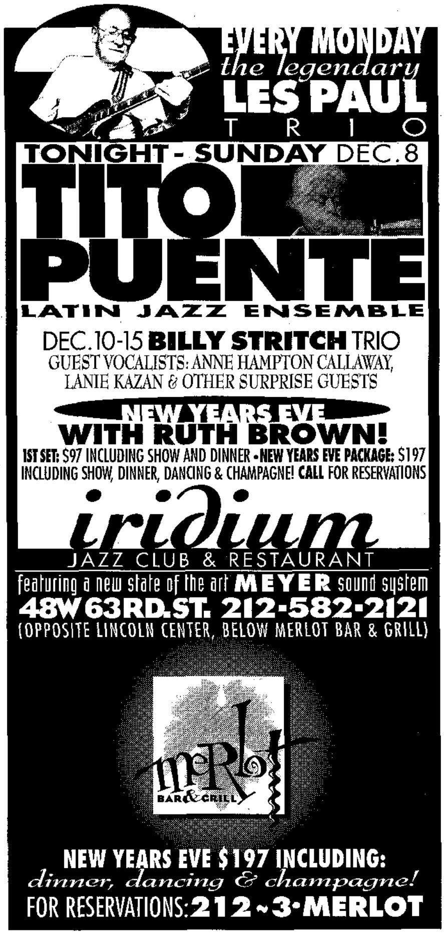
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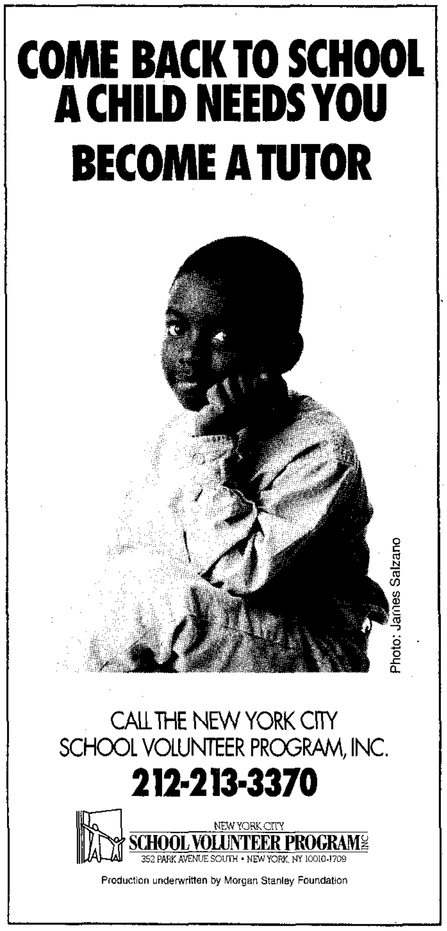
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with the brush, falls for the young and beautiful Françoise Gilot (Natascha McElhone), an art student, and she becomes part of his orbit. This latest Merchant Ivory production is skillful and beautiful to look at, but there's an element of disingenuousness to it. Will Pablo turn into a nice guy? The movie is shocked that the artist is ruthless and dominating, a man who takes pleasure in manipulating other people, then turns playful as a child. No doubt it's all true, but so what? He's a bastard, but a very famous bastard, and apparently there are benefits—erotic, material, even spiritual—in being attached to him. (Denby; 10/7/96) (2 hrs. 1 min.; R) *Paris Theater.*

Swingers—A comedy about a tight-knit group of would-be hipsters who immerse themselves in Los Angeles's "cocktail nation" scene. Directed by Doug Liman. (1 hr. 37 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Cinema I, II, Third Ave.; 62nd and Broadway.*

Twelfth Night—Director Trevor Nunn's adaptation of the Shakespearean comedy, with Helena Bonham Carter, Richard E. Grant, and Ben Kingsley. (2 hrs. 5 mins.; PG) *Regency.*

Zero Kelvin—In twenties Norway, a young writer, despondent over his girlfriend's refusal to marry him, joins a band of trappers in Greenland. With Stellan Skarsgard. Directed by Hans Peter Moland. (1 hr. 53 mins.; NR) *Film Forum.*

Manhattan

Below 14th Street

Angelika Film Center—18 W. Houston St. (995-2000) *Breaking the Waves; Ridicule; Romeo and Juliet; Shine; Swingers; The Funeral.*

Art Greenwich Twin—Greenwich Ave. at 12th St. (505-CINE#616) *Daylight.*

Cinema Village 12th St—22 E. 12th St. (924-3363) (See "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Film Forum—209 W. Houston St. (727-8110) *Microcosmos; Orson Welles: The One-Man Band; Zero Kelvin.* (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Quad Cinema—34 W. 13th St. (255-8800) *A Single Girl; Beautiful Thing; Fire on the Mountain; Losing Chase.*

Screening Room—54 Varick St. (below Canal) (334-2100) *Secrets & Lies.*

Village East—189 Second Ave., at 12th St. (529-6799) *101 Dalmatians; Big Night; Michael Collins; Ransom; The English Patient.*

Village Theatre VII—66 Third Ave., at 11th St. (982-0400) *Set It Off; Sleepers; Space Jam; Star Trek: First Contact; The Mirror Has Two Faces.*

Waverly—323 Sixth Ave., at W. 3rd St. (505-CINE#603) *Jingle All the Way; Looking for Richard.*

14th–41st Streets

19th Street East—890 Broadway, at 19th St. (260-8000) *101 Dalmatians; Ransom; Set It Off; Space Jam.*

34th Street East—241 E. 34th St. (505-CINE#586) *Jingle All the Way.*

34th Street Showplace—238 E. 34th St. (532-5544) *Daylight; Space Jam; Star Trek: First Contact.*

Chelsea—260 W. 23rd St. (505-CINE#597) *Jingle All the Way; Romeo and Juliet; Star Trek: First Contact; The English Patient; The Mirror Has Two Faces.*

Chelsea West—333 W. 23rd St. (505-CINE#614) *Daylight.*

Murray Hill Cinemas—160 E. 34th St. (689-6548) *101 Dalmatians; Ransom; The Mirror Has Two Faces.*

42nd–60th Streets

59th Street East—239 E. 59th St. (505-CINE#615) *Fargo.*

Angelika 57—225 W. 57th St. *Lovesick on Nana Street.* (586-1900).

Astor Plaza—44th St. bet. Broadway. and Eighth Ave. (869-8340) *Star Trek: First Contact.*

Baronet/Coronet—993 Third Ave., bet. 59th and 60th Sts. (505-CINE#608) *Jingle All the Way.*

Carnegie Hall Cinema—887 Seventh Ave., bet. 56th and 57th Sts. (505-CINE#593) *Bitter Sugar; The Proprietor; The Substance of Fire.*

Cinema 3—2 W. 59th St. (505-CINE#596) *Big Night.*

Cinema I, II, Third Ave.—1001 Third Ave., at 60th St. (753-6022) *Bitter Sugar; Mother Night; Shine; Swingers.*

Criterion Center—1514 Broadway, bet. 44th and 45th Sts. (354-0900) *Jingle All the Way; Set It Off; Space Jam.*

Crown Gotham—969 Third Ave., bet. 57th and 58th Sts. (759-2262) *101 Dalmatians.*

Eastside Playhouse—919 Third Ave., bet. 55th and 56th Sts. (755-3020) *Secrets & Lies.*

Embassy 1—1560 Broadway, bet. 46th and 47th Sts. (302-0494) *Ransom.*

Embassy 2–4—701 Seventh Ave., bet. 47th and 48th Sts. (730-7262) *First Wives Club; High School High; Ransom.*

Guild 50th Street—33 W. 50th St. (757-2406) *101 Dalmatians.*

Manhattan Twin—220 E. 59th St. (505-CINE#590) *Bound; Romeo and Juliet.*

National Twin—1500 Broadway, bet. 43rd and 44th Sts. (505-CINE#589) *Daylight.*

Paris Theater—4 W. 58th St. (980-5656) *Surviving Picasso.*

State—1540 Broadway (391-2900) *Romeo and Juliet; Sleepers; Swingers; The Long Kiss Goodnight.*

Sutton—205 E. 57th St. (759-1411) *Ransom.*

Worldwide Cinemas—340 W. 50th St. (505-CINE#610) *Independence Day; Last Man Standing; That Thing You Do!; The Chamber; The Glimmer Man; Two Days in the Valley.*

Ziegfeld—141 W. 54th St. (505-CINE#602) *The Mirror Has Two Faces.*

61st Street and Above, East Side

68th Street Playhouse—1164 Third Ave., at 68th St. (734-0302) *Secrets & Lies; Ridicule.*

86th Street—125 E. 86th St. (505-CINE#604) *Daylight; Jingle All the Way.*

86th Street East—210 E. 86th St. (249-1144) *101 Dalmatians; Ransom.*

Beekman—1254 Second Ave., bet. 65th and 66th Sts. (505-CINE#606) *Michael Collins.*

First & 62nd St. Cinema—400 E. 62nd St. (505-CINE#957) *Daylight; Space Jam; Star Trek: First Contact.*

Gemini Twin—1210 Second Ave., at 64th St. (832-1670) *First Wives Club; The Mirror Has Two Faces.*

New York Twin—1271 Second Ave., bet. 66th and 67th Sts. (744-7339) *The English Patient.*

Orpheum—1538 Third Ave., at 86th St. (876-2400) *Losing Chase; Romeo and Juliet; Set It Off; Sleepers; Space Jam; The Mirror Has Two Faces.*

Tower East—1230 Third Ave., bet. 71st and 72nd Sts. (879-1313) *Sleepers.*

UA East—1629 First Ave., at 85th St. (249-5100) *Star Trek: First Contact.*

61st Street and Above, West Side

62nd and Broadway—1871 Broadway, at 62nd St. (505-CINE#864) *Swingers.*

84th Street Six—2310 Broadway, at 84th St. (877-3600) *Daylight; Jingle All the Way; Ransom; Star Trek: First Contact.*

Lincoln Plaza Cinemas—30 Lincoln Plaza, on Broadway bet. 62nd and 63rd Sts. (757-2280) *Big Night; Looking for Richard; Ridicule; Secrets & Lies; Sling Blade; The Garden of the Finzi-Continis.*

Lincoln Square—1992 Broadway, at 68th St. (336-5000) *101 Dalmatians; Everyone Says I Love You; Shine; Space Jam; The Crucible; The English Patient; The Mirror Has Two Faces.*

Metro Cinema—2626 Broadway, bet. 99th and 100th Sts. (505-CINE#609) *Star Trek: First Contact; 101 Dalmatians.*

New Coliseum—701 W. 181st St. (740-1545) *101 Dalmatians; Daylight; Jingle All the Way; Space Jam.*

Nova—3589 Broadway, bet. 147th and 148th Sts. (862-5728) *101 Dalmatians; Daylight; Space Jam.*

Olympia Cinemas—2770 Broadway, bet. 106th and 107th Sts. (505-CINE#613) *Space Jam; Jingle All the Way.*

Regency—1987 Broadway, bet. 67th and 68th Sts. (505-CINE#585) *Twelfth Night.*

Bronx

Area Code 718

Bay Plaza—2210 Bartow Ave., behind Bay Plaza Mall (320-3020) *101 Dalmatians; Daylight; Jingle All the Way; Ransom; Set It Off; Space Jam; Star Trek: First Contact; The Mirror Has Two Faces.*

Concourse Plaza—214 E. 161th St. (588-8800) *101 Dalmatians; Daylight; Jingle All the Way; Ransom;*

Set It Off; Space Jam; Star Trek: First Contact.

Riverdale—5683 Riverdale Ave., at 259th St. (884-9514) *Star Trek: First Contact; Space Jam.*

Whitestone—2505 Bruckner Blvd., at Hutchinson River Pkwy. (409-9037) *101 Dalmatians; Adrenaline; Daylight; Jingle All the Way; Ransom; Set It Off; Space Jam; Star Trek: First Contact.*

Brooklyn

Area Code 718

Alpine—6817 Fifth Ave., at 69th St. (777-FILM#580) *101 Dalmatians; Jingle All the Way; Space Jam.*

Brooklyn Heights—70 Henry St. (596-7070) *Jingle All the Way; Star Trek: First Contact.*

Canarsie—9310 Ave. L, at E. 93rd St. (251-0700) *101 Dalmatians; Daylight; Space Jam.*

Cobble Hill—265 Court St. (596-9113) *101 Dalmatians; Ransom; Space Jam; The English Patient; The Mirror Has Two Faces.*

Fortway—6720 Ft. Hamilton Pkwy., at 68th St. (777-FILM#578) *Daylight; Ransom; Star Trek: First Contact.*

Kenmore—Church Ave. nr. Flatbush Ave. (777-FILM#576) *Daylight; Jingle All the Way; Set It Off; Space Jam.*

Kent Triplex—Coney Island Ave. at Ave. H (338-3371) *101 Dalmatians; Daylight; Space Jam.*

Kings Plaza—5201 Kings Plaza; Flatbush Ave. at Ave. U (777-FILM#579) *101 Dalmatians; Daylight; Space Jam.*

Kingsway—Kings Hwy. at Coney Island Ave. (777-FILM#577) *Jingle All the Way; Ransom; Star Trek: First Contact; The Mirror Has Two Faces.*

Marboro—6817 Bay Pkwy., at 69th St. (232-4000) *Jingle All the Way; Ransom; Space Jam; The Mirror Has Two Faces.*

Pavilion/Windsor—188 Prospect Park West, Brooklyn (369-0838) *101 Dalmatians; Daylight; Jingle All the Way; Ransom; Star Trek: First Contact.*

Plaza Twin—314 Flatbush Ave., nr. Eighth Ave. (636-0170) *Daylight; Romeo and Juliet; Set It Off; Space Jam.*

Ridgewood—55–27 Myrtle Ave., at Putnam Ave. (821-5993) *101 Dalmatians; Daylight; Jingle All the Way; Space Jam.*

The Movies at Sheepshead Bay—Knapp St. and Harkness Ave., off Belt Pkwy. (615-1700) *101 Dalmatians; Daylight; Jingle All the Way; Ransom; Romeo and Juliet; Space Jam; Star Trek: First Contact; The English Patient; The Mirror Has Two Faces.*

Queens

Area Code 718

Astoria—28–60 Steinway St. (726-1279) *Daylight; Jingle All the Way; Ransom; Space Jam; Star Trek: First Contact; The Mirror Has Two Faces.*

Bay Terrace—211–01 26th Ave. and Bell Blvd., Bayside (428-4040) *101 Dalmatians; Ransom; Space Jam; The English Patient.*

Cinema 5—183–15 Horace Harding Expy., at 183rd St., Fresh Meadows (777-FILM#592) *101 Dalmatians; Set It Off; Space Jam; The English Patient.*

Cinemart—106–03 Metropolitan Ave., at 72nd Rd., Forest Hills (261-2244) *101 Dalmatians; Star Trek: First Contact.*

Continental—70–20 Austin St., Forest Hills (544-1020) *Daylight; Romeo and Juliet; Set It Off; Sleepers.*

Crossbay—94–11 Rockaway Blvd., at Woodhaven Blvd., Ozone Park (848-1738) *Daylight; Ransom; Set It Off.*

Crossbay II—92–10 Rockaway Blvd., at 93rd St., Ozone Park (641-5330) *101 Dalmatians; Jingle All the Way; Space Jam; Star Trek: First Contact; The Mirror Has Two Faces.*

Elmwood—57–02 Hoffman Dr., Elmhurst (429-4770) *101 Dalmatians; Star Trek: First Contact.*

Forest Hills—107–16 Continental Ave., at Queens Blvd. (261-7866) *The Mirror Has Two Faces; The English Patient.*

Fresh Meadows—190–02 Horace Harding Blvd., at 190th St. (777-FILM#619) *Daylight; Jingle All the Way; Ransom; Star Trek: First Contact; The Mirror Has Two Faces.*

Jackson Triplex—82nd St. at Roosevelt Ave. (478-6777) *Daylight; Jingle All the Way; Space Jam.*

Midway—108–22 Queens Blvd., at 71st Ave., Forest Hills (261-8572) *Jingle All the Way; Space Jam.*

Movieworld—242–02 61st Ave., off Exit 31, Douglaston (423-7200) *101 Dalmatians; Daylight; Jingle All the Way; Ransom; Space Jam; Star Trek: First Contact; The Mirror Has Two Faces.*

North Shore Towers—27–10 Grand Central Pkwy., Floral Park (229-7702) *The Mirror Has Two Faces.*

Plaza —103–14 Roosevelt Ave., at 103rd St., Corona (639-0012) *101 Dalmatians; Daylight.*

Quartet—160–06 Northern Blvd., at 160th St., Flushing (359-6777) *Daylight; Ransom; Set It Off; Space Jam.*

The Movies at Bayside—38–39 Bell Blvd., at 39th Ave. (225-7711) *Jingle All the Way; Star Trek: First Contact; The Mirror Has Two Faces.*

Revival

Foreign Affairs

Jean Cocteau's definitive *Beauty and the Beast* (pictured) is one of 21 masterworks to be screened as part of Cinema Village's tribute to Janus Films—the outfit mainly responsible for introducing American moviegoers to previously unknown auteurs like Bergman and Truffaut in the fifties and sixties. Begins December 13. (See 'Museums, Societies, Etc.,' for info.)

Trylon—98–81 Queens Blvd., at 66th Ave., Forest Hills (459-8944) *Ransom.*

Staten Island

Area Code 718

Atrium—680 Arthur Kill Road, nr. Richmond Ave., Eltingville (317-8300) *101 Dalmatians; Jingle All the Way; Ransom; Space Jam; Star Trek: First Contact; The Mirror Has Two Faces.*

Hylan Plaza—107 Mill Rd., at Hylan Blvd., New Dorp (351-0805) *101 Dalmatians; Jingle All the Way; Ransom; Space Jam; Star Trek: First Contact.*

The Movies at Staten Island—141 E. Service Rd., at Victory Blvd., Travis (983-9600) *101 Dalmatians; Daylight; Jingle All the Way; Ransom; Set It Off; Space Jam; Star Trek: First Contact; The English Patient; The Mirror Has Two Faces.*

Museums, Societies, Etc.

American Museum of the Moving Image—"Out of the Inkwell: The Cartoons of Max and Dave Fleischer." 12/14: "Silent Film/Live Music by Donald Sosin: Cuckoo for Ko-Ko." 12/15: "Fleischer Potpourri." 3601 36th St., Astoria, Queens (entrance on 35th Ave.; 718-784-0077); $7.

Anthology Film Archives—"Jacques Rivette." 12/9-12/12: *Joan the Maiden* (1993). 12/13 and 12/15: *L'Amour Fou* (1969). 12/3 and "A Tribute to Gena Rowlands." 12/9: *Lonely Are the Brave* (1962). 12/10: *Once Around* (1991). 12/11: *Minnie and Moskowitz* (1971). 12/12: *A Woman Under the Influence* (1974). 12/13 and 12/14: *The Neon Bible* (1995). 12/14: *Opening Night* (1977). 12/15: *Gloria* (1980) and *Faces* (1968). Also, 12/9: *Raise the Red Lantern* (1992) and *The Scent of Green Papaya* (1994). 12/12: *The Boys of St. Vincent (Part 1)* (1994). 12/13: *Symphonic Diagonale* (1994) and *Rien Que les Heures* (1928) 12/13-12/15: "Old and New Masters of Super-8." 32 Second Ave., at 2nd St. (505-5181); $7.

Cinema Village 12th St—Through 12/12: "Fourth Annual Contemporary African Diaspora Film Festival." 12/13—1/2: "Janus Films 40th Anniversary Film Festival." *Seven Samurai* (1954). Call for program info. 22 E. 12th St. (924-3363); $8.

A Different Light—12/15: *Female Trouble* (1974). 151 W. 19th St. (989-4850); free.

Donnell Media Center—12/11: *Notorious* (1946). 12/12: *Streetwise* (1984). 20 W. 53rd St. (621-0619); free.

Film Forum—"Kazan." 12/10 and 12/11: *Panic in the Streets* (1950) and *Man on a Tightrope* (1953). 12/12-12/14: *Splendor in the Grass* (1961) and *Wild River* (1960). 12/15-12/17: *East of Eden* (1955). Through 12/9: "The Silent City: New York in the Movies, 1898-1929." 12/9: *The Cameraman* (1928) and *When the Clouds Roll By* (1919). 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110); $8.

Film Society of Lincoln Center—(The Walter Reade Theater)—"Spanish Cinema Now!" 12/11 and 12/12: *Among the Reds* (1994) and *An Internal Affair* (1995). 12/13 and 12/14: *Adosados* (1995). 12/13-12/15: *Libertarians* (1995). 12/14 and 12/15: *Day of the Beast* (1995). "Movies for Kids." 12/14 and 12/15: *Gamera, the Guardian of the Universe* (1995). 65 W. 65th St., plaza level. (875-5600); $8.

French Institute—12/10: *Belle de jour* (1969). 12/17: *French Twist* (1995). Florence Gould Hall, 55 E. 59th St. (355-6160); $7, seniors, $5.50.

Japan Society—"New Films From Japan 1996." 12/13: *Sleeping Man* (1996) and *Haru* (1996). 333 E. 47th St. (752-3015); $7.50.

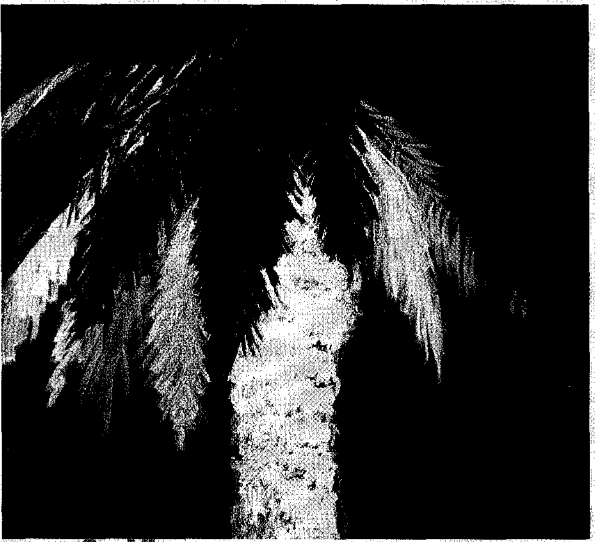
Museum of Modern Art—12/9: *Born Yesterday* (1950). "Recent Films from Germany." 12/10: *Embers of Love* (1996) and *Three Days in April* (1995). 12/13 and 12/14: *Workaholic* (1996). 12/13 and 12/15: *Journey into Life* (1995) and *Sexy Sadie* (1996). "A Miscellany of Artists." 12/9: *Blind Husbands* (1919). 12/10: *Foolish Wives* (1922). 12/12: *Hello, Sister!* (1933). 12/13: *Greed* (1925). "Commonwealth of Independent States." 12/13: *The Muslim* (1995). 12/13 and 12/15: *A Play for a Passenger* (1995). 12/14: *The Particulars of the National Hunt* (1995). 12/15: *The Soul is Burnt Out* (1995). 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480); $8.

Museum of Television & Radio—Through 1/5: "All Shook Up: Elvis Presley on Television." 25 W. 52nd St. (621-6710); $6.

Whitney Museum of American Art—"No Wave Cinema: 1978-87." 12/11-12/15: *The Bogus Man* (1980), *Born in Flames* (1983), *The Wild World of Lydia Lunch* (1983), *Like Dawn to Dusk* (1983), and *King Blank* (1983). 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St. (717-0723); $8.

art

Dior...The Peale Family...Peter Alexander



On View
Best Fronds

Though the actual motifs of Peter Alexander's two latest series of paintings have little in common—lone palm trees and scenes from erotic films—they lend themselves uncommonly well to the artist's exploration of light and its ability to arouse desire. At Earl McGrath Gallery, 20 West 57th Street; through January 4.

Galleries
Solos

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

Jean-Baptiste-Camille Corot/Robert De Niro, Sr.—A selection of the French landscapist's paintings from the 1840s through the 1870s; through 1/13/97/ Charcoal and pen-and-ink portraits, interiors, and still lifes; through 12/28. Salander-O'Reilly, 20 E. 79th St. (879-6606).

Tony Fitzpatrick—Recent drawings that reflect the artist's views on drugs and drug culture, and etchings on the subject of magic; through 1/18/97. Baumgold, 128 E. 72nd St. (861-7338).

Suzan Frecon—Recent abstract watercolors; through 1/11/97. Hirschl & Adler Modern, 21 E. 70th St. (535-8810).

Jörg Immendorff—"The Rake's Progress," a series of paintings begun by the artist in 1994 following a commission to design the sets for the Igor Stravinsky opera in Salzburg, in which he depicts himself as William Hogarth's parody of John Bunyan's exemplary Christian; through 1/11/97. Werner, 21 E. 67th St. (988-1623).

Chris Pfister—Paintings of city freeways and country highways based on the artist's photographs taken during his travels around the country; through 1/18/97. Winston Wächter, 111 E. 65th St. (327-2526).

William Trost Richards—Marine and landscape oils, drawings, and watercolors; through 1/11/97. Beacon Hill, 980 Madison Ave. (734-3636).

John von Bergen—Abstract bronze sculptures, many of which incorporate spiral forms; through 1/4/97. Kouros, 23 E. 73rd St. (288-5888).

57th Street Area

Peter Alexander—New paintings and works on paper depicting palm trees and scenes from erotic films; through 1/4. McGrath, 20 W. 57th St. (956-3366).

Richard Baker—Small-scale paintings of recognizable objects in improbable settings; through 1/11/97. Washburn, 20 W. 57th St. (397-6780).

David Bierk—Landscape paintings that refer to works by Bierstadt, Church, and other Hudson River School artists; through 1/11/97. Associated American Artists, 20 W. 57th St. (399-5510).

Robert Bordo/Elizabeth Bishop—Abstract paintings inspired by memory and nature/Rare works on paper by the poet (1911–1979), of landscapes and interiors executed during her years in New York, Key West, and Brazil; through 1/4/97. De Nagy, 724 Fifth Ave. (262-5050).

Chuck Close—A selection of large-scale prints, personal photographs, memorabilia, reviews, articles, and exhibition catalogues; through 1/6/97. Archives of American Art, 1285 Sixth Ave. (399-5015), Mon.–Fri. 9:30–5.

Ground Rules:

Galleries are generally open Tues. through Sat., from between 10 and 11 to between 5 and 6.

Robert Cottingham—*American Alphabet*, a painting composed of 26 panels, each of which depicts a letter in the alphabet as drawn from the architectural detail or signage of downtowns throughout the United States; through 1/4/97. Forum, 745 Fifth Ave. (355-4545).

Jim Dine—Nine large mixed-media paintings from the series "North" that depict crows, hearts, owls, and skulls; through 1/11/97. PaceWildenstein, 32 E. 57th St. (421-3292).

John Gill—Recent ceramic works, including teapots, ewers, bowls, vases, and platters; through 12/28. Kraushaar, 724 Fifth Ave. (307-5730).

Andy Goldsworthy—Drawings, photographs, and installations that evoke winter and cold, among them a series of "snowball" drawings paired with photographs in order to show the site from which he gathered the snow; through 1/4/97. Galerie Lelong, 20 W. 57th St. (315-0470).

Alex Katz—Recent small-scale portraits painted on metal cutouts; through 1/4/97. Miller, 41 E. 57th St. (980-5454).

Reginald Marsh—Paintings, drawings, and prints chronicling New York of the thirties and forties; through 12/28. Moore, 724 Fifth Ave. (688-5951).

Betty Mobley—Paintings of landscapes in southern Texas; through 1/4/97. MB Modern, 41 E. 57th St. (371-3444).

Robert Motherwell—A selection of scarce uneditioned trial proofs of prints; through 1/4/97. Long, 24 W. 57th St. (397-2001).

Alfonso Ossorio/Federico Castellon—The artist's Surrealist paintings and works on paper from 1939 to 1949/Surrealist drawings from the thirties. Through 1/18/97. Rosenfeld, 24 W. 57th St. (247-0082).

Leon Polk Smith—Paintings from the nineties that continue the artist's exploration of line and color; through 1/31/97. McCoy, 41 E. 57th St. (319-1996).

Paula Rego/Guillermo Roux—Paintings inspired by the artist's lifelong fascination with classic Disney animation films; through 1/4/97/Still-life and figurative images in watercolors, charcoal, tempera with casein, and egg tempera; through 12/28. Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. (541-4900).

Gretchen Dow Simpson—Recent paintings and prints depicting New England landscapes and interiors; through 1/4/. Ryan, 24 W. 57th St. (397-0669).

Susana Solano—Recent large-scale steel sculptures by a Spanish artist; through 1/14/97. McKee, 745 Fifth Ave. (688-5951).

Zao Wou-Ki—An exhibition of the artist's abstract ink paintings from 1982 to the present, honoring his friendship with the art dealer Pierre Matisse; through 1/20/97. Krugier, 41 E. 57th St. (755-7288).

SoHo and TriBeCa

Sharon Butler—Paintings that mix fragments of landscape with monochromatic fields of color; through 1/12/97. Z, 70 Greene St. (966-8836).

Deborah Butterfield—Recent life-size sculptures of horses in unique bronze or found metal; through 1/18/97. Thorp, 103 Prince St. (431-6880).

Cody Choi—Seven life-size sculptures modeled after Rodin's *Thinker*, made from toilet paper saturated with Pepto-Bismol; through 1/4/97. Deitch, 76 Grand St. (343-7300).

Robert Colescott—Paintings on paper and large-scale charcoal drawings on the theme of racial and sexual stereotyping; through 1/4/97. Kind, 136 Greene St. (925-1200).

Mat Collishaw—An installation that explores human interference in natural life through the use of a mirror and two video projections inspired by scientific experiments on animals; through 1/11/97. Bonakdar, 130 Prince St. (925-8035).

Cornelia Foss—Paintings of shorelines that create ambiguous perceptions of space and distance; through 1/4. Fotouhi Cramer, 560 Broadway (431-1304).

Helen Frank—New York City views in oil on paper and etchings; through 1/11/97. Ingbar, 568 Broadway (334-1100).

Suzan Frecon—Recent paintings that continue the artist's exploration of the basic properties of ancient pigments; through 1/11/97. Markey, 55 Vandam St. (627-4446).

Beth Harbottle—Paintings that combine abstract gestures and representational fragments drawn from nature and the human body; 12/12–1/4/97. M-13, 72 Greene St. (925-3007).

Photograph courtesy of Earl McGrath Gallery.

Pierre Le-Tan—Architectural street scenes of Paris and Tangier, and portraits drawn in cross-hatching over a watercolor ground; 12/12–1/18/97. Kasmin, 74 Grand St. (219-3219).

Christopher Lea—Monochromatic paintings on paper; through 2/1. Bungert, 225 Lafayette St. (925-0200).

Leslie Lerner—Mixed-media paintings that are the artist's meditations on the life of a fictional character in France; through 1/4/97. Rosenberg + Kaufman, 115 Wooster St. (431-4838).

Joseph Marioni—Monochromatic paintings that use color to elicit visual intimacy and emotional immediacy; through 12/30. Blum, 99 Wooster St. (343-0441).

Jason Martin/Ligorano-Reese—Paintings by a London-based artist that are created from one continuous brushstroke/A video installation titled *Steel Nipples* that addresses the politics of care and compassion in American society. Through 1/11/97. Cristinerose, 395 Broadway (431-1862).

Yasumasa Morimura—Photographs of the artist that depict him in the costumes and postures of Hollywood's most celebrated "golden age" actresses but in distinctly Japanese settings; though 1/4. Luhring Augustine, 130 Prince St. (219-9600).

John Olsen—Large-scale sculptures based on natural forms, such as an armadillo's shell, and charcoal drawings made in the sauna; through 1/11/97. DCA, 420 W. Broadway (334-3331).

Trisha Orr/Steven Katz—Still-life paintings that depict vases of flowers set against elaborate backdrops/Paintings of New York cityscapes; through 12/31. Perlow, 560 Broadway (941-1220).

Peter Plagens—Recent abstract paintings and collages from the seventies to the present; through 1/11/97. Hoffman, 429 W. Broadway (966-6676).

Kenny Scharf—New paintings; through 1/25/97. Shafrazi, 119 Wooster St. (274-9300).

Charles Searles—Painted wood sculptures; through 1/7/97. Kelly, 591 Broadway (226-1660).

Jon Serl—Expressionistic paintings by the self-taught artist; through 1/4. Cavin-Morris, 560 Broadway (226-3768).

Josephine Sloet/Gerard Verdijk—Abstract paintings that refer to movement in nature, from wind-blown vegetation to running water/Recent paintings. Through 1/4/97. Taylor, 584 Broadway (274-8569).

Sergio Vega—An installation titled *Holy Parrot* on the subject of parrots and their iconology; through 1/11/97. Basilico, 26 Wooster St. (966-1831).

Cristina Vergano—Paintings of classical figures set against vivid monochromatic backgrounds; through 1/11/97. Woodward, 476 Broome St. (966-3411).

X-Art Foundation—An installation, *blast5drama*, that consists of stage sets, video cameras, computer projections, and sound and narrates a story taking place in a fictional town, a location that consists of real (train tracks) and virtual (Internet addresses) locales; through 1/4/97. Gering, 476 Broome St. (226-8195).

Other

Nancy Bowen—Sculptures whose forms are derived from human anatomy and other natural sources; through 1/11/97. One Great Jones, 1 Great Jones St. (460-8456).

Ellen Cantor—A large, site-specific wall drawing and a video work; through 1/12/97. XL, 504 W. 22nd St. (462-4111).

KK Kozik—Paintings of figures in surreal interiors and landscapes; through 1/12/97. Maynes, 535 W. 20th St. (741-3318).

Robert Overby—A survey of paintings, drawings, and sculpture by this Los Angeles artist who died in 1993 and was best known for his graphic design work; through 1/12/97. Fredericks, 504 W. 22nd St. (633-6555).

Ulf Rollof/John Schabel—A sculpture in which a Swedish pine log is coated in sap-derived soap and mechanically rotated on a steel pipe so that the runoff sap and soap gather on paper positioned beneath the log/Photographs that depict people traveling in airplanes as seen through windows from the outside; through 1/12/97. Morris Healy, 530 W. 22nd St. (243-3753).

Adrian Schiess and Beat Streuli—Installations of projected images by both; through 2/2/97. New York Kunsthalle, 210 E. 5th St. (529-5691), Wed.–Sat. 12–6.

Sue Williams—New large-scale paintings that use a gestural, often multicolored, line to create a mass of floating figures over smooth fields of color; through 1/12/97. 303, 525 W. 22nd St. (555-1121).

William Wood—Black-and-white paintings whose grisaille effects evoke early photographs; through 1/31/97. Kirkland, 504 W. 22nd St. (627-3930), Wed.–Sat. 11–6, Sun. 12–5.

Group Shows

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

CDS—76 E. 79th St. (772-9555). Works by first-generation Latin American artists such as Torres-Garcia, Rivera, Vargas, others; through 1/31/97.

Knoedler—19 E. 70th St. (794-0550). "The Rise of the Art World in America: Knoedler at 150," with works by Braque, Cezanne, Manet, others; through 1/12/97.

Ubu—16 E. 78th St. (794-4444). "The Subverted Object," with works by artists continuing the Dadaist and Surrealist legacy, including Ray, Oppenheim, Westermann, others; through 1/4/97.

York—21 E. 65th St. (772-9155). Californian painting over the past century and a half, including works by Bierstadt, Nahl, Zorach; through 1/10/97.

57th Street Area

Equitable—787 Seventh Ave. (554-4818). Ten African-American women sculptors, including Catlett-Mora, Chase-Riboud, and Lewis; through 1/11/97.

French—24 W. 57th St. (247-2457). "Small Sizes—Precious Pieces," with paintings by Carey, Frontin, Skarloff, others; through 12/28.

Galerie St. Etienne—24 W. 57th St. (245-6734). Drawings, posters, and objects by Hoppe, Klimt, Mosher, others; through 1/4/97.

Helman—20 W. 57th St. (245-8888). Small works by Lichtenstein, O'Keeffe, Yamamoto, others; through 1/25/97.

SoHo and TriBeCa

Alexander—59 Wooster St. (925-4338). Artists' books by Attie, Beuys, Twombly, others; through 1/11.

Apex—291 Church St. (431-5270). Works dealing with ad packaging, by Eggelston, Hartley, Stoll, others; through 1/4/97.

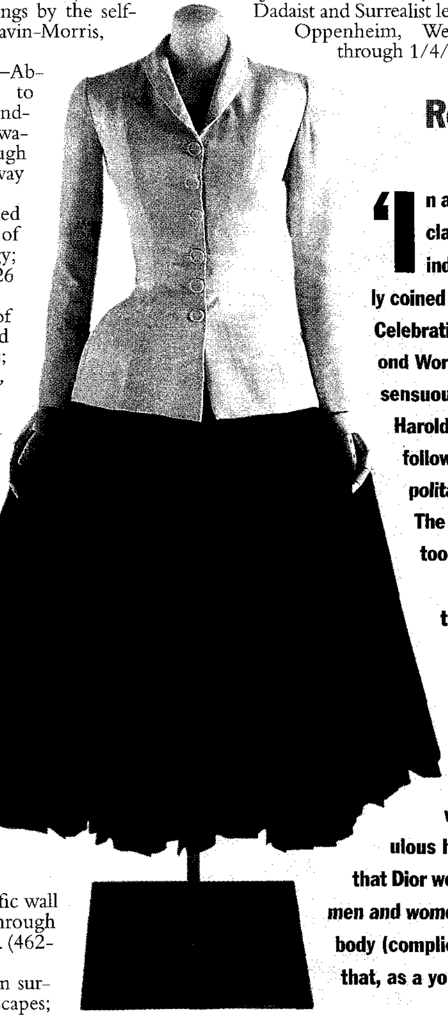
Art in General—79 Walker St. (219-0473). Works by Darrel Ellis in the sixth floor gallery, through 2/25; a distillery installation by Dan Mihaltianu, through 1/1/97.

Brownstone—39 Wooster St. (334-3455). Recent British and American painting and photography, with works by Davies, Grayson, Marsden, and Wright; through 1/11/97.

Goldstein—39 Wooster St. (431-0314). Works by Richardson, Von Mallinckrodt, Siegel; through 1/11/97.

Knowlton—568 Broadway (966-2625). Painting, sculpture and photography that uses and critiques toys; through 1/25/97

TZ'Art—28 Wooster St. (966-9059). Five young British artists, including works by Fairhurst, Ofili, Quinn, others; through 1/11/97.



Photograph courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

Retrospective

Luxury Line

"In an epoch as somber as ours, one must fight for luxury inch by inch," declared Christian Dior, who achieved instant stardom in 1947 with his first independent collection, featuring the New Look. (The term was reportedly coined on the spot by Carmel Snow, the legendary editor of *Harper's Bazaar.*) Celebrating the anticipated end of the clothing restrictions imposed by the Second World War, Dior presented a silhouette that spelled lavishness and female sensuousness. Half a century later, costume scholars Richard Martin and Harold Koda are honoring that event, and the too-brief ten-year career that followed, with an exhibition on view at the Costume Institute of the Metropolitan Museum of Art through March 23. It's called simply "Christian Dior." The succinctness and tact of this title rival the designer's own: They're the tools with which he controlled his extravagance and made it sublime.

Fashion forever recycling itself, the New Look was in many ways a return to an old one. It featured a neat, sculpted head and a body understood as a series of complementary curves as opposed to the spare, no-nonsense angles of the war years. The waist was piquantly cinched—many Dior outfits had corsetry built in—with the body blossoming above to a beautifully molded bodice and below to a skirt as voluminous as the long tutu a ballerina wears for Romantic works. Yards of opulent fabric went into these creations; so did meticulous handwork. Still, the core of the effect, as in future distinctive shapes that Dior would devise, remained imaginative and meticulously cut. Like the finest men and women of the cloth, Dior was not a painter but a sculptor, using the human body (complicated by its capacity for motion) for his armature. Surely it's relevant that, as a youth, he thought of becoming an architect. **TOBI TOBIAS**

Other

Hearn—530 W. 22nd St. (727-7366). Paintings, sculpture, ceramics, and furniture by Baines, Heilmann, and Keister; through 1/12/97.

Marks—523 W. 24th St. (243-0200). Seventy works on paper and photographs from 1815 to the present, by Arbus, Degas, Gober, Kahlo, Stieglitz, others; through 12/28.

Photography

Ansel Adams—Vintage prints; through 1/11/97. Danziger, 130 Prince St. (226-0056).

Juan Carlos Alom—Photographs of human hands, heads, and bodies, which symbolize the Cuban-born photographer's search for human value within the superstitious and ritualistic subject matter of Cuban culture; through 2/1/97. Throckmorton, 153 E. 61st St. (223-1059).

Diane Arbus—Vintage and estate prints; through 1/4/97. Miller, 41 E. 57th St. (980-5454).

Lynn Davis—Images taken in Syria, Jordan, Turkey and Yemen; through 1/4/97. Houk Friedman, 851 Madison Ave. (628-5300).

Mitch Epstein/Vera Lutter—Photographs of Vietnam taken between 1992 and 1995 that appear in the photographer's recent book, *Vietnam: A Book of Changes*/Pinhole photographs of New York City. Through 12/28. Wooster Gardens, 558 Broadway (941-6210).

Jill Freedman—Black-and-white photographs of the circus, police, and Ireland; through 1/11/97. Witkin, 415 W. Broadway (925-5510).

Lynn Geesaman—Landscapes taken in the South of France, Southern California, and the southeastern U.S.; through 1/11/97. Richardson, 560 Broadway (343-1255).

Gibson—568 Broadway (925-1197). Works by photographers and artists experimenting with the medium, including Adams, Rauschenberg, Wegman, others; through 1/4/97.

ICP—1130 Fifth Ave. (860-1777). Works by Clarence White's students, including Bourke-White, Lange, Gilpin, others; photographs of Hong Kong by Masahiko Yamashita; through 1/12/97.

ICP Midtown—1133 Sixth Ave. (768-4682). Liverpool photographed by Tom Wood, and road trips chronicled by Linda McCartney; photographs by Adams, Michals, Siskind, others, celebrating the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Light Gallery; through 2/9/97.

Jean Kallina—Photographs of interiors; through 1/19/97. Benrubi. 52 E. 76th St. (517-3766).

Klagsbrun—80 Mercer St. (925-5157). Women photographers from the last twenty years, with works by Goldin, Reicheck, Weems; through 1/18/97.

Jill Krementz—Photographs of writers at their desks; through 1/4/97. Staley-Wise, 560 Broadway (966-6223).

Martin Liebscher—"Xing," color photographs; through 1/4/97. Stux, 535 W. 20th St. (352-1600).

Lino Mannocci—Postcards of tourist sights, from Italian resorts to New York City; through 1/14/97. Saul, 560 Broadway (431-0747).

Newseum/New York—580 Madison Ave. (317-7596); Mon.–Fri. 8:30–5:30 and Sat. 10–5; free. "60 Years of *Life*: Photographs That Changed the World," with works by 62 photographers; through 2/15/97.

PaceWildensteinMacGill—32 E. 57th St. (759-7999). Photographs by Lisette Model and Diane Arbus; through 1/11/97.

Martin Parr—Photographs of fast food, seen up close; through 12/31. Borden, 560 Broadway (431-0166).

Saul—560 Broadway (431-0747). Nineteenth-century photographs made as studies to aid painters; through 1/11/97.

White Columns—154 Christopher St. (924-4212). Portraits of women, with works by Fowler, Gaskell, Shafir, others; through 1/12/97.

Museums

Alternative Museum—"The Luminous Image: An Exhibition of Illuminated Photography." Works by 21 photographers, among them Dennis Adams, James Casebere, Alfredo Jaar, Doug & Mike Starn, and Ted Victoria; through 1/4/97. 594 Broadway (966-4444), Tues.–Sat. 11–6; contribution suggested.

American Craft Museum—"Michael Lucero: Sculpture 1976–1995." A survey of the artist's whimsical sculptures, many of which combine ceramic elements with found objects; through 2/16/97. 40 W. 53rd St. (956-3535); Tues. 10–8, Wed.–Sun. 10–5; $5, $2.50 seniors and students.

American Museum of Natural History—"Leonardo's Codex Leicester: A Masterpiece of Science." On loan from William H. Gates III, the only manuscript by Leonard da Vinci still in private hands combines drawings and text to explain the whole of nature; through 1/1/97. . . . "Okavango: Africa's Last Eden." Large-format color photographs taken in the Okavango Delta of Botswana, Africa, by wildlife photographer Frans Lanting; through 1/5/97. . . . "Purposeful Traveler: Titian Ramsay Peale (1799–1885)." Paintings, illustrations, photographs, and memorabilia by and about the nineteenth-century artist/naturalist Titian Ramsay Peale, who was the youngest son of the Philadelphia painter Charles Willson Peale; through 2/28/97. Central Park West at 79th St. (769-5100); Sun.–Thurs. 10–5:45, Fri. and Sat. 10–8:45; $7 suggested contribution, $5 students and seniors, $4 children.

Asia Society—"Contemporary Art in Asia: Traditions/Tensions." A survey of works by contemporary artists from India, Indonesia, the Philippines, South Korea, and Thailand organized by the Asia Society and presented simultaneously at the Queens Museum of Art and the Grey Art Gallery & Study Center; through 1/5/97. . . . "The Grand Tour: Photographs by Guy Weill"; through 1/26/97. 725 Park Ave. (288-6400), Tues., Wed., Fri. and Sat. 11–8, Sun. 12–5; $3, $1 students and seniors, free Thurs. 6–8.

Bard Graduate Center for Studies in the Decorative Arts—"The Brilliance of Swedish Glass, 1918–1939: An Alliance of Art and Industry." A survey focusing on the leading artists of the period between the world wars and the aesthetic and technical innovations that established the Swedish glass industry; through 2/2/97. 18 W. 86th St. (501-3000), Tues.–Sun. 11–5 (Thurs. to 8); $2, $1 seniors and students.

Bronx Museum of the Arts—"Artist in the Marketplace: Sixteenth Annual Exhibition." Works by 36 emerging artists living in the New York metropolitan area; through 2/16/97. . . . "Petrona Morrison and Veronica Ryan: Sculptural Works"; through 2/16/97. 1040 Grand Concourse, Bronx (718-681-6000), Wed. 3–9, Thurs. and Fri. 10–5, Sat. and Sun. 1–6; suggested donation $3, $2 students, $1 seniors.

Brooklyn Museum—"In the Light of Italy: Corot and Open-Air Painting." An exhibition of landscape paintings by 48 European artists who worked in Italy between 1780 and 1840, among them nineteen paintings by Jean-Baptiste Corot (1796–1875) made during his first visit to Italy; through 1/12/97. . . . "Bruce Cratsley: Master of Light and Shadow." An exhibition of 22 images that reflect the contemporary photographer's personal experiences with spirituality, life, and death; through 1/5/97. . . . "Mine: Grand Lobby Installation by Rona Pondick"; through 1/4/98. . . . "Latin American Photography: A Spiritual Journey." Photographs depicting different aspects of Latin American culture by artists who are native to Central or South America, or have spent a significant part of their lives there; through 1/19/97. . . . "The Evidence of Things Not Seen: Drawings by Glenn Ligon"; through 2/9/97. 200 Eastern Pkwy., Brooklyn (718-638-5000); Wed.–Sun. 10–5; $4, $2 students, $1.50 seniors.

Clocktower Gallery Institute for Contemporary Art—A holiday installation by Hein, Seng, and Watson; through 12/24. 108 Leonard St. (233-1096); daily 1–7; contribution suggested.

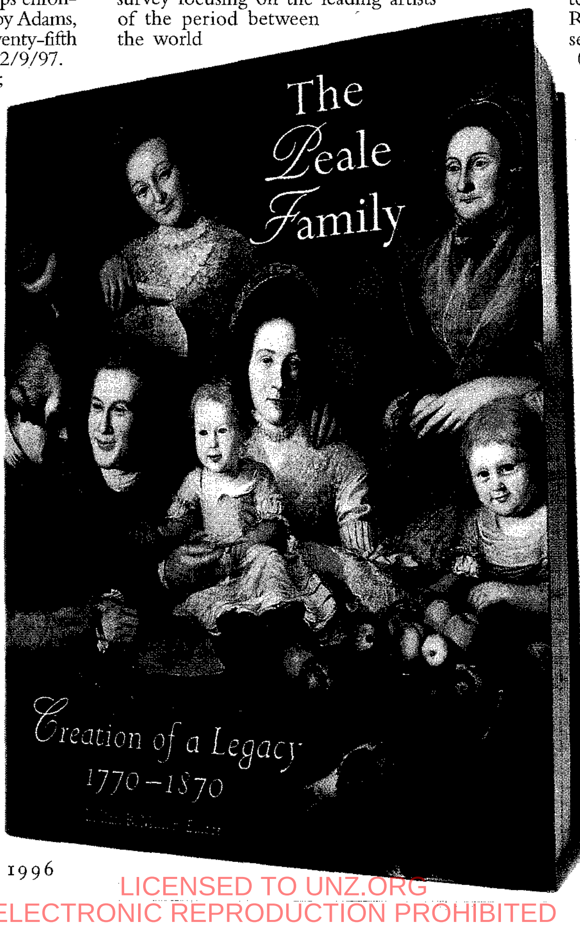
Cooper-Hewitt, National Design Museum—"Mixing Messages: Graphic Design in Contemporary Culture." Works by various graphic designers, among them Fabien Baron, Art Chantry, April Greiman, Chip Kidd, and Paula Scher; through 2/16/97. 2 E. 91st St. (860-6868), Tues. 10–9, Wed.–Sat. 10–5, Sun. 12–5; $3, $1.50 seniors and students.

Dahesh Museum—"Jean-Léon Gérome and the Classical Imagination"; through 2/15/97. . . . "Nineteenth-Century Photographs of Greece and Rome From the Collection of the Berkshire Museum"; through 2/15/97. 601 Fifth Ave. (759-0606), Tues.–Sat. 11–6; free.

Dia Center for the Arts—"Juan Muñoz: *A Place Called Abroad*." An installation of a streetlike environment occupied by groups of figures; through 6/29/97. . . . "Hanne Darboven: Kulturgeschichte 1880–1983"; through 6/29/97. . . . "Fred Sandback: Sculpture"; through 6/29/97. 548 W. 22nd St. (989-5912), Thurs.–Sun. 12–6; $3 suggested contribution.

Drawing Center—"Plains Indian Drawings 1865–1935: Pages From a Visual History." The first extensive survey of late-nineteenth and early-twentieth-century Plains Indian drawings, known as ledger drawings, from those of the Lakota on the northern plains to the Kiowa in the south; through 12/21. 35 Wooster St. (219-2166), Tues., Thurs., Fri. 10–6, Wed. 10–8, Sat. 11–6; donation suggested.

El Museo del Barrio—"Contemporanea: An Installation by Maria Elena Gonzalez." A site-specific installation by the Cuban-born artist that uses curved, backlit wooden panels covered with black rubber to transform the gallery into a quiet, dimly lit arena intended for the contemplation of the loss of loves ones to AIDS;



In Print **If you like to familiarize yourself with the relevant players before going to see an exhibition, you might consider picking up *The Peale Family: Creation of an American Legacy, 1770–1870* (Abbeville Press; $65)—which chronicles the lives and works of Philadelphia's largest and most celebrated artist clan—and then hopping on a train to see the paintings in real life. At the Philadelphia Museum of Art through January 5.**

Photograph by Wayne Simpson.

through 4/13/97. . . . "The Liberated Print: The Portfolio in Puerto Rican Graphics"; through 1/12/97. 1230 Fifth Ave. (831-7272); Wed.–Sun. 11–5, Thurs. 12–7; $4, $2 seniors and students.

Frick Collection—1 E. 70th St. (288-0700); Tues.–Sat. 10–6, Sun. 1–6; $5, $3 students and seniors; children under 10 *not* admitted.

Grey Art Gallery & Study Center—"Contemporary Art in Asia: Traditions/Tensions." A survey of works by contemporary artists from India, Indonesia, the Philippines, South Korea, and Thailand organized by the Asia Society and presented simultaneously at the Asia Society and the Queens Museum of Art; through 12/23. New York University, 100 Washington Square East (998-6780), Tues., Thurs., Fri. 11–6, Wed. 11–8:30, Sat. 11–5; $2.50 suggested donation.

Guggenheim Museum—"Ellsworth Kelly: A Retrospective." The most comprehensive survey ever presented of the artist's paintings, drawings, and sculptures; through 1/15/97. 1071 Fifth Ave., at 88th St. (423-3500); Sun.–Wed. 10–6, Fri. and Sat. 10–8 (Fri. 6–8, pay what you wish), closed Thurs.; $10, $5 students and seniors.

Guggenheim Museum SoHo—"1996: The Hugo Boss Prize." Works by the six artists nominated for the Hugo Boss Prize, among them Laurie Anderson, Janine Antoni, Matthew Barney, Stan Douglas, Yasumasa Morimura, and Cai Guo Qiang; through 1/19/97. . . . "Max Beckmann in Exile." The first exhibition to examine the German Expressionist's work made during his years as an expatriate in Holland and the United States; through 1/5/97. 575 Broadway (423-3500); Wed.–Fri. 11–6, Sat. 11–8, Sun. 11–6; $6, $4 students and seniors.

Jewish Museum—"Holidays! Jewish Seasons and Celebrations"; through 4/19/97. . . . "From Court Jews to the Rothschilds: Art, Patronage, and Power." The first exhibit to examine the cultural life of court Jews in Germanic lands; through 1/19/97. 1109 Fifth Ave. (423-3200); Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs. 11–5:45, Tues. 11–8 (Tues. after 5 free); $7, $5 students and seniors.

Metropolitan Museum of Art—"Christian Dior." A retrospective of the designer's works drawn mainly from the collection of the museum's Costume Institute; through 3/23/97. . . . "Charles Rennie Mackintosh." A survey featuring approximately 250 works by the celebrated Scottish architect and designer (1868–1928); through 2/16/97. . . . "Corot." The first American retrospective of the French artist's work in 35 years gathers some 150 paintings from public and private collections; through 1/19/97. . . . "Masterpieces in Little: Portrait Miniatures From the Collection of Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II"; through 1/5/97. . . . "Eugène Cuvelier, Photographer in the Circle of Corot." A selection of prints by this French photographer who made studies of the Forest of Fontainebleau in the late 1850s and early 1860s in close association with Corot, Millet, Rousseau, and other painters of the Barbizon school; through 1/12/97. . . . "Annual Christmas Tree and Neapolitan Baroque Crèche"; *through* 1/5/97. . . . "No Ordinary Mortals: The Human (and Not-So-Human) Figure in Japanese Art"; through 10/5/97. . . . "City and Country: Four New York Quilts"; through 2/23/97. . . . "Images of Women: Nineteenth-Century American Drawings and Watercolors"; through 2/2/97. . . . "Queen Nefertiti and the Royal Women: Images of Beauty from Ancient Egypt"; through 2/2/97. . . . "Enduring Rhythms: African Musical Instruments and the Americas"; through 3/30/97. . . . "Artists for Victory." A commemoration of the historic juried exhibition of contemporary art "Artists for Victory," held at the Metropolitan Museum in 1942–43"; through 1/12/97. . . . "The Art of the Renaissance Woodworker: The Gubbio Studiolo Restored." An exhibition that complements the museum's recent installation of a room of inlaid trompe-l'oeil panels that was once the *studiolo* of Duke Federico da Montefeltro; through 4/97. 1000 Fifth Ave., at 82nd St. (879-5500); Tues.–Thurs. and Sun. 9:30–5:15, Fri. and Sat. 9:30–9; $7 contribution, $3.50 children and seniors. The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park (923-3700); Tues.–Sun. 9:30–4:45 (closes at 5:15 between April and September).

Museum at F.I.T.—"Moon Over Pearls: Gene Moore's Tiffany Windows and Beyond." A survey of the designer's window installations for Tiffany & Co. from 1955 to 1994; through 1/4/97. . . . "From Printed Line to Woven Flower, Exploring Textile Patterns"; through 1/11/97. Seventh Ave. at 27th St. (760-7642), Tues.–Fri. 12–8, Sat. 10–5; free.

Museum for African Art—"The Art of the Baga: A Drama of Cultural Reinvention"; through 1/5/97. 593 Broadway (966-1313); Tues.–Fri. 10:30–5:30, Sat. and Sun. 12–6; $4, $2 children, seniors, and students.

Museum of American Folk Art—"A Place for Us: Vernacular Architecture in American Folk Art"; through 1/5/97. 2 Lincoln Square (595-9533); Tues.–Sun. 11:30–7:30; free.

Museum of the City of New York—"Back in the Days: East Harlem Old and Young"; through 3/23/97. . . . "The Art of Politics: Cartoons by Cassel, Kirby, & Arlt"; through 4/6/97. . . . "A Museum For a New Century: The Museum of the City of New York in the 21st Century"; through 6/29/97. . . . "Revisiting the Scene: New Evidence, New Discoveries." Nineteenth- and twentieth-century paintings of scenes of New York from the museum's collection; through 1/12/97. 1220 Fifth Ave., at 103rd St. (534-1672); Wed.–Sat. 10–5, Sun. 1–5; $5, $3 *students and seniors.*

Museum of Modern Art—"Jasper Johns: A Retrospective." The first in-depth survey of the artist's work in nearly twenty years; through 1/21/97. . . . "New Photography 12: Richard Billingham, Thomas Demand, Osamu Kanemura, Sophie Ristelhueber, Georgina Starr, Wolfgang Tillmans"; through 2/4/97. . . . "Antonin Artaud: Works on Paper." An exhibition of the drawings of the writer, critic, film actor, stage director, and poet, including approximately 70 works dating from 1937 to 1948 and a small selection of photographs, first editions, and letters; through 1/7/97. . . . "Projects: General Idea"; through 1/7/97. . . . "Jasper Johns: Process and Printmaking." A selection of proofs and editioned prints drawn almost entirely from the artist's personal collection; through 1/21/97. 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480); Sat.–Tues. 11–6, Thurs. and Fri. noon–8:30, closed Wed.; $8, $5 students and seniors (Thurs. and Fri. 5:30–8:30, pay what you wish).

National Academy of Design—"Powerful Expressions: Recent American Drawings"; through 1/5/97. . . . "The Artist's Eye: Jacob Lawrence Selects Paintings From the Permanent Collection"; through 1/5/97. 1083 Fifth Ave. (369-4880); Wed.–Sun. 12–5 (Fri. until 8); $5, $3.50 seniors, students, and children under 16.

National Museum of the American Indian Smithsonian Institution—"Woven by the Grandmothers: Nineteenth-Century Navajo Textiles From the National Museum of the American Indian"; through 1/8/97. . . . "Contemporary Navajo Weaving: The Gloria F. Ross Collection of the Denver Art Museum"; through 1/8/97. George Gustav Heye Center, 1 Bowling Green (825-6700), 10–5 daily, Thurs. to 8; free.

New Museum of Contemporary Art—"Carolee Schneeman: Up To and Including Her Limits." The first museum exhibit in the United States devoted to the work of this artist, a key figure since the sixties in the development of performance and body-based art; through 1/26/97. . . . "Enclosures: New Site-Specific Installations by Nedko Solakov, Teresita Fernandez, and Hale Tenger; through 1/26/97. 583 Broadway (219-1222), Wed., Thurs., Fri., and Sun. 12–6, Sat. 12–8 (6–8 free); $4, $3 artists, students, and seniors.

New-York Historical Society—"Robert Fulton: An American Leonardo?" Letters, sketches, and paintings by the eighteenth-century American painter-inventor; through 1/5/97. . . . "Scaasi: The Joy of Dressing Up." A retrospective of works by the designer; through 1/5/97. 2 W. 77th St. (873-3400); Wed.–Sun. noon–5; $5, $3 seniors and children.

New York Public Library—"A History of Women Photographers." A *historical survey of women's contributions* to the field of photography; through 1/4/97. . . . "The Romance of the Stone: Lithography, 1796–1825"; through 1/11/97. . . . "Artful Interiors: Rooms With a View." A survey of architectural and design publications covering the period 1750 to 1950; through 3/29/97. Fifth Ave. and 42nd St. (869-8089); Mon. 10–6, Tues.–Wed. 11–6, Thurs.–Sat. 10–6; free.

Pierpont Morgan Library—"A Fine Line: Rembrandt as Etcher"; through 1/5/97. . . . "Seventeenth-Century Dutch Drawings in the Pierpont Morgan Library"; through 1/5/97. . . . "Seeking the 'Splendid Misery': Presidential Races from Washington to Truman"; through 1/5/97. . . . "Charles Dickens: 'A Christmas Carol' "; through 1/5/97. 29 E. 36th St. (685-0008); Tues.–Fri. 10:30–5, Sat. 10:30–6, Sun. noon–6; $5 suggested donation, $3 students and seniors.

Queens Museum of Art—"Contemporary Art in Asia: Traditions/Tensions." A survey of works by contemporary artists from India, Thailand, the Philippines, South Korea, and Indonesia organized by the Asia Society and presented simultaneously at the Asia Society and the Grey Art Gallery & Study Center; through 1/5/97. New York City Building, Flushing Meadows Corona Park, Queens (718-592-9700); Wed.–Fri. 10–5, Sat. and Sun. 12–5; $3 suggested donation, $1.50 seniors and children.

Studio Museum in Harlem—"Growing Forward: Prints, Drawings, Sculpture, and Public Art by Richard Hunt, 1986–1996." *An exhibition that* interprets the influences of African-American history and culture, biology, and the urban industrial environment on the artist's work; 12/15–6/29/97. 144 W. 125th St. (864-4500); Wed.–Fri. 10–5; Sat. and Sun. 1–6; $5, $3 seniors and students.

Whitney Museum of American Art—"Making Mischief: Dada Invades New York." A survey of works by Marcel Duchamp, Francis Picabia, Man Ray, and other artists associated with New York Dada; through 2/23/97. . . . "Views From Abroad: European Perspectives on American Art 2." An exhibition of works culled from the museum's collection curated by Jean-Christophe Ammann, director of the Museum für Moderne Kunst in Frankfurt, Germany; through 1/5/97. . . . "Nan Goldin: 'I'll Be Your Mirror.' "The first retrospective of works by this photographer known for her gritty images of the sexual and cultural urban underground of the past two decades; *through* 1/5/97. . . . "Collection in Context: Breuer's Whitney—An Anniversary Exhibition"; through 12/8. 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St. (570-3676); Wed., Fri., Sat., Sun. 11–6, Thurs. 1–8; $8, $6 students and seniors (free Thurs. 6–8).

Whitney Museum of American Art at Philip Morris—"Beverly Semmes: She Moves." An installation by this artist who uses monumental scale to comment on clothing as a form of cultural and personal expression; through 1/4/97. 120 Park Ave. at 42nd St. (570-3633), Mon.–Fri. 11–6, (Thurs. to 7:30); free.

Auctions

Christie's—502 Park Ave. (546-1000). 12/13 and 12/14 at 10 and 2: "20th-Century Decorative Arts." On view from 12/7. 12/17 at 10: "Rugs and Carpets." On view from 12/14.

Christie's East—219 E. 67th St. (546-1000). 12/11 at 10: "Antique and Fine Jewelry." On view from 12/7. 12/12 at 2: "Animation Collectibles." On view from 12/7. 12/16 at 11 and 2: "20th-Century Decorative Arts." On view from 12/12.

Doyle—175 E. 87th St. (427-2730). 12/12 at 10: "Jewelry, Watches, Silverware, and Coins." On view from 12/7. 12/12 at 2: "Military Miniatures, Lead Soldiers, Antique Toys, Trains, Disney, and Other Collectibles." On view from 12/7.

Sotheby's—York Ave. at 72nd St. (606-7000). 12/11 at 10:15 and 2: "Russian Works of Art." On view from 12/6. 12/12 at 10:15: "Arthingworth Collection." On view from 12/7. 12/13 at 10:15 and 2: "Rugs and Carpets." On view from 12/8. 12/14 at 10:15: "Animation, Toys, and Dolls." On view *from 12/11. 12/16 at 2 and 6:* "Coins." On view from 12/13. 12/17 at 10:15 and 2: "Antiquities." On view from 12/13.

Swann Galleries—104 E. 25th St. (254-4710). 12/12 at 10:30: "Early Printed Books." On view from 12/7.

theater

Princess Sarah Jessica...Solo Acts

Broadway

Previews and Openings

Once Upon a Mattress—Sarah Jessica Parker plays the oversensitive royal in this musical version of Hans Christian Andersen's *The Princess and the Pea.* For insomniac luxury-lovers of all ages. $40–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. In previews for a 12/18 opening. *Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. (239-6200).*

Scapin—Bill Irwin's fresh adaptation of Moliere's classic tale of a servant who is pulling all the strings. $50. Tues.–Sat. at 7:30, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2:30. 12/10–12/13 at 7. In previews for a 1/9 opening. *Laura Pels at the Roundabout, 1530 Broadway, at 45th St. (869-8400).*

Now Playing

Beauty and the Beast—A musical based on a movie based on a fairy tale. Setting box-office and, presumably, merchandising records even as we speak. Kerry Butler plays the girl; Jeff McCarthy plays the (hairy) boy. With Tony-award-winning costume design by Ann Hould-Ward; lyrics by Tim Rice and the late Howard Ashman; score by Alan Menken. $22.50–$70. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 1 and 6:30. Opened: 4/18/94. *Palace Theatre, 1564 Broadway, at 47th St. (307-4100). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Bring In 'da Noise, Bring In 'da Funk—George C. Wolfe and Savion Glover's Tony-winning meditation on the pre-Hollywood ethnic roots of tap dancing has transferred uptown. Glover is on vacation 12/10–12/17. $20–$70. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Ambassador, 219 W. 49th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs.*

Cats—Now and for the foreseeable future. By Andrew Lloyd Webber, of course, with an assist from T. S. Eliot. $37.50–$65. Dark Thurs. Opened: 10/7/82. *Winter Garden Theater, 1634 Broadway, at 50th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Chicago—It was a gamble to transfer the Encores! production of *Chicago* to Broadway, but since *Chicago* is about women who kill their men and the mercenary lawyer who gets them off, gambling seems like the merest peccadillo. Especially when, as here, it pays off. Ann Reinking is suavely slinky with a demureness that oozes sex; Bebe Neuwirth does a scissors kick or two while maintaining her come-hither brand of snootiness. And James Naughton doles out dearly bought legal strategy like alms to an importunate beggar. Minimalism prevails. All is concise, calibrated, calculated, but nothing is stinted on. Every bosom, pelvis, and long leg is in business to keep the women in the audience identifying, the men panting. If Chicago in the twenties was like this, it was more fun than Periclean Athens. (Simon: 12/2/96) $47.50–$70. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 11/14/96. *Richard Rodgers, 226 W. 46th St. (307-4100). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

The Cocoanuts—In their early days, the Marx Brothers formed the habit of touring their farcical vaudevilles as live stage shows before committing them to film. Chelsea's American Jewish Theater, after successfully dusting off Irving Berlin and George S. Kaufman's original (1925) script for a knockabout farce about the Florida land boom—the basis for the movie that introduced the Marxes to Hollywood—and giving it its first professional New York revival in 61 years, moved the funny stuff uptown. $45 Tues.–Thurs., $47.50 Fri.– Sun. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *American Place Theatre, 111 W. 46th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 10 mins.*

Defending the Caveman—Rob Becker's one-man show, which posits a genetically inherited difference from prehistoric days to explain why men ("hunters") and women ("gatherers") get irritated with each other in Bloomingdale's. $47.50. Wed.– Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 5. *Helen Hayes Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. (228-3626, or just dial CAVEMAN). 1 hr. 40 mins.*

Dreams & Nightmares—Magician David Copperfield makes his Broadway debut, in a show scripted by David Ives. $20–$67.50. Tues. and Thurs. at 5:30 and 8, Wed., Fri., Sat. at 1:30, 5, and 8:30, Sun. at 1, 4:30, and 8. *Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

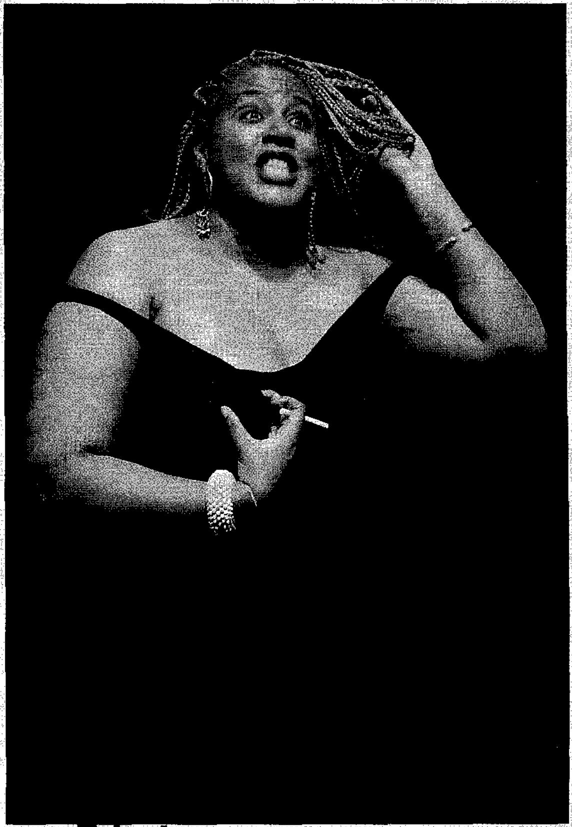
A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum—A new revival of the 1962 musical, featuring Nathan Lane as that sly guy Pseudolus. $60–$70. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Thanksgiving week: Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed., Fri., and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *St. James Theatre, 246 W. 44th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 20 mins.*

Grease!—A crowd-pleasing, neon-heavy rock-and-roll musical about a group of high-school seniors in 1959. Book, music, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey; directed and choreographed by Jeff Calhoun. With Sheena Easton as Rizzo. $30–$67.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 5/11/94. *Eugene O'Neill Theatre, 230 W. 49th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

An Ideal Husband—His contemporary George Bernard Shaw excoriated the hypocrisies of Victorian England with bitingly logical wit, but the similarly minded Oscar Wilde occasionally found emotional empathy a more apt tool. Sir Peter Hall's acclaimed West End revival of this 1895 play, which uses a conventional plot of unmasked adultery to condemn soul-stifling British intolerance and self-deception, now has an American cast, which includes Stephanie Beacham, Kim Hunter, James Warwick, and Nicky Henson. $30–$55. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. *Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 45 mins.*

Ground Rules:

Except where noted, Broadway shows begin at 8 and are dark Monday. Wallet-watchers should keep in mind the TKTS booths, where half-price tickets are available (for that day's performance only) to many Broadway and Off Broadway shows. TKTS booths are at Broadway and 47th St. and 2 World Trade Center, mezzanine level; call 212-768-1818 for more info. Involved in a production and want to submit details for a possible listing? Call 212-508-0740.

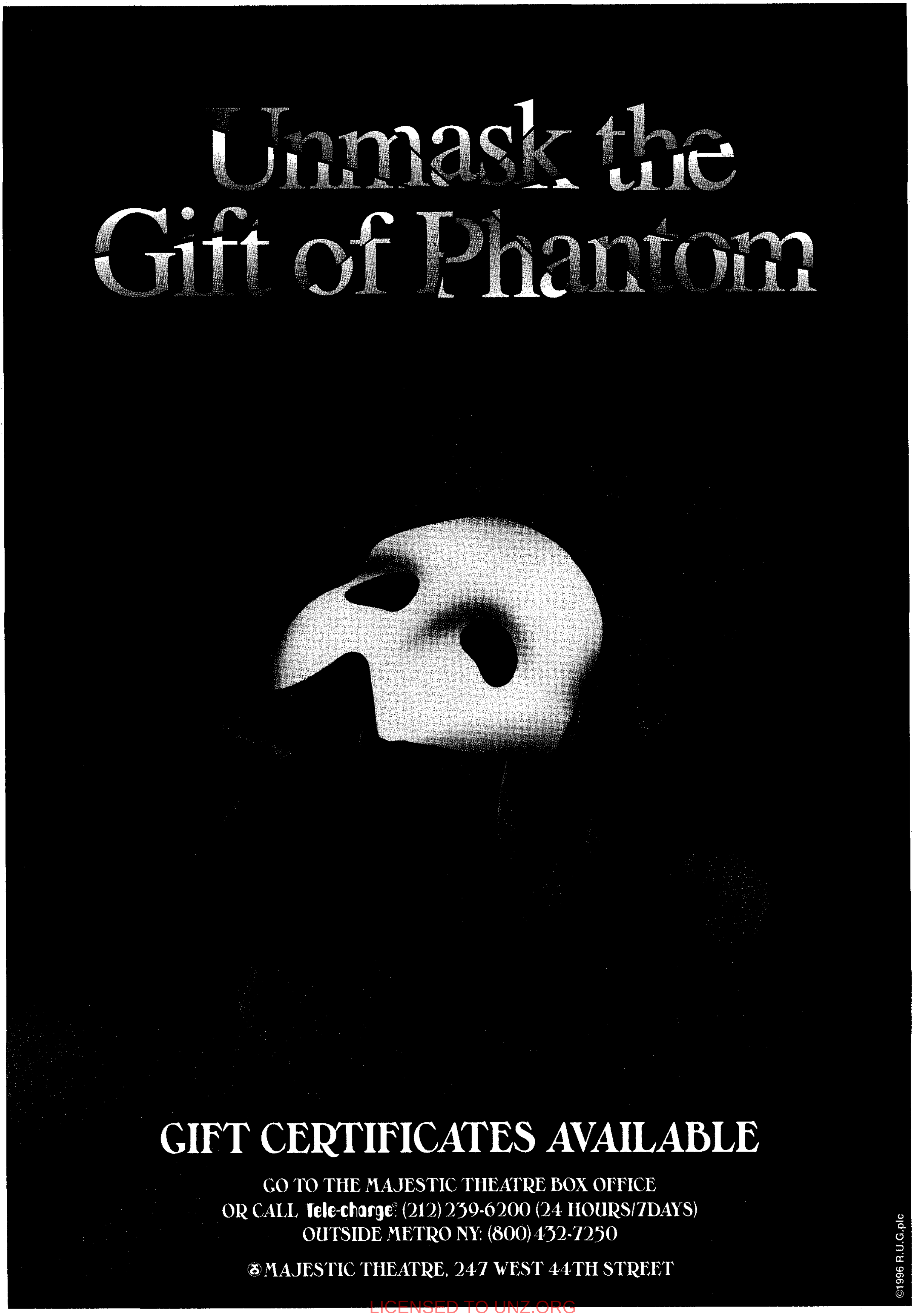


Talent

Mono-Mania

The New York Theater Workshop's seventh annual O Solo Mio Festival kicks into high gear, with three one-person shows running simultaneously through December. *Emmett: A One Mormon Show,* written and performed by Emmett Foster, is a prequel of sorts to his *So . . . It's Come to This,* detailing a childhood spent escaping overzealous priests. Dael Orlandersmith's *Monster* (above) is a dark look at one artist's battle with entrenched racism in Harlem. Call 780-9037 for details.

Photograph by Joan Marcus.



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It's a Slippery Slope—Part five of Spalding Gray's peripatetic performance autobiography glides swiftly past the breakup of his marriage and attacks of claustrophobia, dwelling instead on after-50 fatherhood and the Zen-like beauty of an afternoon on the slopes. $30–$35. Sun. and Mon. at 7:30. *Vivian Beaumont, Lincoln Center (239-6200).*

Juan Darién, A Carnival Mass—Julie Taymor and Elliott Goldenthal's vivid puppet pageant, retelling an Uruguayan folktale of a jaguar that is turned into a boy, and back again. $35–$45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 11/24/96. *Vivian Beaumont, Lincoln Center (239-6200).*

Julia Sweeney's "God Said, 'Ha!' "—The *Saturday Night Live* alum's one-woman show, telling what happens when life is going too well. $37.50–$45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 11/19/96. *Lyceum Theatre, 149 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

The King and I—Along with Lincoln Center's recent *Carousel* and the recent Broadway production of *State Fair,* the Rodgers and Hammerstein renaissance continues apace with their famous musical adaptation of the memoir *Anna and the King of Siam,* featuring contemporary heartthrob Lou Diamond Phillips (un-bald) in the role created by Yul Brynner. $25–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Neil Simon Theatre, 250 W. 52nd St. (307-4100). 2 hrs. 45 mins.*

Les Misérables—This pop-opera adaptation of the sprawling Victor Hugo novel, currently in its tenth year on Broadway, recently became the fourth-longest-running show in Broadway history. With a book by Alain Boublil and Claude-Michel Schonberg; music by the latter; lyrics by Herbert Kretzmer. $15–$70. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 3/12/87. *Imperial Theater, 249 W. 45th St. (239-6200). 3 hrs. 15 mins.*

Love Thy Neighbor—Jackie Mason, back on Broadway with a new one-man show of stand-up comedy. $37.50–$49.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. *Booth, 222 W. 45th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs.*

Master Class—In the early seventies, opera star Maria Callas took her diva persona from stage to classroom with a celebrated series of tutorials for young hopefuls. Slightly fictionalized, they're the subject of Terrence McNally's newest play, starring Patti LuPone (*Evita*) as the great *monstre sacrée* herself. $32.50–$45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. *Golden Theatre, 252 W. 45th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Miss Saigon—This reworking of Puccini's *Madama Butterfly* set in Vietnam during the fall of Saigon has just celebrated its fifth anniversary on Broadway. Score by Claude-Michel Schonberg; lyrics by Alain Boublil and Richard Maltby Jr.; directed by Nicholas Hytner. $15–$70. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2; dark Sun. Opened: 4/11/91. *Broadway Theater, 1681 Broadway, at 53rd St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

The Phantom of the Opera—In its ninth year on Broadway, Andrew Lloyd Webber's blockbuster continues to pack them in, passing the 3,200-performance mark recently and edging into sixth place among the longest-running musicals. And strangely—or wisely, depending on your point of view—it's no nearer to becoming a movie than on the day it opened. $15–$70. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 1/26/88. *Majestic Theater, 247 W. 44th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Present Laughter—A clever fellow, this Scott Elliott, but now he has gone too far. The director has taken Noel Coward's sleek, sophisticated comedy and staged it as the crassest farce. Garry Essendine, the fey, egocentric, matinee-idol hero, is doubtless modeled on the author himself, but Coward never fully emerged from the closet. It is not for Elliott to out one of his plays. Here the women are made shriller, sillier, or more predatory than called for, the men more effete, narcissistic, overtly homosexual. Frank Langella does ample justice to Elliott's Essendine: One wonders what he could have done with Coward's. (Simon: 12/2/96) $15–$60. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 11/18/96. *Walter Kerr, 219 W. 48th St. (239-6200).*

The Rehearsal—As so often in Anouilh, this play's story is that of a pure young girl threatened or destroyed, of virtue betrayed by vice, and of vice getting it in the neck as well. The play is both a comedy full of witty lines and a drama bearing grave truths. So much turns on perfect direction, which Nicolas Martin doesn't manage here. Everything about this production misfires, starting with the performances of Roger Rees and David Threlfall. Then take Robert Brill's design, which turns a French chateau into a stable, and the miscasting of five actors out of seven. The play's French subtitle, "Love Punished," might seem to refer to the Roundabout's enthusiasm being punished by fate. (Simon: 12/2/96) $50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2. Opened 11/21/96. *Roundabout, 1530 Broadway (869-8400).*

Rent—The late Jonathan Larson's reimagining of Puccini's *La Bohème* as it might be lived by a gaggle of contemporary young and hip types living in the East Village. $30–$67.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 2 and 7. *Nederlander Theater, 208 W. 41st St. (307-4100). 2 hrs. 45 mins.*

Show Boat—Because it covers three generations of show folk, because its action spans four decades, because it shuttles between steamy Natchez and boreal Chicago, and because it touches on such varied subjects as race relations and the dispersal of families, *Show Boat* is usually described as having epic sweep. In a production such as this, certainly. There are problems with the plotting, but director Harold Prince's staging moves so swiftly and involvedly that there is no time for questions. He is seconded by choreographer Susan Stroman, who with this effort surges to the forefront of Broadway dance creators. This *Show Boat* is a dreamboat. (Simon; 10/17/94.) $40–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 10/2/94. Through 1/5/97. *Gershwin Theater, 222 W. 51st St. (307-4100). 3 hrs.*

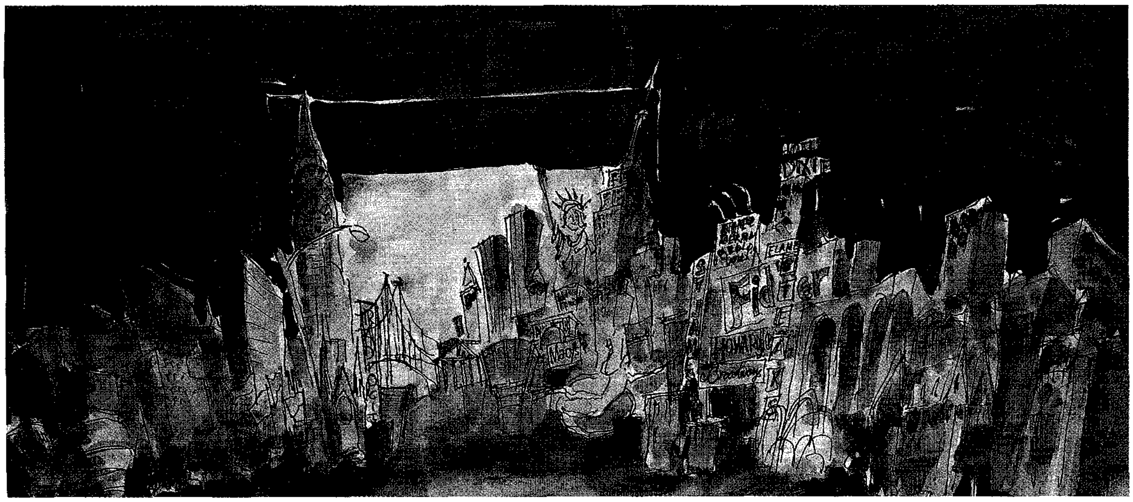
Skylight—New York last saw that fine playwright David Hare in December, when Lincoln Center's short-lived production of *Racing Demon,* a drama about the current crisis of faith in the Church of England, seems to have proved somewhat too parochially British for American audiences. They shouldn't have that problem with this less polemical, more inward drama focusing on the reunion, after three years, of a wealthy restaurateur and a schoolteacher, discussing a love affair that may or may not have run its course. Don't miss the American stage debut of Michael Gambon, known to TV audiences here from Dennis Potter's *The Singing Detective* and the more recent PBS show *Maigret*—and to Sir Ralph Richardson simply as "the Great Gambon." $40–$55. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Thanksgiving week: Tues.–Thurs. at 8, Fri. at 3 and 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3. *Royale, 242 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

Smokey Joe's Cafe: The Songs of Leiber and Stoller—They say the neon lights are bright on Broadway, and when this show—drawn from the score Jerry Leiber and Mike Stoller composed to accompany the American baby-boomer childhood experience—breezes into New York City, people gonna scrape and bow. You don't like crazy music? (We keep forgettin'.) Don't feel that way; baby, that is rock and roll. A tip, tip, tip, young blood: Buy yourself a ticket, sit down in the very first row. Have a drink and dig the band. Can't you hear the flügelhorn? Can't you hear the bell? Come to them sickly, they'll make you well. We don't know why our heart flips (and, baby, we don't care); we only know it does. Heartbreakin' nights, only in America. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Thanksgiving week: Tues.–Thurs. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3. $35–$70. *At the Virginia Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. (239-6200)?* Uh-huh. *2 hrs. 10 mins.*

Sunset Boulevard—Andrew Lloyd Webber's (mega-) musical adaptation of the Billy Wilder film masterpiece about a deranged Hollywood dinosaur and her reluctant boy toy. London's Elaine Paige (*Evita, Cats*) recently took over from Betty Buckley as Norma Desmond. $25–$70. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 11/17/94. *Minskoff Theatre, 200 W. 45th St. (307-4007). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

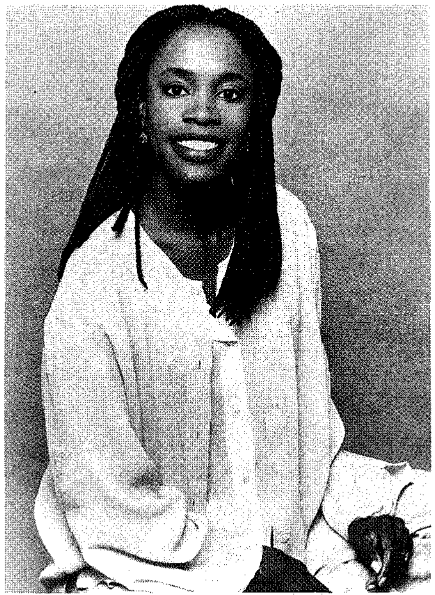
Taking Sides—Ed Harris stars as an American Nazi-war-crimes investigator, sparring with suspect conductor Wilhelm Furtwangler (Daniel Massey) over the question *Is art neutral?* $32.50–$45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 10/17/96. *Brooks Atkinson Theatre, 256 W. 47th St. (307-4100).*

Victor/Victoria—Reprising her title role in husband Blake Edwards's 1982 film, Julie Andrews—returning to the Broadway stage for the first time since the early sixties and Camelot—struts her stuff in (the late) Henry Mancini and Leslie Bricusse's musical adaptation of Mr. Edwards's comedy of sexual manners. "One way or another, *Victor/Victoria* will make history. Like a karaoke record, it's got everything minus one: a true star, a solid cast and ensemble, savvy staging and choreography, lush scenery and costumes and lighting, a funny (or at least doggedly farcical) book—everything but one really good song. This will be the test: Can a Broadway musical make it without a



Previews
Lady Killer

Following in the footsteps of the dancing female felons of 'Chicago,' the noir *musical 'No Way to Treat a Lady,' based on William Goldman's 1964 novel, returns to the stage, featuring another publicity-hound killer and James Morgan's fabulous seventies' cityscape set.*



Previews

The Awakening

Charlayne Woodard is back on familiar ground with *Neat,* a companion piece to her acclaimed1993 autobiographical show *Pretty Fire.* The new monologue chronicles her sixties adolescence, taking the teen Woodard from junior-high crushes to civil-rights rallies.

score? Julie Andrews has a look, voice, and personality that live in perfect harmony with one another, whether she is singing, dancing, acting, or just being. But there is—or rather, isn't—the unrelievedly second-rate music of the late Henry Mancini, augmented by three songs from Frank Wildhorn, which blend in seamlessly, alas. All the lyrics are by the once capable Leslie Bricusse, now given to such stuff as 'Paris is so sexy/ Riding in a taxi [texi?]/ Gives you apoplexy.' Still, *Victor/Victoria* may be the best unmusical musical you are ever going to see." (Simon; 11/6/95.) With Tony Roberts, Michael Nouri, and Rachel York; written and directed by Mr. Edwards. $20–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Marquis, 1535 Broadway (382-0100). 2 hrs. 45 mins.*

The Waste Land—Fiona Shaw makes her American stage debut in this theatrical adaptation of T. S. Eliot's 1922 masterwork—"a pile of broken images." $35. Wed.–Sat. at 7:30 and 9, Sun. at 5 and 6:30. Through 12/15. *Liberty, 234 W. 42nd St. (279-4200).*

Off Broadway

Previews and Openings

Godspell—The first all-black production of Stephen Schwartz's 1971 rock opera. $25. Thurs. and Fri. at 7:30, Sat. and Sun. at 3 and 7. In previews for a 12/13 opening. *Victoria Theatre, 235 W. 125th St. (769-8183).*

Henry VI, Parts 1, 2, and 3—Shakespeare's first history runs in two parts, "The Edged Sword" and "Black Storm," in repertory, directed by Arden Party founder Karin Coonrod. $35. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2. In previews for a 12/18 opening. Through 12/29. *The Public/Martinson Hall, 425 Lafayette St. (239-6200).*

Insurrection: Holding History—The world premiere of Robert O'Hara's hip-hop comedy, a getting-in-touch-with-your-roots, time-travel tale, featuring a guest appearance by Nat Turner. $25. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 2, Sun. at 7. Through 12/22. *The Public/LuEsther Hall, 425 Lafayette St. (239-6200).*

Neat—Charlayne Woodard's portrait of coming of age in the civil-rights era. $32. Tues.–Sun. at 7:30, Sat. and Sun. at 3. In previews for a 1/9 opening. *Manhattan Theatre Club at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. (581-1212).*

The Red Address—David Ives's new play, mysterious but not magical, about the disjunction between an American businessman's public front and private romance. $32.50–$37.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, and Sun. at 3 and 7. In previews. *Second Stage Theatre, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St.(239-6200).*

Tooth of Crime (Second Dance)—Vincent D'Onofrio stars in this revamped version of Sam Shepard's 1972 *The Tooth of Crime,* impersonating Shepard's leather-clad rock recluse for the nineties. Music by T-Bone Burnett. $37.50–$45. Tues., Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Wed. at 7, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. In previews for an 12/15 opening. *Lucille Lortel Theatre, 121 Christopher St. (239-6200).*

Now Playing

Americana—$20. Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 9, Sun. at 7. *Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. (838-9090).*

Andrew Carnegie Presents The Jew of Malta—Christopher Marlowe's farce has undergone a textual collision with an improvised take on the 1892 strike at industrialist Carnegie's Homestead steel mill. $15 Wed.–Thurs., $22.50 Fri. and Sat. All performances at 8. Through 12/21. *Theatre for the New City, 155 First Ave., at 9th St. (633-1292).*

Beat: A Subway Cop's Comedy—Comic reminiscence of ten years on the beat, by John DiResta, who remains a New York City Transit cop. $20–$25. 12/18–1/12: Fri. at 9:30, Sat. at 5 and 9:30, Sun. at 5. Thereafter: Tues.–Thurs. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 7. *Kaufman Theatre, 534 W. 42nd St. (279-4200).*

Blue Man Group: Tubes—Smart silliness, with toilet paper, neon-colored paint, cereal, etc. Kids love it, and adults can pretend the show's an ironic commentary on performance art. $35–$45. Tues., Wed., Thurs. at 8, Fri, and Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 4 and 7. Opened: 11/17/91. *Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. (254-4370).*

Born to Sing!—It's dueling-divas time, ambitious-newcomer division, when a singing superstar has to choose between her own daughter and (gasp) a brash interloper to accompany her on the road in this new high-octane musical about backstage passions from the creators of 1983's pop-and-gospel-inflected *Mama, I Want to Sing.* $15–$35. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3, Sun at 7. *Union Square Theatre, 100 E. 17th St. (505-0700).*

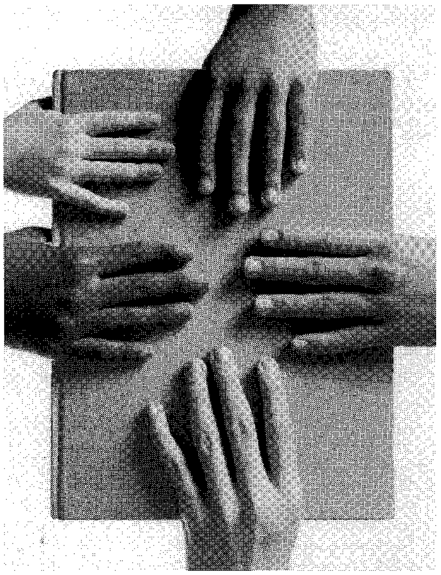
A Brief History of White Music—A new musical looking at white pop music from swing to the seventies. $40. Tues.–Sat. at 8:15, Sat. at 2:15, Sun. at 3:15 and 7:15. *The Village Gate, 240 W. 52nd St. (307-5252).*

Cakewalk—I knew Lillian Hellman somewhat less than slightly, but enough to find her inwardly as well as outwardly of staggering undesirability. Why the genuinely appealing, 25-years-younger Peter Feibleman would have fallen in love with Lillian Hellman—even if he did know her since he was 10—is, frankly, beyond me. Still, in his well-written memoir *Lilly,* he makes this love affair that lasted till Hellman's death more credible than in his own stage version, *Cakewalk,* a fragmented, thin-textured piece. (Simon: 11/25/96) $40–$45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Variety Arts, 110 Third Ave. (239-6200).*

Cowgirls—What happens when a classical-music trio gets booked by mistake into a country-music palace and races frantically to accommodate its longhair style to a room where crewcuts predominate? About what you *A Night at the Opera* fans would imagine, probably. Mary Murfitt and Betsy Howie's new musical comedy of errors is directed by Eleanor Reissa. $29.50–$45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 3 and 7. *Minetta Lane Theatre, 18 Minetta La. (420-8000).*

Evolution—A multidisciplinary rock-music extravaganza. $30; $10 student rush tickets available one hour before curtain for all performances. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 2. *Tribeca Performing Arts Center, 199 Chambers St. (346-8510).*

The Fantasticks—The musical perennial that, happily, refuses to go away. $35. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 7, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Opened: 5/3/60. *Sullivan St. Theater, 181 Sullivan St. (674-3838).*



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1996 EMERGENCY BOOK FUND

Family Values—A he said/she said comedy about a middle-aged Manhattan couple's mid-life breakup. $35. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Irish Arts Center, 553 W. 51st St. (358-5174).*

Flying Karamazov Brothers—"Sharp Flats and Accidentals" brings slapstick, pratfalls, and the usual circus atmosphere to the Brothers' annual show. $10–$25. Tues.–Sun. at 7, Sat. at 2. Through 1/1. *New Victory Theater, 209 W. 42nd St. (239-6200).*

Forbidden Broadway Strikes Back!—Some titles say it all, and Gerard Alessandrini's newest update of his long-running musical spoof poking fun at the assorted absurdities of the Great White Way couldn't arrive in town at a more—well, let's be kind and say propitious time. $35–$40. Mon., Wed.–Fri. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 7:30, Sat. at 10, Sun. at 3; food and drink available/optional. *Triad, 158 W. 72nd St. (799-4599).*

Full Gallop—Following its successful run at Manhattan Theatre Club last fall, Mary Louise Wilson's one-woman show about *Vogue*'s Diana Vreeland, the woman who invented both contemporary fashion and—to hear her disciples tell it—the color red, is back on Off Broadway for a return engagement. $37.50–$40. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 3. *Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. (239-6200).*

Golden Child—David Henry Hwang's new drama, set in twenties China, about cultural upheaval inside and outside the family unit. $40. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 2, Sun. at 7. Through 12/8. *The Public/Newman Theater, 425 Lafayette St. (239-6200).*

Grandma Sylvia's Funeral—An audience-participation comedy akin to *Tony 'n' Tina's Wedding,* written by Glenn Wein and Amy Lord Blumsack. When Grandma Sylvia dies, a power struggle ensues among family members. $37.50–$57.50, which includes a mitzvah meal. Opened: 10/9/94. Wed. and Thurs. at 2, Thurs. at 7:30, Fri. at 8, Sat. at 5 and 9, Sun. at 1 and 5. *Soho Playhouse, 15 Vandam St. (691-1555).*

Howard Crabtree's When Pigs Fly—One of this year's more melancholy theater trends is the posthumous musical. Like *Rent* composer Jonathan Larsen, costumer and musical "conceiver" Howard Crabtree passed away in June, days after completing work on his latest backstage-comedy revue. But the show, as developed by Mr. Crabtree with Dick Gallagher and Mark Waldrop, goes on. $40. Mon.–Thurs. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 7 and 10. Thanksgiving week: Mon.–Wed. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 3. *Douglas Fairbanks Theater, 432 W. 42nd St. (239-6200).*

I Love You, You're Perfect, Now Change—They're here. They're straight. Get used to it. It's a daring innovation, perhaps, but this musical revue about what, in the context of most contemporary musicals, seems an amusingly quaint subject these days—heterosexual love—has bravely decided to buck the trend. $45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 3. *Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. (239-6200).*

The Importance of Being Earnest—Oscar Wilde's best-known and most giggle-generating farce gets a glamorous revival, with Eric Stoltz and Melissa Errico starring as the quip-crossed cousins, and Nancy Marchand as resident battle-ax Lady Bracknell. $30. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3. Through 12/22. *Irish Repertory Theatre, 132 W. 22nd St. (727-2737).*

Late Night Catechism—Maripat Donovan as a parochial-school-teaching nun backed by a magisterium of unassailable moral authority and some mean wrist action with a ruler. $25–$32.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 2 and 5. *St. Luke's Church, 308 W. 46th St. (279-4200).*

The Lucky Chance—Jean Cocteau Rep performs Aphra Behn's Restoration comedy, twisting marriage and commerce into a seemingly hopeless tangle. $24 Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. Through 2/9. *Bouwerie Lane Theatre, 330 Bowery at Bond St. (677-0060).*

Magic on Broadway—Like it says, performed by illusionist and prestidigitator Joseph Gabriel $30–$50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Lamb's Theatre, 130 W. 44th St. (997-1780).*

Matty—A one-man show about baseball star Christy Mathewson, written and performed by Eddie Frierson. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Lambs Theatre, 130 W. 44th St. (239-6200).*

The New Bozena—A "slacker vaudeville," or grunge clowns. $25–$27.50. Tues.–Thurs. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 3. *Cherry Lane Theatre, 3 Commerce St. (239-6200).*

Nine Armenians—An intimate portrait of three generations of an Armenian family by Leslie Ayvazian $45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 2:30, Sun. at 7 Through 1/12. *Manhattan Theatre Club at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. (581-1212).*

Old Wicked Songs—Jon Marans's Pulitzer Prize–nominated play about an emotionally frozen young pianist and the old master who thaws him out. $42.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. at 2:30, Sat. and Sun. at 3. *Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th Street (580-1313).*

Perfect Crime—Warren Manzi's long-running thriller about a wealthy psychiatrist accused of murdering her husband, and the small-town detective who tries to prove she committed the "perfect crime." $35. Mon. and Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3 and 7, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 4/5/87. *Duffy Theatre, 1553 Broadway, at 46th St. (695-3401).*

The Queen of Bingo—The bingo hall as a metaphor for life (or at least gambling, love, and weight loss), plus a chance for audience members to try their luck. $20. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2:30, Sun. at 5. *Greenwich House Theatre, 27 Barrow St. (239-6200).*

Radio Gals—A comic musical about an Arkansas music teacher who, in defense of freedom of the airwaves, the First Amendment, and other American stuff, defies the big broadcasting boys by operating a radio station out of her living room. $45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 3. *John Houseman, 450 W. 42nd St. (239-6200).*

Red Devil Battery Sign—The New York premiere of one of Tennessee Williams's final works, starring Elizabeth Ashley and James Victor. $35. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. *WPA Theatre, 519 W. 23rd St. (206-0523).*

The SantaLand Diaries—David Sedaris's decidedly un-Christmas-spirited tale. Directed by Joe Mantello. $30–$32.50. Tues.–Thurs. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 7. *Atlantic Theater, 336 W. 20th St. (239-6200).*

The Springhill Singing Disaster—Karen Trott's comic solo play with music, an autobiographical survey of the life of an accident-prone folksinger. $40. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *47th St. Theater, 304 W. 47th St. (239-6200).*

Stomp—As the title implies, a loud, aggressive, and energetic show in which a troupe of performers dances, claps, and generally bangs on everything in sight. Featuring buckets, brooms, trash-can lids, and, yes, the kitchen sink. More engaging than you might expect. $29.50–$42.50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10:30, Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened: 2/27/94. *Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., bet. 7th and 8th Sts. (307-4100).*

Tony 'n' Tina's Wedding—A wedding at *St. John's Church, 81 Christopher St.*, then a reception at *147 Waverly Pl.*, with Italian buffet, champagne, and wedding cake. Wonderfully tacky—and it's lasted longer than a lot of real marriages. $60–$75. Tues.–Sun. at 7, Sat. and Sun. at 2. Opened: 2/6/88. *(279-4200).*

Warp—A multimedia science-fiction epic, featuring every fantasy you've ever had about ruling the fifth dimension. $35. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 5 and 9, and Sun. at 3 and 7. Through 1/5. *Theatre at St. Clement's, 423 W. 46th St. (279-4200).*

What's a Nice Country Like You Doing in a State Like This?—Contemporary sociopolitical commentary in revue format, including songs like "Hard to Be a Liberal." $25. Wed.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2:30 and 8, and Sun. at 3 and 7. Through 1/5. *Theatre Row Theatre, 412 W. 42nd St. (239-6200).*

Previews

Guys Are From Venus, Dolls Are From Mars

Sweet or sappy? Frilly musical theater of the Curly-loves-Laurey variety tends to inspire bipolar reactions. Firmly in the tropical zone is Sarah Jessica Parker (below), now starring in the Broadway revival of Mary Rodgers's *Once Upon a Mattress*: "I *love* the great American musicals," she gushes. "And I love this show. It's a wonderful, charming play, with so many traditional, great, marvelous numbers."

Traditional* being the operative word. Wide-eyed and consistently perky, *Mattress* is a classic burlesque take-off of Hans Christian Andersen's *The Princess and the Pea* (half Hart-ed sex farce, half soft-focus romance). The staples of the genre are all here: a fog machine working overtime, a dreamy pas de deux, and *Three's Company*–style high jinks involving a microscopic pea. There are even characters with Garbage Pail Kid handles like Prince Dauntless the Drab and Queen Aggravain. This production's versions of Rodgers's heady, vigorous melodies (she has her father Richard's ear for singable tunes) rarely depart from the original cast recordings of nearly 30 years ago, and the sexual politics are just as dusty. Parker, well acquainted with roles as the pert, duty-bound fiancée (see *Honeymoon in Vegas, Miami Rhapsody, How to Succeed . . .*), isn't phased by the show's notion of courtship as guerrilla warfare. "In the fifties, the play was metaphorical for the right and wrong way for women to behave. Now, in the nineties, it's just funny to see women act that way," says Parker, who apparently has never read *The Rules.

VANESSA GRIGORIADIS

Photograph by Carol Rosegg

restaurants

Rice Meal...Mesa Sauce...Mex Xmas

Manhattan

Lower New York

Alison on Dominick—An impeccably turned-out room with blue banquettes and tender lighting. Perfectionist owner Alison Becker Hurt makes sure that all is well. *38 Dominick St., nr. Hudson St. (727-1188). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

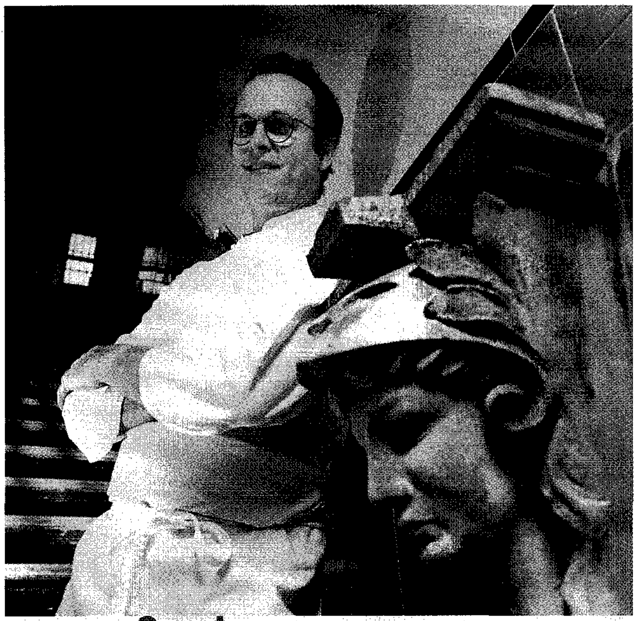
Baluchi's—Indian fare served in a cozy, comfortable atmosphere in the center of SoHo. Have a seat on a patchwork chair amid fantastic imported treasures. *193 Spring St., bet. Thompson and Sullivan Sts. (226-2828). Also, 1565 Second Ave., nr. 81st St. (288-4810). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Bo Ky—This very basic Chinatown spot has been dishing up delicious noodle soups to the neighborhood since before the Mees and Tang Tangs sprouted uptown. Expect to share a table. *80 Bayard St. (406-2292). (I) ($).*

Cambio Restaurant—Fish is done particularly well at this downtown Northern Italian spot. Try the salmon with artichokes or the black fettucine with squid, the homemade pastas, and desserts. *108 John St. (608-6500). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Can—This elegant SoHo canteen for the hip and the stylish excels in Asian seafood concoctions like hot-pot salmon, South Sea prawns, and seafood paradise, a mélange of lobster, clams, and scallops with a mild black-bean sauce. *482 W. Broadway (533-6333). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Chanterelle—Spare and elegant, virtually religious, this TriBeCa restaurant is a favorite among those who want a Big Deal. Chef David Waltuck runs a grand kitchen—seafood sausage, cold fruit soups, and anything he does with truffles in season. Wife Karen runs the front room with class and warmth. *2 Harrison St., at Hudson St. (966-6960). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*



Opening After Odeon

After eight years of slinging steak frites at Odeon, chef Stephen Lyle migrates one block north to open the aptly named Independent. The two-story space has been retrofitted with a cast-iron stove, wood paneling, and other assorted tavernesque fixtures. Salads, pastas, grilled fish, steak, and oysters round out the accessible American bistro menu. (179 West Broadway.)

The Cub Room—Fighting back from the scorching bar scene his restaurant became last summer, chef-owner Henry Meer (from Lutèce)—doing penance for the butter and cream of the past—is dishing up contemporary American fare to an impossibly diverse crowd. Yes, that was Ethan Hawke. *131 Sullivan St., at Prince St. (677-4100). (M) AE only.*

Ground Rules:

Here lie a few hundred of the city's more noteworthy restaurants, some *New York* advertisers among them. The price guide, admittedly imperfect, is as follows: (E) = expensive, $35 and over per place; (M) = moderate, $15–$30 per place; (I) = inexpensive, $15 and under per place.

Following each listing there is also a code indicating acceptable methods of payment: ($) = cash only, AE = American Express, CB = Carte Blanche, DC = Diners Club, DS = Discover, M = MasterCard, TM = Transmedia, V = Visa. "AE only" indicates that American Express is the only accepted charge/credit card.

Ecco—A beacon in the wilderness that is Chambers Street. Old-world charm and an excellent seasonal antipasto offering. The very charming narrow booths line the east wall, and tile floors take you back to the Gilded Age. *124 Chambers St., nr. Sixth Ave. (227-7074). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

F.illi Ponte Ristorante—A former longshoremen's hotel, newly renovated with a spectacular view of the Hudson River and New Jersey beyond. Join the throng—made men and gawking hangers-on—for fine Italian fare. *39 Desbrosses St. (226-4621). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Félix—Parisian bistro conveniently situated on SoHo's version of the Champs-Élysées, serving escargot and other Gallic standards. The atmosphere, as in most territory south of Houston, is stylishly casual. *340 W. Broadway (431-0021). (M) AE, TM.*

Hudson River Club—From this Frank Lloyd Wright–ish dining room in the World Financial Center, you can see the Statue of Liberty. But then, the Hudson River figures prominently so many ways here. The emphasis is on Hudson River valley farmers and their produce. *4 World Financial Center (786-1500). (E) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Kelley and Ping—The type of funky, lofty noodle house that could only exist—and thrive—in SoHo. *127 Greene St., nr. Prince St. (228-1212). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

L'Ecole—This modern French bistro is unique in that its chefs are students from the French Culinary Institute. Special three- and five-course menus are available, so come with either an empty stomach or a doggie bag. Private parties. Closed Sundays. *462 Broadway, at Grand St. (219-3300). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Layla—A Middle Eastern feast, complete with gyrating belly dancer, brought to you by Drew Nieporent and his TriBeCa production team. Menu highlights include crabmeat phyllo, cinnamon-braised lamb shank with okra, and toasted couscous and almond ice milk. *211 W. Broadway, at Franklin St. (431-0700). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Le Pescadou—This innovative Provençal bistro serves fresh seafood enhanced by a variety of infused oils. Oyster fans will find a wide variety of fresh ones. *18 King St., at Sixth Ave. (924-3434). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Montrachet—Owner Drew Nieporent now has five places in New York, including Nobu, Layla, Zeppole at the TriBakery and Tribeca Grill, and another in San Francisco. But this is his baby—attractive, lively, and one of the first truly great restaurants in lower Manhattan. There's lunch on Fridays—try the Roquefort-and-pear salad—and dinner Monday through Saturday. *239 W. Broadway, nr. White St. (219-2777). (E) AE only.*

Nobu—The great Nobu Matsuhisa—actually, he's young, good-looking, and incredibly hip—has arrived in TriBeCa. And New Yorkers haven't tasted Japanese cooking like this—unless, of course, they've visited Matsuhisa's restaurant in L.A. *105 Hudson St. (219-0500). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Odeon—Downtown has fallen in love all over again with this TriBeCa institution. The bar's out of Dashiell Hammett, and the dining room gets everyone from the banker, his wife, and their 2-year-old to movie stars, artists, and assorted big-deal celebrities. *145 W. Broadway, nr. Thomas St. (233-0507). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Penang—This Malaysian mini-dynasty began in Queens and has sprouted two Manhattan locations. Sample such exotic offerings as roti canai, beef rendang, and sarang burung in environs that strive to evoke the tropics. *109 Spring St. (274-8883). Also, 240 Columbus Ave., at 71st St. (769-3988). (M–E) AE, MC, V.*

Salaam Bombay—Sophisticated Indian food has made it to the heart of TriBeCa. Marble floors and a canopy above each table decorate the dining room. Regional specialties from all corners of the

Photograph by Steffen Thalemann.

country include dahi batata poori from Bombay, khaman dhokla from Gujarat, and lamb pasanda from Kashmir. *317 Greenwich St. (226-9400). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

SoHo Kitchen and Bar—Grape nuts celebrate the 96-spigot Cruvinet, ordering flights of Cabernets or seven Pinot Noirs to taste and compare, but SoHo neighbors love it, too—for all those beers on tap, for the thin-crust pizza, for a glance at the game on the TV overhead. *103 Greene Street., nr. Prince St. (925-1866). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Tennessee Mountain—This 1807 landmark farmhouse serves up huge portions of smoked chicken and grilled ribs, plus regional appetizers and desserts. Bring those breath mints and Handi-Wipes for all-you-can-eat on Monday night. *143 Spring St. (431-3993). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Tribeca Grill—Though this spacious, brick-walled restaurant sometimes serves as canteen for the film execs (and movie stars) in offices upstairs, the creative American cuisine and lively bar scene make it a popular downtown destination. Known for its roasted meats and fish specials. *375 Greenwich St., at Franklin St. (941-3900). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Zeppole at the TriBakery—TriBakery, the downtown bakery that morphs into a cozy Italian restaurant for lunch and dinner, has already won a loyal following with its fresh, tasty antipasti, delicious breads, and delectable pastas. Zeppoles, served in a paper bag, are a house specialty. *186 Franklin St. (431-1114). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Below 14th Street, East

Casanis—A shrine to French barroom bric-a-brac in the basement. A bistro that is as Paris was in the sixties. Yes, that was Jean-Paul Belmondo. *54 E. 1st St. (777-1589). (M) ($).*

Gotham Bar & Grill—Alfred Portale's kitchen, with its architectural ingenuity and whimsical creativity, serves as a finishing school for the city's all-star chefs before they launch their own careers. This awesome dining temple has long been a staple. *12 E. 12th St. (620-4020). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Haveli—Haveli distinguishes itself from the Sixth Street strip, for its food as much as its upscale decor. Possibly the only East Village restaurant with an *intentionally* shattered windowpane. *100 Second Ave., nr. 6th St. (982-0533). (I–M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Miracle Grill—This is what Bobby Flay did before Mesa Grill, and some regulars still prefer the low-key, casual atmosphere and the lively garden out back. The grilled vegetable plate surpasses most. *112 First Ave., nr. 7th St. (254-2353). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

Mirezi—This sleekly designed boîte features a sake bar and specialty Asian cocktails as well as traditional Korean and Asian dishes, such as bibimbap and barbecued spareribs, with the type of haute twist that appeals to the targeted young, trendy crowd. *59 Fifth Ave. (242-9708). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Osso Buco—Popular Italian restaurant on a much-traveled Village corridor serving family-style portions of the eponymous house specialty, Caesar salad, fried calamari, and T-bone steak. *88 University Pl., nr. 11th St. (645-4525). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Three of Cups—Proving that the East Village has room enough for another wood-burning oven pizza parlor besides Two Boots. The "mickey," a charred spud dripping with butter, shouldn't be missed. *83 First Ave., at 5th St. (388-0059). (I) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Below 14th Street, West

Bar Pitti—This Tuscan trattoria, with tables spilling out onto the sidewalk, has simpler, cheaper food than Da Silvano next door, but it's just as good a spot to sip an espresso and watch the Village foot traffic. Great fettunta. *268 Sixth Ave., nr. Bleecker St. (982-3300). (I–M) ($).*

Blue Note Jazz Club and Restaurant—Should you develop an appetite while listening to some of the world's best jazz acts, this famous Village club offers a full menu, with such Continental fare as shrimp with scallops and salmon with champagne sauce. Open for brunch, too. *131 W. 3rd St. (475-8592). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

ASK GAEL

Send us someplace romantic to nibble and neck.

Lovers can hide in gauzy gold-edged tents at Casa La Femme if they order the $55 prix fixe Alexandrian feast. Or sit on half-moon banquettes and choose à la carte. It looks a little like Egypt in a low-budget musical, but puff on the tall shisha water pipe and suspend disbelief as chef Ossama Mickail revisits the food of his homeland. Alas, it's mostly downhill after fabulous meze with warm pita and wonderful house-baked fenugreek bread. Best of the entrées ($21 or less)—filet mignon with its own mini-moussaka and the quail stuffed with unripened green wheat and raisins. (150 Wooster Street.)

Greenwich Cafe—This Village café, with its plush antique wing chairs and rococo mirrors, has a loungy feel and is open around the clock with a menu that crosses every border. Representative items include crab cakes with lobster sauce and fennel tempura, grilled salmon with jasmine rice, and a veggie burger with minted couscous. *75 Greenwich Ave. (255-5489). (I–M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Hog Pit—This country-roadhouse-esque joint in the middle of the meat market serves, aptly enough, pork ribs, pulled-pork sandwiches, and all manner of barbecued meat. Plus fried catfish, a pool table, country tunes, and cheap beer. *22 Ninth Ave. (604-0092). (M) ($).*

Le Zoo—The newest West Village scene, with lots of Left Bank ambience. The menu sticks to standards like poulet grand mère, saumon en croute, and cassolette. *314 W. 11th St. (620-0393). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Lips—It had to happen eventually: a drag-themed restaurant (dress optional) with "prestigious drag memorabilia," entertainment, and, somehow, a clientele ranging from professionals to families. The Continental menu includes stuffed mushrooms, veal chops with fried leeks, and steak-frites. *2 Bank St. (675-7710). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Rincon de España—Spanish restaurant offering excellent paella and seafood; very small and intimate. *226 Thompson St. (260-4950). (I) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Rose Cafe—This quiet and casual American bistro draws a diverse crowd. One of the only places where you can go and sit on Fifth Avenue and not break the bank. *24 Fifth Ave., at 9th St. (260-4118). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Sevilla—Regulars flock to this popular old-world Village spot for its famed paella à la Valenciana and chicken Villarcy. Be prepared to overdose on garlic. *62 Charles St. (929-3189). (M) ($).*

Tio Pepe—A reliably festive spot for classic Mexican and Spanish fare, from tapas to paella Valenciana, with an enclosed sidewalk café and skylit garden room. *168 W. 4th St. (242-9338). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Tsunami—This contemporary Japanese restaurant frequented by neighboring NYU students and sushiphiles boasts the city's only revolving "water canal" sushi bar, with sushi boats that float by diners like a luggage carousel. The assortment of rolls includes spicy tuna, spider, and tropical, and the environment, thanks to the water theme, is soothing and serene. *70 W. 3rd St (475-7770). (I) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Villa Mosconi—Peter Mosconi and his brood offer a menu as reliable as traditional Italian home cooking. Find this old-world anachronism in the heart of Greenwich Village. *69 MacDougal St. (673-0390). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Ye Waverly Inn—This shrine to Colonial times offers American standards like chicken potpie, baked peasant meatloaf, Indian pudding, and hot mulled wine. The room in the landmark building, dated to 1844, has *three* working fireplaces, and is decorated, in true Laura Ashley fashion, with lace curtains and floral wallpaper. *16 Bank St. (929-4377). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

14th–42nd Streets, East Side

Alva—Bare lightbulbs evoke Thomas Edison, the namesake of this sleek spot invented by Charles Palmer and designer Fernando Saralegui, but the food is all very twentieth-century: crispy shrimp cocktail, cod-and-salmon cakes, veal stew, an exciting cheese course. *36 E. 22nd St. (228-4399). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

An American Place—This venerable midtown spot is to New York as Chez Panisse is to Berkeley. With his eclectic American menu, Larry Forgione made the national cuisine interesting again. *2 Park Ave., at 32nd St. (684-2122). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Bambou—There's a new flavor on East 14th Street: ambitiously nouvelle renderings of Caribbean cuisine, like ackee-and-callaloo tart with scotch-bonnet-and-tomato salsa, and coconut-curry lobster with banana-lentil salad. The relaxing, tropical dining room and bar have already attracted such boldfaced names and beautiful faces as Harry Belafonte, Marisa Tomei, Iman, and Roshumba. *243 E. 14th St. (358-0012). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Bobby O's City Bites—Patrick Swayze's second restaurant (with partner Bobby Ochs) specializes in casual American fare like steak, sandwiches, pizzas,

Photograph by Bernd Auers.

and soup. The laid-back atmosphere and affordable food draw a young neighborhood crowd that mingles and eats surrounded by enormous photos of celebrities taking—you guessed it—big bites. *560 Third Ave., at 37th St. (681-0400). (I–M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Bolo—There's nothing discreet about Bobby Flay's neo-Spanish cooking. In a room that reminds you of Gaudí by way of Pee-wee Herman, Flay turns out fiery, bold dishes like baby clams in green onion broth as well as paella with curried shellfish and chicken. *23 E. 22nd St. (228-2200). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Campagna—The *Late Show With David Letterman* crowd is at one table, Time Warner honchos are at another, and isn't that . . .? Despite the frenzy of having become Media Central, this smart little trattoria serves some of the most satisfying Italian food in Manhattan. Chef Mark Straussman is to thank for dishes like rabbit in polenta, gnocchi with wild mushrooms and truffle oil, and grilled tuna with beets. *24 E. 21st St. (460-0900). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Gramercy Tavern—As a second act to Danny Meyer's much-loved Union Square Cafe, this Flatiron American newcomer doesn't disappoint. The main dining room manages to be both impressive and cozy, the service superlative, and Tom Colicchio's food inspired. For lesser appetites and lower budgets, the bar menu in the Tavern Room is equally delicious. Orchestrate your own cheese course and sample the varied selection of wines by the glass. *42 E. 20th St. (477-0777). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Heartland Brewery—A rollicking brewpub with a lively outdoor café and a menu as American as its Thomas Hart Benton–ish murals. Accompany your choice of microbrew with comfort food like meat loaf with buttermilk smashed potatoes, grilled Black Angus sirloin, and—for adventurers—buffalo burgers. The beer-weary can sample among the city's largest selection of single-malt scotches and tequilas. *35 Union Square W. (645-3400). (I) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

i Trulli—A Southern Italian restaurant that aims to prove that tomato sauce is not crucial for survival, i Trulli succeeds with tasty focaccia, homemade sausage, tripe, and venison. In warm weather, the garden is a perfect midtown escape. *122 E. 27th St. (481-7372). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Mesa Grill—Chef Bobby Flay believes in big flavors and big portions. He developed his own signature style, borrowing from the flavors and ingredients of the American Southwest. Loud, stylish, and loads of fun. Great quesadillas. *102 Fifth Ave., nr. 16th St. (807-7400). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Piccolino—A country-style Italian restaurant in midtown offering homemade pastas and thin-crust pizzas in a peach stucco duplex. (The building is a century old.) Worth trying are the risotto pescatore, shrimp-pesto pizza, and veal quattroformagio. *8 E. 36th St. (683-6444). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Rossini's—This elegant split-level restaurant offers Northern Italian cuisine and live music nightly. Chef Gilberto specializes in seafood, and private parties are easily accommodated. *108 E. 38th St. (683-0135). (E) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Union Square Cafe—The careful service, human-scale dining rooms, and peerless California café cuisine make this one of the best restaurants in the city. *21 E. 16th St. (243-4020). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

14th–42nd Streets, West Side

Bright Food Shop—A Chelsea luncheonette with an innovative, healthy Mexican menu with Asian influences. Excellent desserts and a great selection of Mexican fruit sodas. *216 Eighth Ave., at 21st St. (243-4433). (I–M) ($).*

Bryant Park Grill—This long-awaited restaurant on the edge of the city's prettiest pocket park has been mobbed from day one. Go at an off-hour for Caesar salad, New York steak, soft-shell crabs, and scallion pancakes. *40th St., between Fifth and Sixth Aves. (840-6500). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Cafe Americanstyle—An ideal rest stop for Lord & Taylor shoppers, whether they're simply grabbing a bite or resting their weary feet for hours. American fare in a simple setting. A welcome respite from the unruly retail throng. *424 Fifth Ave., nr. 39th St. (391-3344). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Da Umberto—Low-key Chelsea façade belies the extraordinary Italian offerings inside. Getting a table is no small task, especially in the evening. This is a Euro–New York crossroads. A mad cacophony of laughter and chatter in Brooklynese and Roman. Don't dress down. *107 W. 17th St. (989-0303). (E) AE only.*

Flowers—A fashionable Flatiron restaurant with surprisingly tasty and innovative food and a lively atmosphere. Sample the chef's modern renderings of shrimp rolls, baby lamb chops, and baked Alaska. *21 W. 17th St. (691-8888). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Intermezzo—This colorful Chelsea Italian restaurant has local art—and a hand-painted mural—on the walls, and a menu offering mozzarella saporita, tagliolini al peperone, and pollo alla griglia. *202 Eighth Ave., nr. 20th St. (929-3433). (I–M) AE.*

Luma—Luma used to be famous for its nutritional asceticism: no meat, no fat, no fun. Now the only restriction is the chef's efforts to use organic ingredients. Global influences abound, from the Spanish-mackerel seviche to the shrimp satay with caramelized mango. *200 Ninth Ave., at 22nd St. (633-8033). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Simply Pasta—Perfectly situated for pretheater, this moderately-priced Northern Italian restaurant offers such dependable, fresh fare as Caesar salad, osso buco, and tirami su. *120 W. 41st St. (391-0805). (I) AE, DC, MC, V.*

37th Street Hideaway—Restaurant and supper club in the former home of John Drew Barrymore. Dance to live music—this month, it's Nina Murani and her trio—between courses of Northern Italian fare, best sampled on the prix fixe lunch and dinner menus. Free parking available after five; closed Sunday. *32 W. 37th St. (947-8940). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

World Yacht—Take an out-of-town visitor to see the sights—all of them—over dinner. The luxury yacht boards at six, and sails from seven until ten. *Pier 81, W. 41st St. and the Hudson River (630-8100). (E) AE, MC, V.*

43rd–56th Streets, East Side

BlackFinn Bar & Restaurant—A place boasting all the elements to satisfy overtaxed office workers: happy hour, TVs, a fireplace, and a friendly attitude toward cigar smoke. The Cajun menu offers spicy fare like chicken-and-sausage jambalaya and blackened-shrimp po'boys. Weekend brunch and live acoustic music Tuesdays and Wednesdays. *994 Second Ave., nr. 52nd St. (355-6993). (I) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Café Centro—A big, shiny brasserie-cum-café in the lobby of the MetLife Building; there's inventive cooking going on here, and the joint is as fun and good as non-expensive midtown gets. In the loud little Beer Bar, get one of the best hamburgers in town. Closed Sunday. *200 Park Ave., 45th St. at Vanderbilt Ave. (818-1222). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Charlton's—A traditional American steakhouse with dark wood, white tablecloths, and all the expected accoutrements. Besides beef, there are crabcakes, lamb chops, and homemade soups, plus an extensive list of wine and beer. *922 Third Ave., nr. 55th St. (688-4646). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

The Comfort Diner—Fifties-theme diner, with an updated menu of retro faves like Mom's meatloaf, Thanksgiving on a roll, malteds, milkshakes, and egg creams. Try brunch on the weekends, when this neighborhood empties out. *214 E. 45th St. (867-4555). (I) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Denim & Diamonds—This southwestern grill and upscale nightclub is midtown's best place for country dancing in a corporate atmosphere. *511 Lexington Ave., nr. 48th St. (371-1600). (I) AE, MC, V.*

Divine Bar—This East Side establishment is all things to all people: a cigar bar, a wine bar, a tapas lounge, and a casual, couch-filled living room where local office workers can unwind. The eclectic menu includes smoked-duck breast bruschetta and chocolate fondue with fruit. *244 E. 51st St. (319-9463). (I) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Fresco—It's a family affair: The Scottos, including broadcasting star Rosanna, have created a room where you'll find stars at your feet and hearty por-

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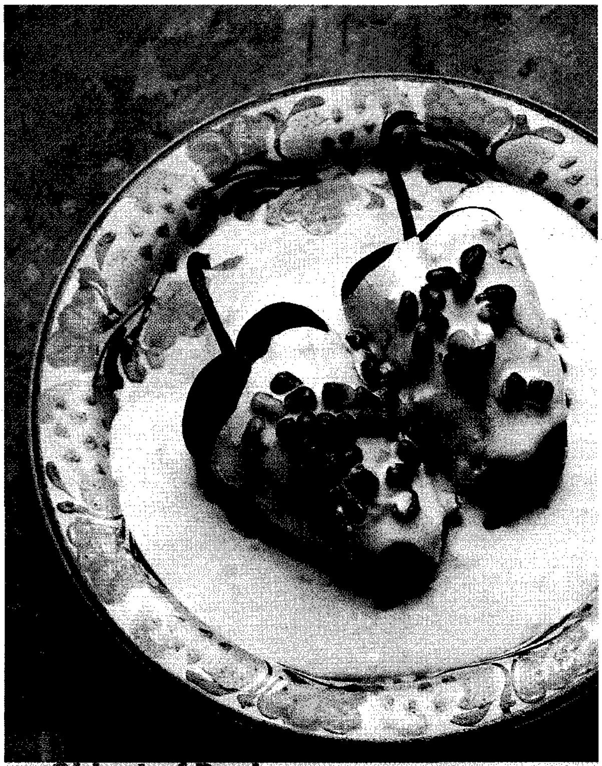


Object of Desire
Capturing the Flag

Josefina Howard commemorates Mexican independence (and, coincidentally, the Christmas season) with her chiles en nogada special at Rosa Mexicano (1063 First Avenue, at 58th Street). Puebla nuns created the Mexican-flag-colored dish of pork-and-fruit-stuffed poblanos blanketed in a walnut cream sauce and pomegranate seeds.

tions of modern Tuscan fare (rich homemade pasta, thin and crispy grilled pizza, chops and fish) on the table. *34 E. 52nd St. (935-3434). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Giambelli 50th Ristorante—Elegant Northern Italian fare served in a warm and cozy atmosphere. The chef imports esoteric varieties of pasta from Italy to prepare his specialties; the fish and meat dishes are as carefully considered. *46 E. 50th St. (688-2760). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

La Mangeoire—With a little imagination, you feel as if you're in the south of France in this rustic, countrified restaurant in midtown. The prix fixe is a smart way to take advantage of house specials like caramelized-thyme-onion tart, roasted monkfish with cumin-eggplant caviar, and lavender-scented crème brûlée. *1008 Second Ave., at 53rd St. (759-7086). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Lespinasse—Marie Antoinette, where are you? This ultra-formal dining room in the St. Regis Hotel—think Versailles and you get the rococo drift—is where you'll find Gray Kunz's inventive Franco-Oriental cooking. The $46 prix fixe at lunch is a gentle introduction to exactly what wonders chef Kunz can perform. *2 E. 55th St., in the St. Regis Hotel (753-4500). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Lutèce—The name is still synonymous with dishes like Dover sole, cassoulet, and rack of lamb. After three decades of defining traditional French cuisine, master chef André Soltner ceded the reins to relative innovator Eberhard Müller. The kitchen still astonishes. *249 E. 50th St. (752-2225). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Morton's of Chicago—This midwestern import has taken Manhattan by storm, winning converts with its tender double porterhouse and men's club charm. Hard to believe it's a chain. *551 Fifth Ave., at 45th St. (972-3315). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Naples Ristorante e Pizzeria—This new, sprawling Italian restaurant and carry-out in the MetLife building serves authentic Neapolitan cuisine, including excellent thin-crust pizzas, baked to order by experienced pizza masters imported directly from Italy. Also try the twice-baked sandwiches and the wide array of wines by the glass. *200 Park Ave., at 45th St. (972-7001). (I–M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Smith & Wollensky—Carnivores keep this popular steakhouse jumping. All wood and brass, it has the look of a private men's club, the noise of a locker room, and a serious wine cellar. *Third Ave. at 49th St. (753-1530). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Tatou—Gilded-plaster satyrs, bubble-toting cherubs, jazz onstage, and American-influenced French cuisine. Executive chef Michel Bourdeaux has gussied up the menu with dishes like Caribbean-style grilled swordfish on spinach, and cabbage stuffed with mushroom and roasted squab. During the more sedate lunch hour, dine to the background music of harp or a classical trio. *151 E. 50th St. (753-1144). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Tropica—Always packed at lunch, but squeeze in at the bar and order the salmon and a glass of tropical iced tea. The dining room serves the most imaginative seafood in town, but be sure to go on a weekday—the restaurant, located in the lobby of the MetLife Building, is closed Saturday and Sunday. *200 Park Ave., nr. 45th St. (867-6767). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Typhoon Brewery—A brewpub with a twist: This midtown high-tech duplex features an upscale Thai restaurant upstairs and a buzzing, business-crowd bar scene downstairs. Fresh beer on tap, an elaborate wine list, and spicy fare like wok-charred Manila clams with chili jam and spicy beef salad with siracha dressing are the reasons to frequent this newcomer. *22 E. 54th St. (754-9006). (M–E) AE.*

Zaro's Bread Basket—Most famous for its baked goods, this quick-service midtown shop is also handy for takeout sandwich and salad lunches. *466 Lexington Ave., at 46th St. (292-0175). (I) AE, DS, MC, V.*

43rd–56th Streets, West Side

American Festival Cafe—Lunch inside this glamorized eatery with rotating American folk art. Skaters in winter and a garden in the summer and early fall make for fierce window-seat competition. *Rockefeller Plaza, 20 W. 50th St. (332-7620). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Bello—Locals flock here for generous portions of well-priced Northern Italian served in a casually elegant atmosphere. Free parking from four till closing. *863 Ninth Ave., at 56th St. (246-6773). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Broadway Joe—Located in a townhouse on Restaurant Row, this steakhouse serves a fourteen-ounce prime rib but also delivers fresh seafood and pasta for the omnivore. Hirschfeld caricatures cover the walls, so come find your NINAS while you dine. Discount dinner parking. Private parties. *315 W. 46th St. (246-6513). (M–E) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Century Cafe—Theater-district cafe popular among actors and fans alike, with a prix-fixe menu and American fare like filet mignon and grilled salmon. *132 W. 43rd St. (398-1988). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Ciao Europa—Midtown Italian in an elegant, castle-like setting, with ceiling-high murals painted in 1937. Regulars swear by the pasta and desserts. *63 W. 54th St. (247-1200). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Cité—An extravagant French steakhouse, marble and pewter with blazing chandeliers, and a more affordable grill next door. *120 W. 51st St. (956-7100). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Ellen's Stardust Diner—A tribute to that archetype of mid-century American gastronomy, this themey diner serves up iconic nourishment, from "Mom's meatloaf platter" to "grilled chicken T-bird" salad. *1650 Broadway, at 51st St. (956-5151). (I) AE, DC, MC.*

"44"—Still the first stop for the officers of the Condé Nast empire. Deeply plush, windowless décor feels like the center of the Earth. Given the theatricality, surprisingly terrific food. *44 W. 44th St., in the Royalton (944-8844). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Java Shop—A full-service coffee shop, offering take-out and waiter service. The American menu includes Belgian waffles, oven-baked fried chicken, salads, and breakfast served all day long. Charles Morris Mount created a sleek, contemporary design, with a java-influenced color scheme. *1611 Broadway, at 49th St. (246-1960). (I) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

JUdson Grill—Bustling space in midtown office tower with surprisingly inventive American grill food and a bar scene to rival most. *152 W. 52nd St. (582-5252). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

La Veranda—Northern Italian food. A popular spot in the theater district offering generous portions of fish, seafood, veal chops and pasta. *163 W. 47th St. (391-0905). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Langan's—American cuisine in a clublike setting. Food ranges from Black Angus steaks to crab cakes and seafood. A trendy, well-heeled crowd at the much-frequented bar mixes with theatergoers in the dining room. *150 W. 47th St. (869-5482). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Lattanzi—Reliable Italian in a romantic garden. Go when there's no danger of a curtain rising or falling soon for special attention. *361 W. 46th St. (315-0980). (M) AE only.*

Le Bernardin—French-born Eric Ripert carries forth the quest of his predecessor, the late Gilbert Le Coze, for the world's most spectacular seafood. His ambitious signature dishes—scallops and foie gras with truffles, Spanish-style mackerel in Jerez vinegar, saddle of monkfish—have already won a very loyal following. *155 W. 51st St. (489-1515). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Les Pyrenées—French Provençal cuisine. Cassoulet from Toulouse recommended, as well as filet mignon and frogs' legs. A rustic atmosphere. A lot of theatergoers. *251 W. 51st St. (246-0044; 24). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Martini's—Convenient for pre- and posttheater, with a buzzing year-round sidewalk café and chef Richard Krause's rustic homemade pastas, charcoal-grilled seafood, and wood-oven pizza. *810 Seventh Ave., at 53rd St. (767-1717). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Osteria del Circo—The restaurant of the moment, partly because of its excellent bloodlines (Sirio Maccioni's brood of charming sons runs the place) and partly because of its flavorful, home-style Italian menu. Be sure to try anything created by proud mother (and food consultant) Mrs. Maccioni. *120 W. 55th St. (265-3636). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Palio—Stylish midtown duplex restaurant, with a famous muraled bar and elegant preparations of sophisticated Northern Italian dishes like rabbit with prosciutto di Parma and lobster salad with cannellini beans. *151 W. 51st St. (245-4850). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Pig and Whistle—This is midtown's answer to an Irish bar. A business clientele and a coming-and-going-to-the-theater crowd can find Irish specialties—both solid and liquid—here. *165 W. 47th St. (302-0112). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Rainbow Room—"Where troubles melt like lemon drops," boasts this perch in the sky. The restaurant

Photograph by Steven Freeman.

is 65 stories up and more than 60 years old, and its stellar views of New York give it reason to gloat. Romantic, with a solid Continental menu. Jacket and tie required. *30 Rockefeller Plaza (632-5000). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Ruth's Chris Steakhouse—A steak cooked in butter is the centerpiece of this successful upscale chain's take-no-prisoners march east across the country. Steak served in a series of connected, muted, and wood-paneled dining rooms. *148 W. 51st St. (245-9600). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

The Sea Grill—Plush, cozy dining room open to garden tables in the summer and offers a view of the Rockefeller Center skating rink in winter. The serving team does cartwheels toting crab cakes with two sauces, mint-touched carpaccio of yellowfin-tuna mignon, and swordfish steak at premium prices. *Rockefeller Plaza, 19 W. 49th St. (332-7610). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Stage Delicatessen—A landmark deli that serves gigantic sandwiches, every one of which is worth returning for. *834 Seventh Ave., nr. 54th St. (245-7850). (I) AE, MC, V.*

Sullivan's Restaurant & Broadcast Lounge—This restaurant's nostalgic location in the landmarked Ed Sullivan Theater informs its classic style, with "Hollywood" booths, 30-foot ceilings, and mahogany bars. The American menu features such diverse selections as surf-and-turf and pan-seared scallops with truffle mashed potatoes. Try the pretheater prix fixe, or stop in for a late bite. Live jazz Wednesday nights. *1697 Broadway, nr. 53rd St. (541-1697). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

T.G.I. Friday's—When you crave the familiar, this casual American chain provides predictably decent grub like burgers, steaks, pastas and potato skins. *761 Seventh Ave., at 50th St. (767-8350). Also, seven other Manhattan locations. (I) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

'21' Club—The new, old, younger '21' has lost its hauteur at the door but not its toys in the artfully restored saloon. Club classics alongside contemporary whimsy at prices that stagger, but from 10:30, supper is a bargain. *21 W. 52nd St. (582-7200). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Victor's Cafe 52—Until the fall, this is as close to Cuba as you can get—at least in this neighborhood. *236 W. 52nd St. (586-7714). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

57th–60th Streets

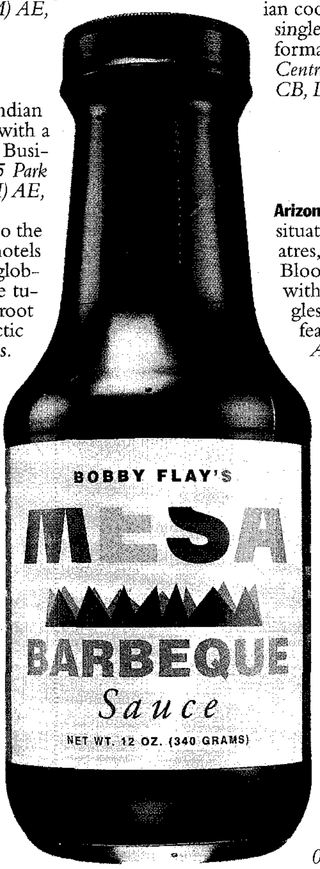
Akbar—Newly renovated, this Indian restaurant is cozy and colorful, with a stained-glass ceiling overhead. Business-minded types abound. *475 Park Ave., nr. 57th St. (838-1717). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Central Park South—A newcomer to the Central Park South strip of hotels and restaurants, specializing in globally inspired American food like tuna tartare with curry oil, lotus-root chips, grilled veal chops, and Arctic char with sautéed vegetables. Jacket required, unless you eat in the bar, which has its own, more casual menu. *150 Central Park So. (765-1444). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Contrapunto—Join the queue in this good-looking, updated restaurant that's added a roster of sophisticated meat and seafood dishes to its renowned pastas. *200 E. 60th St. (751-8616). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Shopping

Bobby Flay—superchef, TV personality, cookbook author, and caterer—adds retail to his repertoire with his Mesa Barbeque sauce, zesty with molasses, honey, Dijon, and chipotle pepper. While you're waiting for the crowds to ebb at bustling new Mesa City, replicate the flavor of his smoky chicken and ribs at home. (At Kitchen and Dean & DeLuca)



Photograph by Steve Wisbauer.

Fifty Seven Fifty Seven—The country's entertainment-industry glitterati make themselves right at home at I. M. Pei's monumental dining room. Susan Weaver is one of the only working chefs to combine contemporary presentation and technique with classic Provençal on one plate. The weekend bar scene puts the concept-hotel bar scene to shame. *57 E. 57th St. (758-5700). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Les Célébrités—Plush and old-fashioned, this imposing dining room in the Essex House on Central Park South also happens to have a very fine kitchen. Dinner only. *160 Central Park So. (484-5113). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

The Manhattan Ocean Club—Savor your seafood in an elegant dining room decorated with Picasso ceramics and Brazilian-red-cherry floors. *57 W. 58th St. (371-7777). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

March—This small townhouse feels homey and romantic. Try confit and grilled duck touched with sweet and savory chutneys or Atlantic salmon with Middle Eastern spices and aïoli. *405 E. 58th St. (754-6272). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Mickey Mantle's—A sleek sports bar and restaurant with an art gallery, the requisite TV monitors, and a collection of vintage baseball jerseys. Features American cuisine like hickory-smoked baby back ribs, chicken-fried steak, and grilled swordfish. *42 Central Park So. (688-7777). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Motown Cafe—Motor City music, live and memorialized in showbiz displays, keeps the crowds lining up. So do the down-home midtown versions of barbecue, fried chicken, meatloaf, and crab cakes. *104 W. 57th St. (581-8030). (I) AE, MC, V.*

Rosa Mexicano—Did someone say "fresh-pomegranate margarita"? Yes, someone did. What's more, this spot prepares your guacamole tableside (a south-of-the-border hibachi?). Some of the tastier gourmet Mexican in the city. *1063 First Ave., at 58th St. (753-7407). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

San Domenico—Toques off to owner Tony May, who may have done more for the cause of serious Italian cooking in New York than any other single restaurateur. His dining room is formal, and the food is wonderful. *240 Central Park So. (265-5959). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Above 60th Street, East Side

Arizona 206—Innovative southwestern, situated amid a cluster of movie theatres, and spitting distance from Bloomingdale's. Adobelike setting with fireplace and active sort-of-singles bar. Ideal spot for a drink or a feast. *206 E. 60th St. (838-0440). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Baraonda—When the rest of the neighborhood is dark, this elegant Northern Italian hot spot is just starting to glow. The Rangers celebrated their Stanley Cup victory here, and yes, that was George Michael. *1439 Second Ave., at 75th St. (288-8555). (M) ($).*

Campagnola—Country-style Italian fare for the neighborhood—the whole neighborhood. *1382 First Ave., at 74th St. (861-1102). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Ci Vediamo—Almost like two restaurants in one, this Northern Italian has a modern downstairs that caters to a younger crowd and a cozy upstairs where the older crowd likes to linger. Good-size portions and reliable food make this an Upper East Side staple. *1431 Third Ave., at 81st St. (650-0850). (M) AE only.*

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El Pollo—This Peruvian chicken joint has stuck with its simple, minimal menu, to the benefit of this otherwise barren neighborhood. Potatoes come four ways, but you can't miss with the incredible curly fries. *1746 First Ave., nr. 90th St. (996-7810). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Elaine's—Primarily a clubhouse for the city's notables and wannabes. A table here is considered a badge of honor by some. While discussing the issues of the day, try American fare for very busy people. *1703 Second Ave., bet. 88th and 89th Sts. (534-8103). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Hi-Life Restaurant & Lounge—A seamless fusion of a steakhouse and an ocean-liner lounge. The dining room's landscape is speckled with round booths so big and luxurious that they seem structural. This place has two gears: As the evening wears on, the young-moms-with-strollers eatery gives way to an East Side hot spot complete with a sushi bar. *1340 First Ave., at 72nd St. (249-3600). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Hurricane Island—This American restaurant named for an island off the coast of Maine specializes, of course, in fresh lobster and seafood, and offers a better-than-average selection of microbrews with selections from Belgium and Germany. *1303 Third Ave., at 75th St. (717-6600). (M) AE, MC, V.*

La Folie—An uptown spot with a downtown feel, serving eclectic French fare like bouillabaisse, tuna tartare, and fondue. Live jazz and a hopping bar scene. *1422 Third Ave., nr. 80th St. (744-6327). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Letizia—Upper East Side neighborhood Italian that treats everyone like a local. The food is drawn from all regions; the red snapper with fresh vegetables is a standout, as are the homemade desserts, and the wine list has won awards. Live piano music nightly. *1352 First Ave., nr. 72nd St. (517-2244). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Marti Turkish Restaurant—Kebabs 'R' Us, and the stuffed cabbage is good, too. A dining room that seats 200 people, complete with live music and wandering belly dancers. There is also a "special party room." *1269 First Ave., nr. 68th St. (737-5922). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

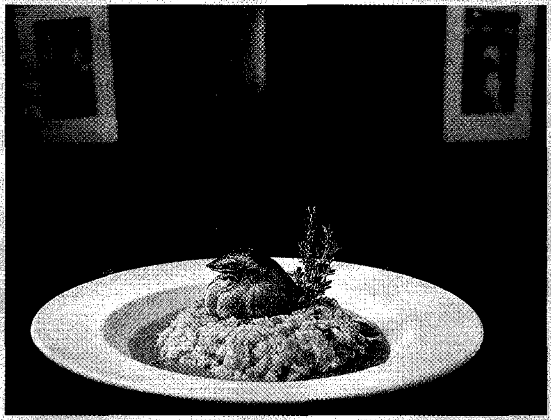
Nino's—Elegant Italian with a romantic mural garden and nightly live entertainment. Try the grilled dishes—tuna on a bed of balsamic onions, double-cut veal chop—or the lobster fra diavolo. *1354 First Ave., nr. 72nd St. (988-0002). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

One Fish Two Fish—Fish is the theme here. Everything—shrimp parmigiana, steamers, quarter-pound Maine lobster—comes with as much salad and garlic bread as you can eat. *1399 Madison Ave., at 97th St. (369-5677). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Park Avenue Cafe—A polished, countrified American café for business lunches and off-duty get-to-know-yous in the evening. Chef David Burke makes the tired catchall "American fare" sing, and keeps the *haute* neighbors rapt with signature dishes like rack of lamb and his swordfish chop. *100 E. 63rd St. (644-1900). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Post House—Clubby and comfortable, this handsome dining room specializes in good quality and big portions. The peppery Cajun-style steak is a favorite, especially with a side order of French fries or onion rings. There are dishes with decidedly less cholesterol—poached salmon, say, or lemon chicken—but this isn't a place to watch your waistline. Seriously. *28 E. 63rd St., in the Lowell Hotel (935-2888). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Primavera—This elegant uptown restaurant serves sophisticated renditions of Northern Italian food, like baby eels with oil and garlic, and roasted baby goat. The comfortable wood-paneled room, lit with antique fixtures and filled with fresh flowers, brings a touch of luxury to the neighborhood. *1578 First Ave., nr. 82nd St. (861-8608). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*



Lobster with oxtail risotto at Granville.

Restaurants

Grain Makers

“I want to open the perfect restaurant and call it Risotto,” an Italian friend once told me with great enthusiasm. “In the window would be all different pans cooking risotto ranging from plain white with butter and Parmesan to black with squid ink.” Rice is perhaps the only ingredient in Italian cuisine more versatile than pasta; it not only comes in a spectrum of shades but can also be served as appetizer, entree, even dessert. While traditionalists may stick to short-grain arborio rice with porcini, spinach, or strawberries, updated versions of risotto incorporate such unorthodox ingredients as barley, cinnamon, and tangerines. **BETH LANDMAN KEIL**

RESTAURANT	RICE MIXTURE
GRANVILLE 40 East 20th Street	Lobster with oxtail risotto
RESTAURANT TWO TWO TWO 222 West 79th Street	Saffron risotto primavera with jumbo lump crabmeat and julienned black truffles in a lobster-cognac sauce with fresh chanterelles
MATTHEW'S 1030 Third Avenue, at 61st Street	Barley risotto with wild mushrooms and pignoli crumbs
FIFTY SEVEN FIFTY SEVEN 57 East 57th Street	Cinnamon-tangerine risotto pudding
PARK AVALON 225 Park Avenue South, near 18th Street	Lemon-scented risotto with seared scallops, shrimp, and leeks
NINO'S 1354 First Avenue, near 72nd Street	Duck risotto with fresh tomato, white wine, and duck broth
EST! EST!! EST!!! 64 Carmine Street	Risotto with squid in black-ink sauce
GABRIEL'S 11 West 60th Street	Scottish-game-pigeon risotto with red wine, onion, and rosemary

The Restaurant at the Stanhope—You're standing on the steps of the Metropolitan Museum, parched, exhausted, and in search of that perfect watering hole. The Stanhope is back, serving tasty American fare. *995 Fifth Ave., at 81st St. (288-5800). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Toraya—A Japanese teahouse offering an enticing assortment of confections, green teas, and desserts. *17 E. 71st St. (861-1700). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Above 60th Street, West Side

Cafe des Artistes—A smartly run, wonderfully romantic bistro with frolicking nudes on the walls. Open and serving all the time. Stop in before or after a jaunt to Lincoln Center. *1 W. 67th St. (877-3500). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Caffe Popolo—Italian on the Upper West Side, with everything we've come to expect: gourmet pizzas, classic pastas, and homemade tirami su. In warm weather, eat outdoors. *351 Columbus Ave., nr. 76th St. (362-1777). (I) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Hi-Life Bar & Grill—Big-city brasserie with retro feel—*and* a completely au courant sushi bar. During the week, the mahogany French doors, an overstuffed banquette, and the oversize goldfish tanks provide a cozy refuge for the neighborhood. Fine food that ranges from steamed dumplings to strawberry sundaes. After dinner every weekend, a D.J. tilts the place toward a party. *477 Amsterdam Ave., at 83rd St. (787-7199). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Iridium Jazz Club—The American food in this subterranean jazz club will satisfy high and low cravings for everything from lobster to fried chicken. *44 W. 63rd St. (582-2121). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Merlot Bar and Grill—The overwrought, fantastic architecture of what was formerly Iridium restaurant has been converted into this toned-down homage to the grape Merlot, of which there are 50 varieties. Representative French-American menu items include Brie en croute and salmon with lobster potatoes. *48 W. 63rd St. (363-7568). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Sfuzzi—The Manhattan branches of this national chain offer upscale pasta and pizza, in a casual, festive atmosphere. Popular among the drink-after-the-market-closes crowd, and other Upper West Siders heading home after a long day on Wall Street. *58 W. 65th St. (873-3700). Also, 2 World Financial Center (385-8080). (M–E) AE, MC, V.*

West 63rd Street Steakhouse—Mahogany tables and red suede walls make this nice-ified steakhouse less stultifying than its midtown brethren. Twenty-foot ceilings allow for a spectacular view of Lincoln Center, and there are seafood and pasta for those who enjoy the company of a meat-eater. *44 W. 63rd St. (246-6363). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Brooklyn

Lundy Bros.—A restored Brooklyn landmark serving a wide-ranging menu of fish, pasta, chicken, and steak but specializing in fresh seafood. Don't miss the raw bar or the reconstructed shore dinner. *1901 Emmons Ave. (718-743-0022). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Peter Luger's—Steak for one, steak for two, steak for four, and creamed spinach. Apply for your own house credit card, or bring cash. *178 Broadway, at Bedford Ave. (718-387-7400). (E) ($).*

Photograph by Robert Wright.

nightlife

"Mr. Rhythm"...Blues Explosion...Astro-man?

Concerts

Anonymous 4—The vocal quartet celebrates the release of its new CD, *A Star in the East,* a collection of medieval Hungarian polyphonous chants. 12/12–12/13 at 8 P.M. *St. Michael's Church, 225 W. 99th St. (678-5432). $12–$15.*

Terence Blanchard Group—The trumpet virtuoso performs songs from his recent *The Heart Speaks,* an effort blending Brazilian influences with Blanchard's New Orleans roots. 12/13 at 8:30 P.M. *Colden Center, Queens College, 65-30 Kissena Blvd., Flushing. (718-793-8080). $19–$21.*

"Broadway Musicals From Novels and Short Stories"—The "Lyrics & Lyricists" series opens its five-part 27th season—"Broadway Songs of the Sixties"—with Rebecca Baxter, Trisha Gorman, Gary Lyons, Jan Neuberger, and Ryan Perry. 12/14 at 8 P.M., 12/15 at 2:30 P.M. and 8 P.M., and 12/16 at 2 P.M. and 8 P.M. *92nd St. Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. (996-1100). $33–$38.*

Cyrus Chestnut—The blazingly virtuosic young pianist recently left behind his usual sprightly, Count Basie-ish fare to release *Blessed Quietness,* a collection of spirituals, hymns, and carols. Live, the combination of soul and stomp should prove unbeatable. With the Abraham Burton Quartet. 12/12 at 8 and 10 P.M. *Jazz Cafe, Flushing Town Hall, 137–35 Northern Blvd., Flushing. (718-463-7700). $15–$20.*

Dave Matthews and Tim Reynolds—Matthews, a South African turned southern American and leader of the catchily jammy Dave Matthews Band, is the main draw for this acoustic performance, which benefits the Red Light Theater Group. 12/16 at 7 P.M. *Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. (840-2824). $30.*

"Oh . . . So Many Stars!"—A tribute to the sidemen of Latin music's golden age, the Palladium Era, featuring Alfredo "Chocolate" Armenteros, Chico O'Farrill, Johnny Pacheco, and others. 12/15 at 6 P.M. *Aaron Davis Hall, 135 St. and Convent Ave. (650-6900). $20-$24.*

Rush—It doesn't matter whether the flavor of the month is metal, grunge, post-grunge, or whatever variation comes down the pike—there are always legions of Rush fans to fill arenas from coast to coast. Is it those category-defying, overwrought arrangements, Geddy Lee's piercing countertenor, or the ongoing belief that Neil Peart is God that keeps 'em coming? 12/14 at 7 P.M. *Nassau Coliseum, Mitchel Field Complex, Uniondale, L.I.* 12/15 at 7 P.M. *Continental Arena, East Rutherford, N.J. (307-7171). $19.50–$40.*

Rusted Root—With songs that attempt to graft a sixties jam-rock sensibility onto contemporary concerns (sample title: "Virtual Reality"), this hippy-dippy co-ed Pittsburgh sextet is perhaps the least appealing of the many unappealing bands vying for the Next Grateful Dead mantle. With frat-boy blues rappers G. Love and Special Sauce. 12/10–12/12 at 8 P.M. *Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. (307-7100). Sold out.*

David Sanborn—The fusion-favoring alto saxophonist provides an evening of not-quite-easy listening, with tunes from his latest, *Songs From the Night Before.* With erstwhile Crusader and sometime Marvin Gaye pianist Joe Sample. 12/13 at 8 P.M. *Beacon Theatre, 2124 Broadway, at 74th St., at tk St. (307-7171). $30–$40.*

Elliot Sharp—The experimental composer, accompanied by Orchestra Carbon and the Soldier String Quartet, performs "Rheo-Umbra," "an iterative dance of shifting rhythmic patterns." 12/13 at 9 and 11 P.M. *Context Hall, 28 Ave. A, between 2nd and 3rd Sts. (505-2702). $10.*

Jon Spencer Blues Explosion—More ink has been spilled over the newest rock imponderable—*the Blues Explosion: punk band, blues band, or both?*—than about nearly any other meaningless piece of speculation we can think of. Whatever genre the band turns out to be (we're not taking sides), their fiery, two-guitars-and-drums assault is guaranteed to keep you jumping up and down all night. With Atari Teenage Riot, a fantastically loud, unbelievably caustic German band that describes its music, quite accurately, as "digital hardcore." 12/14 at 7 P.M. *Roxy, 515 W. 18th St. (777-6800). $13.50.*

Paul Winter—The saxophonist's seventeenth annual "Winter Solstice Celebration!" honors retiring St. John the Divine Dean James Parks Morton. With a variety of guest performers—including the Dmitri Pokrovsky Ensemble's Russian folk singers and dancers, the Forces of Nature Dance Theatre Company's African-American percussionists and dancers, Celtic soprano Noirín Ní Riain, and gospel singer Theresa Thompson—that will hopefully rise above the host's predilection for New Age pap. 12/12–12/13 at 7:30 P.M., 12/14 at 2 and 7 P.M. *Cathedral of St. John the Divine, 1047 Amsterdam Ave., at 112th St. (662-2133). $28–$60.*

Photograph by Chris Toliver.

Talent

Future Shock

Man or Astro-man? have built the kind of cult following instrumental-rock bands dream about but rarely attain. The secret to their success? The best integration of retro-surf-guitar twang and sci-fi costuming since, well, probably ever. They descend on Maxwell's December 12.

Clubland

Bottom Line—A top-notch venue—with great sound, good sight lines, and pretty decent fries—given to rock, jazz, and folk artists of all stripes. 12/13: Glen Burtnik's Xmas Xtravaganza. 12/14: Marshall Crenshaw; Victor DeLorenzo. 12/17–12/18: Jane Siberry, "Music for the Christmas Season." Sets at 7:30 and 10:30 P.M. *115 W. 4th St. (228-7880).*

Brownie's—Avenue A's divey post-college rock spot, with good tap beers, on-the-rise bands, and the occasional big name trying to keep a low profile. Cozy and congenial, even if you're not pierced. Shows nightly at 9. 12/10: Season to Risk. 12/11: Kevin Salem; Mini King; Jennifer Jackson. 12/12: Morning Glories; Johnny Skilsaw. 12/15: Home; Number One Cup; Ditchcroaker. *169 Ave. A, at 11th St. (420-8392). $.*

CBGB & OMFUG—Ground zero of punk's stateside explosion and, twenty years later, still a smoking, flyer-strewn pit—in a good way. *315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052). $.*

Ground Rules:

In clubland, promptness is *not* next to godliness; expect shows to start much later than promised. $ = cash only.

Chicago B.L.U.E.S.—A downtown blueserie, comfortably down-home, with living-room couches behind the stage. Dedicated to bringing us the best and brightest from the midwestern blues capital. 12/12: Detroit garage R&B man Andre "Mr. Rhythm" Williams. 12/13–12/14: Big Time Sarah. 12/17: Motor City James. Every Sunday, it's the Open Blues Jam. *73 Eighth Ave., bet. 13th and 14th Sts. (924-9755).* $.

Coney Island High—Around a decade ago, long before "punk pop" had congealed into a full-blown concept, the Descendents were giving tuneful, anarchic, politically incorrect vent to that most ubiquitous of eighties pop-culture frustrations, suburban anomie. The quartet eventually broke up, and should probably have stayed that way: Like so many such endeavors, their recent comeback attempt, *Everything Sucks,* lives up to its title all too well. They try their hand at old favorites and new material 12/10, with the made-for-each-other opening bands Bouncing Souls and Swinging Utters. 12/12: Walt Mink; Camber. 12/14: Royal Crown Revue, who might have been the real-life models for the characters in *Swingers*. 12/18: Dee Dee and Marky Ramone's group the Remains. *15 St. Marks Pl. (674-7959).*

Continental Divide—A dark, grimy, shotgun shack of a rock club, hosting some of New York's hardest-working rock bands and attended by scroungy hipsters and willful low-lifes—basically St. Marks under a roof. Look for cameos by D Generation and Joey Ramone, who lives in the nabe. *25 Third Ave., at St. Marks Pl. (529-6924).*

The Cooler—Washington, D.C.'s the Make-Up, fronted by ex–Nation of Ulysses singer (and once and future Sassiest Boy in America) Ian Svenonius tears the roof off the joint 12/13—and that's saying something, since the Cooler is in a basement. With Cold Cold Hearts and Chisel. *416 W. 14th St. (229-0785).*

Don Hill's—South and west enough to scare away the rabble, this inconspicuous bar hosts sophisto rockers, club kids, and vinyl gourmets—all of whom groove to some of the best D.J.s in the city. Fridays, the gay bacchanalia SqueezeBox takes over. *511 Greenwich St. (219-2850).* $.

Fez—The first three Wednesdays in December belong to Madeleine Peyroux, a 22-year-old New Yorker by way of Paris by way of New York. The singer recently released her fantastic debut, *Dreamland*, on which she gives fresh yet faithful renditions of songs by Patsy Cline ("Walkin' After Midnight") and Edith Piaf ("La Vie en Rose"), among others. For such a young woman, she has a remarkable gift for emulating and building on the work of the artists to whom she pays homage. Thursdays, the mighty Mingus Big Band rocks the house. 12/10: Professor and Maryann. 12/14: Magnetic Fields; Semi-Gloss; Poole. *Time Cafe, 380 Lafayette St. (533-2680).*

Irving Plaza—A midsize bi-level rock venue with moody chandeliers and a sort of haunted-bordello look. It's a bit of a crush near the stage, but there's an amiable bar, 119, right around the corner for a preshow aperitif. "Savoy Sundays" are weekly swingfests of ballroom dancing. 12/10: Biohazard. 12/13: Corrosion of Conformity, one of the country's last unapologetic metal bands; with Handsome. *17 Irving Pl. (777-6800).*

Maxwell's—Alabama may not have actual, surfable beaches, but now that it's got Man or Astroman? (12/12), it doesn't need them. The instrumental four-piece keeps the Ventures' surfin' spirit alive, most recently on their excellent CD *Experiment Zero*. Live, they employ a trailer load of futuristic props and costumes, including a TV set helmet that's got to be seen to be believed With Delta 72. 9 P.M. 12/13: A night of herky-jerky New York rock, with Railroad Jerk and the destined to be huge Skeleton Key. 10 p.m 12/14: Andre "Mr. Rhythm" Williams; Demolition Doll Rods. 10 P.M. *1039 Washington St. Hoboken, N.J. (201-798-4064).*

Mercury Lounge—Once a headstone parlor, now one of the city's hippest and most congenial music spots, hosting rock and country artists groomed for the more *au courant* time slots of MTV. 12/10 Health & Happiness Show. 12/11: Frances Dunnery; Matt Keating. 12/12–12/13: Buffalo Tom Saturnine. 12/14–12/15: The Ocean Blue; The Drag. 12/16: Robert Bradley; ex-Alarm frontman Mike Peters; Tom Paul. 12/17: Overwhelming Colorfast; Travis Pickle; Probe. *217 E. Houston St (260-4700).*

New Music Cafe—Within spitting distance of the Holland Tunnel, this middlebrow TriBeCa hang serves up more than its share of jammy, Dead-indebted sounds. Thursdays are an exception, when the jammy, P-Funk-indebted sounds of Giant Step take over. 12/12: British trance-dance-alterna-rock sensation Morcheeba. *380 Canal St. (941-1019).*

Paddy Reilly's—The home of the rollicking hip-hop-accented Irish band Black 47 on Saturdays and the funky, Celtic-influenced band Tara on Sundays *519 Second Ave., at 29th St. (686-1210).*

Sidewalk Cafe—The back-room Fort is the latest home to New York's "anti-folk" scene, featuring impassioned, oft-wacky guitar- and poesy-wielding artists, with the occasional Beat refugee. 12/14: Billy Kelly; Shameless; Lenny Molotov and the Illuminoids. *94 Ave. A, at 6th St. (473-7373).*

Sounds of Brazil—The city's premier world-music venue, presenting many acts that could fill stadia back home. Most nights, sets at 10 and midnight 12/10: The Abyssinians. 12/13: Tabou Combo 12/14: Katende & the Viva Brazil Dancers Brazilian Samba Extravaganza. 12/16: Eddie Palmieri. 12/17: Everton Blender. *204 Varick St (243-4940).*

Tramps—One of the city's better venues for great roots music and happening indie rock, Tramps eschews high concept for straightforward presentation. Avoid the neck-craning mid-stage column by getting there early. 12/13–12/14: Jerry Jeff Walker; Kinky Friedman. *51 W. 21st St (727-7788).*

Westbeth Theatre—The West Side's midsize, mid-priced rock venue, which makes up for some unfortunately placed columns with the pleasant addition of a sultry bar and lounge. 12/13: Juliana Hatfield. *151 Bank St. (691-2272).*

Wetlands—A groovy club-kid activist hang with neo-hippie atmosphere and far-flung musical guests. N.B.: Tuesday night is (Grateful) Dead Night. 12/13: Brooklyn Funk Essentials 12/14–12/15: Old-school New York punkers Agnostic Front. 12/18: David Thomas, of Pere Ubu *161 Hudson St. (966-5244).*

Phenomenon
Shop, Rock, and Roll

Antiques and anisette: The bar at Von.

Want a nice, turn-of-the-century ottoman with your Chablis? How about a twelve-place Fiestaware set with that gimlet? Three East Village boîtes are integrating three of the city's favorite obsessions—drinking, eating, and vintage furniture. Sunday afternoons, the cozy Von (3 Bleecker Street; 473-3039) supplements its usual fare—an excellent selection of beer and wine, cappuccino, light bar food, and tastefully groovy music (sometimes provided by "illbient" impresario D.J. Spooky)—with an early-American-antiques fair. Co-owner Kaarin von Herrlich's original intention had been to open a straight-up antiques store, but the Bleecker Street location—and her discovery of a beautiful old oak bar—inspired the current compromise. Just around the corner, Il Buco (47 Bond Street; 533-1932) is, by day, an antiques shop specializing in the sort of furnishings you'd find in, say, a rustic downtown restaurant. Come dinnertime, the emphasis switches to Mediterranean comfort food, but "everything is still for sale," confirms a laconic waiter, glancing from a stripped pine table to a slate-painted bookcase and the cups and dishes that adorn it. Across Tompkins Square Park, Miracle on 9th St. (606 East 9th Street; 249-8374) is a two-story funhouse crammed with fifties, sixties, and seventies furniture and housewares. Seven months ago, owner John Mayo got the idea of keeping the store open late as a club two nights a week—serving drinks and food out of the ground-floor kitchen—to lure clientele to an otherwise sleepy, noncommercial block. Now business is split "about 50-50" between the two identities. Fridays, Miracle hosts "Organic Groove," a drum-and-bass dance party that packs in the hipsters wall-to-wall. Saturdays are lower-key, with southern cooking and a jazz band on each floor. (The singer of one, Evelyn Blakey, brings a serious pedigree to the gig: Her father was named Art.)

ETHAN SMITH

Jazz

Birdland—A roomy bandstand overlooking a classy boîte as suggestive of Big Band–era elegance as the club's name. The jazz restaurant is recently relocated from its uptown outpost. 12/10: Mark El Trio. 12/11: Violinist Regina Carter. 12/12–12/14: Louis Hayes Quintet. 12/15–12/16: Jimmy Bruno Trio. 12/17–12/21: Tony Williams Trio featuring Ron Carter. Sets at 9 and 11 P.M. *315 W. 44th St., bet. Eighth and Ninth Aves. (581-3080).*

Blue Note—While it can be the city's highest-ticket jazz spot, the "jazz capital of the world" often presents two top-flight artists in one evening This month the club celebrates its fifteenth anniversary, with an even more high-powered month of talent. 12/10–12/15: Dianne Reeves 12/17–12/22: John Pizzarelli, with a seventeen-piece orchestra. Sets at 9 and 11:30 P.M. *131 W. 3rd St. (475-8592).*

Iridium Room—The artfully wacky restaurant across from Lincoln Center hosts some formidable jazz comers in its cozy—or is that claustrophobic?—

Photograph by Jason Schmidt

basement, along with the occasional legend. One of the latter, the great guitar innovator Les Paul, has moved his Monday night office hours here after the closing of his longtime haunt, Fat Tuesday's. Intimacy with talent has its downsides, though: On weekends, be prepared for an outdoor wait of up to an hour, even with a reservation. 12/10–12/15: Billy Stritch Trio, with guests Lainie Kazan, Anne Hampton Callaway, and Margaret Whiting. 12/17–12/22: Roy Hargrove Quintet. Sets at 8:30 and 10:30, Sun.–Thurs., with extra midnight set Fri. and Sat. *44 W. 63rd St., across from Lincoln Center (582-2121).*

Knickerbocker Bar & Grill—A wood-paneled and brass-railed restaurant with Old New York ambience and excellent—occasionally legendary—pianists. *33 University Pl. (228-8490).*

Knitting Factory—The Disneyland of downtown music, with three floors, two stages, two microbrew-bearing bars and some of the biggest names in now music. Through 12/12: John Zorn's Masada. 12/13–12/14: Derek Bailey. 12/16–18: "Roulette Benefit," a festival in celebration and support of the downtown avant-garde music community, with John Zorn, Spalding Gray, George Lewis, and others. *74 Leonard St., bet. Broadway and Church St. (219-3055).*

Small's—Extremely cozy and open all night, offering after-hours jazz until 8 A.M. It's a candlelit basement whose nightly jams start round about 2 A.M.—the perfect time for a post–Village Vanguard visit (it's right around the corner)—and often involve free beverages and food. Thurs.–Sun., shows start at 10 P.M. 12/10: Jean Michel Pilc. 12/11: Sam Yahel Organ Quartet featuring Eroc Alexander. 12/12: Walt Weiskopf. 12/13–12/14: Richie Vitale; Ralph Lalama. 12/16: Jason Lindner Big Band. *183 W. 10th St. (929-7565). $.*

Village Gate—The legendary club, reopened in midtown. Jazz and swing dancing nightly, from 10 P.M. to 2:30 A.M. 12/10–12/14, 12/17–12/21: Roy Gerson Quartet. *240 W. 52nd St. (307-5252).*

Village Vanguard—Perhaps the world's greatest jazz club, and certainly the most steeped in history, this dark, smoky institution is revered by fans around the world. Study the photos of jazz icons, dig the curtains Miles Davis once played to, and sneak a glance inside the kitchen, an Algonquin Round Table for the bop age. Mondays, the Vanguard Jazz Orchestra swings on. 12/10–12/15: The Jackie McLean Sextet. 12/17–12/22: The Kenny Barron Quartet. Sets at 9:30 and 11:30 P.M. and 1 A.M. *178 Seventh Ave. So., at W. 11th St. (255-4037). $.*

Zinno—A pretty Italian restaurant with a tiny piano on its awning, Zinno is more dining spot than jazz club, though its musical guests are often pleasant surprises. Through 12/14: Pianist James Williams and bassist Milt Hinton. 12/16–12/21: Junior Mance, Joe Temperly, and Calvin Hill. *126 W. 13th St. (924-5182).*

Performance

Bacon and Legs

Forty years ago in a tiny, primitive studio in Detroit, Andre "Mr. Rhythm" Williams recorded "Bacon Fat," a lecherous R&B dance sensation that came surprisingly close to sweeping the nation. He continued to sing, write, and produce in a similar vein for a number of labels, but by the seventies, Williams had faded into obscurity, his songs treasured only by cultists and record dweebs worldwide. He emerges from the shadows with 'Greasy' (Norton Records) and gives his first New York–area performances in memory December 12 at Chicago B.L.U.E.S. and December 14 at Maxwell's. MATT WEINGARDEN

Comedy

Caroline's Comedy Club—In Times Square just down the street from the *Letterman* show. 12/11 at 8 P.M.: "Phat Comedy," hosted by Dr. Dre and Ed Lover. 12/12–12/15: Allan Harvey (call for set times). *1626 Broadway, bet. 49th and 50th Sts. (757-4100). $12.50–$18.50, two-drink minimum.*

Catch A Rising Star—Recently reborn, this variety showplace now smells of big money. Visitors to the Catch Bar & Grill will view "The Loft," a stage set as a NYC apartment, where stand-up, sketch, and alternative comedians—along with musicians, cabaret artists, and others—will perform. Shows Tues.–Thurs. at 8:30 P.M.; Fri. and Sat. at 8:30 and 11 P.M. *253 West 28th St. (244-3005).*

Dangerfield's—Founded by the respect-deprived comedian two decades ago, this Vegas-style lounge is one of the city's oldest comedy establishments. 12/9–12/15: Richie Byrne; Brian McFadden; Quentin Heggs; Rich Ramirez; John Rizzo; Lenny Varnedoe. 12/16–12/22: Tony Powell; Jim Norton; Nancy Redman; Rick Scotti; Ben Creed; Rich Ramirez. Fri. at 9 and 11:15 P.M.; Sat. at 8 P.M., 10:30 P.M., and 12:30 A.M.; Sun.–Thurs., continuous from 8:45 P.M. Cover is $15 Fri.–Sat.; $12.50 on weeknights; no minimum. *1118 First Ave., bet. 61st and 62nd Sts. (593-1650).*

Gotham—An elegant, trendy, and, at 3300-square-feet, palatial new comedy spot in the Flatiron district. Every other Tuesday, it's gay and lesbian talent with "Stand Up & Queer." Sun., Mon., and Tues. at 8:30 P.M.; Thurs. at 8:30 and 11 P.M.; Fri. and Sat. at 9 and 11:30 P.M. Cover is $12 plus two-drink minimum Fri.–Sat., $8 on weeknights. *34 West 22nd St. (367-9000).*

Luna Lounge—Mondays, it's "The Show Formerly Known as Rebar," where hip, alternative-minded comedians from MTV's "The State" and elsewhere try out their riskier, stranger material. Shows at 8. *171 Ludlow St., at Houston. (260-2323).*

Stand-up New York—Robin Williams is known to drop by here unannounced to warm up for his *Letterman* appearances. 12/12: "Funniest Teacher Contest." 12/13–12/14: Brian McFadden; Greg Carey; Gregg Fitzsimmons; Susie Essman. Sun.–Thurs. at 7; Fri. at 7, 9, and 11 P.M.; Sat. at 7, 9:30, and 11:30 P.M. *236 W. 78th St. (595-0850). $7–$12.*

Cabaret

Algonquin Hotel—Through December, Tennie Leonard's "Isn't It Romantic." Tues.–Sat. at 8:30 (dinner at 6:30); Fri.–Sat. also at 11:30 (supper at 10:30). $20; $15 minimum. *59 W. 44th St. (840-6800).*

Bemelmans Bar—Michael Devine plays Tuesdays through Saturdays, 5:30–8 P.M. Through 12/31: Barbara Carroll plays 9:45 P.M.–12:45 A.M. $10 music charge; no minimum. *Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600).*

Cafe Carlyle—No less a personage than Bobby Short comes home to roost, occupying his favorite haunt through 12/31. Tues.–Sat. at 8:45 and 10:45. $45; no minimum. *Carlyle Hotel.*

Cafe Pierre—The dancing's been discontinued, but Tuesday through Saturday, singer-pianist Kathleen Landis and her trio continue to offer their romantic stylings. No cover; jacket and tie required. *2 E. 61st St. (940-8185).*

Don't Tell Mama—In his drag act, "Queen of the World," James Beaman performs 15 Marlene Dietrich numbers Fridays at 8. Thursdays at 10 P.M., it's Danna Call's one-woman multiple-personality-fest, "Off Her Axis." Sundays at 5, get ecumenical with Gerta Gruden's "A Jewish Girl's Christmas." $6–$12; two-drink minimum. *343 W. 46th St. (757-0788).*

The Edwardian Room—Though the Plaza has recently cut back on its cabaret offerings, this month it's home to Bob Anderson, a singing impressionist given to impersonations of Mel Torme, Perry Como, Al Jolson, and about 30 other well-known vocalists. From 12/4, Tues.– Sat. at 9:15 P.M. $25 minimum. *The Plaza, 59th St. and Fifth Ave. (759-3000).*

Maxim's—The legendary restaurant, newly reopened with live music. 12/12–12/14: Ann Hampton Callaway. $25 cover. *680 Madison Ave., bet. 61st and 62nd Sts. (751-5111).*

Rainbow and Stars—Helen Reddy may be best remembered for "I Am Woman," but before that upbeat women's-lib anthem, she scored her first hit with "I Don't Know How to Love Him," Mary Magdalene's less-than-feminist, savior-serenading ballad from *Jesus Christ, Superstar.* Of late, she's returned to show music, in *Blood Brothers,* among others. Her four-week stand runs 12/10–1/4. $40 cover. Tues.–Sat. at 8:30 and 11 P.M.; dinner required at early shows. *30 Rockefeller Plaza, 65th floor (632-5000).*

Sardi's—The Joe Traina Quintet is in the second year of its wildly successful Friday-evening engagement in the Club Room here. 12/13, guest vocalist Jennifer Heaney joins the Quintet for an assortment of jazz standards. Set at 10:30 P.M. No cover, no minimum. *234 W. 44th St. (221-8444).*

Windows on the World—The recently opened (and somewhat immodestly named, frankly—but, hey, this is New York) Greatest Bar on Earth hosts the Flying Neutrinos, 12/12–12/18. $5 per person at the bar; $10 at tables after 9 P.M. *One World Trade Center, 107th floor (524-7000).*

Photograph by Carl Segal.

the mix

Chopper 88 . . . *The Beaverkill* . . . Arthur Miller

On Air

Busch, Pilot

During a recent edition of CBS NewsRadio 88's "Ask the Mayor," Rudy Giuliani proposed an alternative to the Third World nature of New York's traffic: death. You could move to Atlanta, Giuliani explained, where you would certainly encounter less traffic than in New York. But in Atlanta, he hinted ominously, there is that exorbitant murder rate. For humane alternatives (or at least alternate routes), citizens turn to NewsRadio 88's own Neal Busch, the stalwart voice of the rush-hour helicopter traffic updates broadcast every ten minutes. Whereas other traffic reporters' coverage is generally sold to a number of outlets, Busch is exclusively on CBS. This is his thirtieth year aboard Chopper 88, and I flew with him last week on the morning of the Rockefeller Center Christmas-tree lighting (one of the designated "gridlock-alert" days). "This gridlock-alert stuff really doesn't mean much," Busch told me. "Yesterday wasn't supposed to be all that bad and it was a *disaster,* and today was a beautiful rush hour." Nonetheless, the motorists seemed pitiful—vulnerable souls watched over by this clean-shaven god with a master's degree in clinical psychology, a white helmet, and a worn green flight suit. Everything else was indeed beautiful, or improbably benign: the Greenpoint Terminal Warehouse, the Mi Bandera ("My Flag") supermarket, the orderly cemeteries near La Guardia, the East River garbage scows. Our altitude stayed close to 1,000 feet, making the muddy and rippled Hudson resemble desert sand, and the Dakota visible from Queens. CBS morning anchors Jeff Kaplan and Pat Carroll, competitor station 1010 WINS, and a police scanner faded in and out on our headsets, the feed rapid, statical, a blur to all but the accustomed ear. With the alert cool of the seasoned military man, Busch made frequent notes in an improvised shorthand, set and reset his digital clock, and covered most major arteries in each 45-second dispatch. On the day after my flight, the traffic itself was the leading news. There were two new high-occupancy-vehicle lanes, the debut of a thirteen-month construction project on the Gowanus Expressway, and the anticipated expansion of the "E-Z Pass" toll-payment system. "It just gets worse all the time," Busch said of rush hour, although no ground disturbance has quite equaled the jolt he got from the Canadian goose that once crashed through the airborne chopper's windshield—and lived. Busch thinks both E-Z Pass and the H.O.V. lanes just might, given time, work. In any case, the public is likely to remain loyal to his approach: fight *and* flight. LINDA HALL

John Leonard's Television Notes

Trinkets & Beads (12/10; 11 P.M. to midnight; Cinemax), after spending two years in the Amazon rain forest of Ecuador, rather doubts that Maxus Energy, a Dallas-based oil company, will be any better for the Huaorani and Cofan tribes than Shell was, or Texaco, or Petro-Canada, which left the earth slick with sludge, the river full of dead fish, and the locals sick with a bunch of brand-new diseases. Whereas Shell and Texaco used Protestant missionaries to weaken the resistance of the indigenous peoples, Maxus seems to be employing anthropologists. Look for a time-capsule snippet from a *This Is Your Life* episode in which Ralph Edwards and Crest toothpaste manage to patronize and stigmatize these victims of progress as Stone Age heathens.

Renegade (12/13; 8 to 9 P.M.; USA), in its one hundredth episode, asks whether it's remotely possible that ex-cop/on-the-run/biker–bounty hunter Reno Raines (Lorenzo Lamas) is actually the father of a teenage son. I find myself watching this series because it's my only chance to see creator Stephen J. Cannell (whose name is misspelled in the USA press release announcing this glad occasion) indulge himself by playing the continuing villain in one of his very own confabulations. He's a better actor than Lamas, who merely glistens on a gridwork of tattoos.

The Cold Equations (12/14; 8 to 10 P.M.; Sci-Fi) sends Bill Campbell into deep space in a no-frills ship with a cargo of medicine for miners on a mean planet in a faraway elsewhere, only to discover when it's too late that he's carrying a kewpie-doll stowaway (Poppy Montgomery, from ABC's *Relativity*). With too much weight, they'll burn up on arrival. So, after they fall in love, one of them will have to take a hike.

The True Life of Barbie (12/14; 10 to 11 P.M.; The Learning Channel) asks us to believe that there's more to know about the doll than M.G. Lord told us in her unauthorized biography, which there really isn't, but at least Lord herself is on camera opinionizing often enough to make up for the fact that, in one of those postmodern ironic sneezes, Marie Osmond narrates. You will have noticed that it's become increasingly more difficult to distinguish social history from corporate advertising. Mattel has the last laugh.

Holiday Affair (12/15; 6 to 8 P.M.; USA) asks single-mother advertising-agency junior-executive Cynthia Gibb to choose between two suitors, a nice conventional lawyer (Tom Irwin) and a stardust-sprinkled dreamboat who would really rather whittle in Virginia (David James Elliott). I won't spoil your suspense.

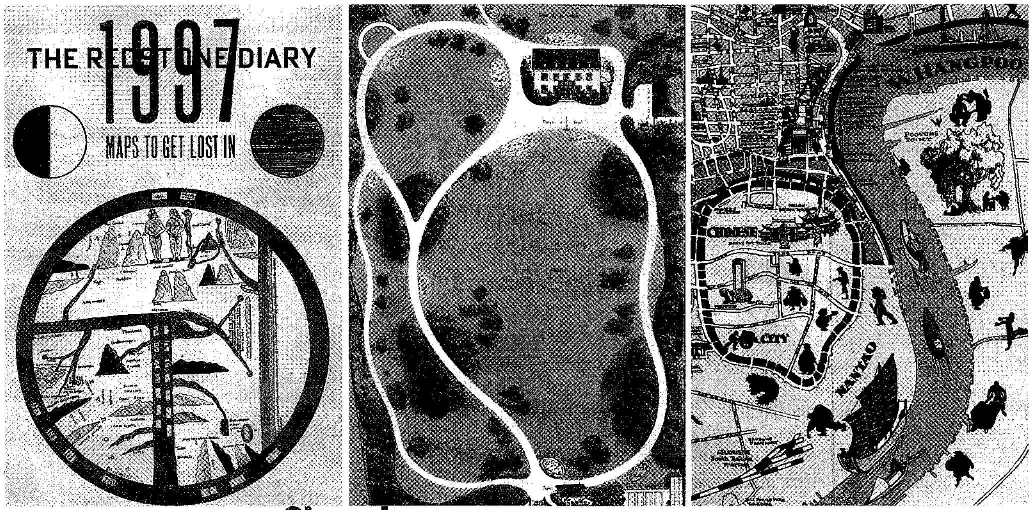
The Summer of Ben Tyler (12/15; 9 to 11 P.M.; CBS) gathers a remarkable cast—James Woods as a pipe-smoking, politically ambitious Deep South lawyer in the Jim Crow era; Elizabeth McGovern as his loyal and supportive wife; Len Cariou as the mill-owning town patriarch; and Charles Mattocks as the mildly retarded young black man Wood and McGovern sort of adopt when his mother dies—to gear up one of network television's most cherished clichés: That black people were put on this American earth to teach white folks how to behave decently.

To Love, Honor and Deceive (12/15; 9 to 11 P.M.; ABC), with Vanessa Marcil discovering a little late that the husband she thinks is dead seems not even to have

Photograph by Andrew Goldberg

existed, although their son is still missing, works up to a head of reasonably steamy suspense after you get over imagining that Marcil isn't really Valerie Bertinelli instead. With Thomas Gibson, James Wilder, Rosalind Chao, William R. Moses, the F.B.I., various smugglers of weapons and currency, and a lot of not terribly well-organized crime.

Stand Against Fear: A Moment of Truth Movie (12/16; 9 to 11 P.M.; NBC) sends supermom Shanna Reed and super-blonde Sarah Chalke, as her high-school cheerleader daughter, up against the football team, the coach, even the principal in a sexual-harassment case that only gets taken seriously after they interest a feminist lawyer and discover an "album" in which the harassers actually kept notes, sort of like the Lakewood, California, "posse."



Shopping

Dated Material

'The Redstone Diary 1997: Maps to Get Lost In' is inarguably the best-looking way to plan the new year—and the calendar portion, in a rebuke to almost all pretty datebooks, leaves plenty of space for you to have a life. (Chronicle Books; $17.95.)

Radio Highlights

Symphony Hall—12/11: Berlioz's *Harold in Italy* and *Tristia*. 12/12: Berlioz's Waverly Overture and Dvorak's Symphony No. 7 in D. 12/13: Prokofiev's Symphony No. 1 in D and Mozart's Piano Concerto No. 25. 12/16: Beethoven's Leonore Overture No. 1 and Symphony No. 5 in C. 12/17: Cimarosa's Oboe Concerto in C and Offenbach's *Gaîté Parisienne*. 12/18: Mozart's Symphony No. 30 in D and MacDowell's Piano Concerto No. 2 in D. Weeknights at 8. WQXR, 96.3 FM.

New York & Company—12/11: Walter Cronkite on *A Reporter's Life* and Dr. Alan Cooper; 12/12: *National Review* senior editor Richard Brookhiser; 12/13: Jostein Gaarder on *The Christmas Mystery*. Weekdays at noon. WNYC, 820 AM.

Texaco-Metropolitan Opera—12/14 at 1:30: *L'Elisir d'Amore*. Andrea Rost, Richard Leech, Gino Quilico, and Leo Nucci with the Metropolitan Opera Orchestra and Chorus. Carlo Rizzi conducts. WQXR, 96.3 FM.

Sunday Night Opera House—12/15 at 8: Massenet's *Chérubin*. Frederica von Stade and Samuel Ramey with the Bavarian State Opera Chorus and the Munich Radio Orchestra. Pinchas Steinberg conducts. WQXR, 96.3 FM.

Americana Classics—12/11 at 6 A.M., a daylong tribute to Emmylou Harris; at 9 P.M., John Gorka visits the World Cafe. 12/12 at 6 A.M., great singers from Alison Kraus to Sarah Vaughn in honor of Sinatra's birthday; at 1 P.M., Frank Christian talks with Ben Soper; at 8 P.M., Ella Fitzgerald's *Ella in Berlin;* at 9 P.M., "September '67." 12/13 at 2 P.M., Donovan, Robyn Hitchcock, Holly Palmer, and Dan Bern; at 9 P.M., Shawn Colvin. WFUV, 90.7 FM.

In the Studio—12/12 at 1 P.M.: Arto Lindsay. 12/16 at 8 P.M.: Frank Christian. 12/19 at 1 P.M.: John Gorka. WFUV, 90.7 FM.

The Written Word

Margaret Atwood—12/9 at 8: At the Unterberg Poetry Center, 92nd St. Y, 1395 Lexington Ave. (415-5760); $12.

William F. Buckley, Jr.—12/10 at 7:30: Discusses the English language and *The Right Word*. Barnes & Noble, 33 E. 17th St. (253-0810); free.

Siri Hustvedt—12/10 at 7: Reading from *The Enchantment of Lili Dahl*. Posman Books, 1 University Place (533-2665); free.

Devotional: Writers' Retrospectives: Gordon Lish—12/12 at 6:30: The editor-publisher of *The Quarterly* at Mad Alex/Biblio's, 317 Church St. (334-6990); $5.

Committed to Memory—12/12 at 8: Rachel Hadas, Anthony Hecht, John Hollander, J.D. McClatchy, and Rosanna Warren. The New School's Tishman Auditorium, 66 W. 12th St. (274-0343); $5.

Shani Mootoo—12/12 at 7: Reading from *Cereus Blooms at Night*. A Different Light, 151 W. 19th St. (989-4850); $5.

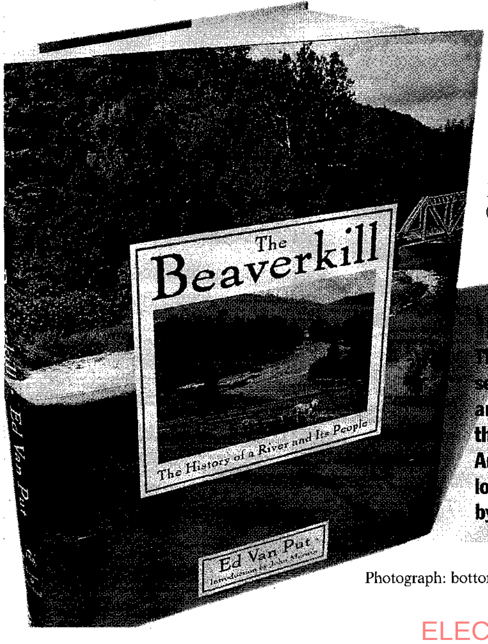
Toni Morrison and Friends—12/12 at 7:30: Reading from the work of Toni Cade Bambara. Barnes & Noble at Union Square, 33 E. 17th. St. (253-0810); free.

meta4/Alterknit Theatre—12/12 at 7: Steve Dalachinsky, Suzanne Rosenblatt, Richard Cammarieri, Brenda Morisse, Jack Tricario, Henry Flesh. Knitting Factory, 74 Leonard St. (219-3006); $5.

Expanded Poetry Series—12/12 at 7:30: With Marilyn Hacker, Phillis Levin, Molly Peacock, and Frederick Turner reading from *Rebel Angels: 25 Poets of the New Formalism*. Barnes & Noble Chelsea, 675 Sixth Ave. (727-1672); free.

William Kennedy—12/16 at 7: At NYU's Greenberg Lounge in Vanderbilt Hall, 40 Washington Square South. (998-8816); free.

Mark Doty and Jorie Graham—12/16 at 8:15: Reading from their poetry. Unterberg Poetry Center, 92nd St. Y at 1395 Lexington Ave. (415-5760); $10.



In Print

The Paleo-Indians got there first, the Dutch settled on its banks in the seventeenth century, and willfully classist fly fishers invaded after that: The Beaverkill, the Catskills' (and North America's) most celebrated trout stream, is lovingly chronicled in a book of the same name by Ed Van Put. (Lyons & Burford; $35.)

Lectures and Panels

Arthur Miller in Conversation With Nicholas Hytner—12/11 at 8, at the 92nd St. Y, at Lexington Ave. (996-1100); $18.

God and Spirituality—12/11 and 1/8 at 7:30: A three-part lecture examining the origin of our values with Dina Epstein, RJE. Stephen Wise Free Synagogue, 30 W. 68th St. (877-4050, ext.23); $20.

Vocal Master Class—12/11 at 6:15: Joan Dornemann discusses and demonstrates coaching nineteenth- and twentieth-century operatic repertory. Kaplan Penthouse, tenth floor, Rose Building, 70 Lincoln Center Plaza (769-7028); $15 in advance, $17 at the door.

James Park Sloan on Jerzy Kosinski—12/15 at 11 A.M.: Part of the "Biographers and Brunch" Series. Unterberg Poetry Center, 92nd St. Y, 1395 Lexington Ave. (415-5760); $17, $15 members.

Madison Avenue Looks at the Sports Landscape for 1997—12/11 at 8:30 A.M.: A seminar sponsored by the International Radio & Television Society. Benetton Sportsystem, Scribner Building, 597 Fifth Ave. Call 867-6650 for required reservations.

An Evening at the South African Consulate—12/11 at 6: Enjoy South African music, art, and culture in this slide-lecture presentation at the 92nd St. Y, at Lexington Ave. Call 996-1100 to register; $20.

The Reality of Legal Equality—12/11 at 6:30: Lawyer and women's rights activist Yukiko Tsunoda discusses the effects of Japan's Equal Employment Opportunity Law, drawing from her twenty years of experience handling women's rights cases. The Japan Society, 333 E. 47th St. (752-3015); $10, $8 for members.

Artists' Lives: How Much Do We Need To Know—12/12 at 6:30: A panel discussion with Mark Stevens

Photograph: bottom, Wayne Simpson.

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Solutions to last week's puzzles

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considering Picasso, De Kooning, Arbus, and Hopper. The Drawing Center, 35 Wooster St. (343-1735); $10, $8 for members.

Tours

The Immigrant Colony—12/14 at 1: Visit the sites of the first New York synagogue, the libel trial of Peter Zenger, and the 1712 African Uprising. Meet at in front of Trinity Church, intersection of Wall Street and Broadway. Call 439-1090 to register; $9 adults, $7 students and seniors.

Online

Vanna White—Internationally popular co-host of *Wheel of Fortune* has married her vocal talent to her enjoyment of promoting children's fancy to make her singing debut this Christmas with the release of *Santa's Last Ride*. The read-along, sing-along recording and storybook features Tom Bosley as Santa Claus and Tony Danza as the tap-dancing elf. Huh? Ask Vanna what's she's up to on Prodigy in the Spotlight area: 12/9 at 9 P.M.

***Rent* Choreographer**—Talk to Marlis Yearby about her most recent project—choreographing the Broadway hit *Rent*—which earned her a Tony-award nomination. On America Online, in CultureFinder: 12/9 at 9 P.M.

Ann Magnuson—Being a performance artist par excellence and lead singer of Bongwater never gained Magnuson the fame that her portrayal of hard-driving magazine editor Catherine Hughes on the sitcom *Anything But Love* did. She now returns to TV as Lily in *The Munsters' Scary Little Christmas,* airing on Fox December 17. Chat with the lovely Ms. Magnuson on Prodigy in the Spotlight area: 12/10 at 9 P.M.

Gardening With Tom—Join Prodigy's Gardening interest group for a chat with *Horticulture Magazine*'s editor Tom Cooper. On Prodigy in the Gardening area: 12/10 from 9 to 11 P.M.

Mutual Fund Chat—Gary Pilgrim, chief investment officer of Pilgrim Baxter & Associates, manages one of the hottest funds around: the PBHG Growth Fund. Over the past ten years, this small-cap fund has racked up a 21.6 percent annual return—an astounding 7.8 percentage points over the S&P 500. Pilgrim will discuss PBHG's unique investment strategy. On Prodigy in the Business & Finance area: 12/10 at 9 P.M.

Talk World Records With Someone Who Knows—*Guiness Book of World Records* editor chats on CompuServe in the Conference Center: 12/10 at 10 P.M.

Pat Conroy—His most recent novel, *Beach Music,* debuted at No. 1 on the New York *Times* best-seller list and remained on the list for 22 weeks. He is also the author of *The Prince of Tides.* Chat with him about working with Barbra, on America Online, in the Globe: 12/11 at 10 P.M.

Paul Kantner—Join Roy Trakin with this week's featured guest Paul Kantner, founder of Jefferson Airplane. Check out *http://rant&roll.prodigy.com*, or Jump: Rant&Roll. On Prodigy Music area:12/11 at 10 P.M.

Same-Sex Marriage—Torie Osborn discusses gay and lesbian empowerment on CompuServe in the Conference Center: 12/11 at 10 P.M.

Sir Mixalot—Chat with rap artist Sir Mixalot (whose last big hit "Baby Got Back" caused quite a controversy) in the Rifff chat forum. On Microsoft Network, Channel 3 (onstage) : 12/12 at 9 P.M.

Got a Demanding Child?—Author Janet Poland discusses the demanding child on CompuServe in the Conference Center: 12/12 at 10 P.M.

Gambling Strategy —Win some cash for those Christmas presents with the help of Mason Malmuth. He's a professional mathematician who became interested in gambling in the late seventies and has since become recognized as one of the leading authorities in the field. He has published many books on the theory, strategy, and concepts of almost every variation of the game of poker. On Prodigy in the Spotlight area: 12/12 at 11 P.M.

Cheryl Ladd—Join "Angel"-cum-author Cheryl Ladd, co-author of *The Adventures of Little Nettie Windship,* on America Online: 12/13 at 10 P.M.

Live, From the Top of the World!—Join Santa, live from the North Pole, on CompuServe in the Conference Center: 12/14 at 11 A.M.

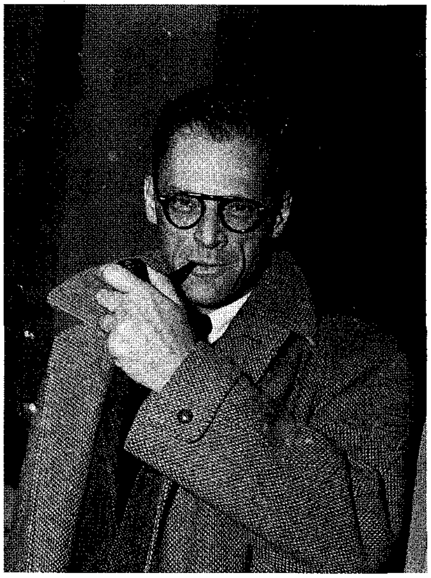
PETA Awards Ceremony—Join in the party with *Enter-tainment Tonight's* live coverage of PETA's annua gala, honoring Paul and Linda McCartney wit hosts Alec Baldwin and Kim Basinger. On th Web at *http://ET.msn.com* or on the Microsof Network, Channel 2 (onstage): 12/14 from 9:3 P.M. to 12:30 A.M.

Inside the White House—White House corresponden Sarah McClendon discusses her new book *M President! Mr. President!* On CompuServe in th Conference Center: 12/16 at 10 P.M.

Conferences last about one hour unless otherwis noted. Send suggestions to runnette@dti.net

Happening

Flush with the success of *The Crucible* on celluloi and the acquisition of a celebrity son-in-law (th film's star Daniel Day-Lewis), Arthur Miller discusse his life in the theater with his collaborator on th movie, director Nicholas Hytner. At the 92nd Stree Y on December 11. (See listings.)



Sports

Winter Woodland Hike—12/14 at 11 A.M.: Urban par rangers are of the opinion that New Yorkers don' spend enough time stomping around Inwood Hil Park—the most wildernesslike terrain in the city The caves, woods, and trails make for a respectabl explorability factor, and these rangers make capable company. *Meet at the Inwood Hill Urban Ecolog Center at 218th St. and Indian Road. Call 800-201 7275 for more information.*

Hockey—12/14: Devils vs. Montreal Canadiens a 7:35 P.M., Continental Airlines Arena (Sportschannel); 12/9: Rangers vs. Phoenix Coyotes at 7:3 P.M., Madison Square Garden (MSG Network) 12/11: Rangers vs. Islanders at 7:30 P.M., Madiso Square Garden (MSG Network); 12/16: Ranger vs. Hartford Whalers at 7:30 P.M., Madison Squar Garden (MSG Network)

Basketball—12/11: Nets vs. Seattle Supersonics a 7:30 P.M., Continental Airlines Arena (Sportschannel); 12/12: Knicks vs. Golden State Warriors a 7:30 P.M., Madison Square Garden (MSG Network); 12/13: Nets vs. Chicago Bulls, 7:30 P.M. Continental Airlines Arena (Sportschannel) 12/14: Knicks vs. Denver Nuggets at 7:30 P.M. Madison Square Garden (MSG Network); 12/17 Knicks vs. Utah Jazz at 7:30 P.M., Madison Squar Garden (MSG Network); 12/17: Nets vs. Toront Raptors, 7:30 P.M., Continental Airlines Aren (Sportschannel).

Football—12/14: Jets vs. Philadelphia Eagles at 12:3 P.M., Giants Stadium (Channel 5); 12/15: Giants vs New Orleans Saints at 1 P.M., Giants Stadium (Fox)

Photograph by AP/Wide World Photos

in concert

Naumberg's 70th...Solstice Celebration

Classical Music

Tuesday, December 10

New York Philharmonic—With violinist Frank Peter Zimmermann, performing works by Bruch, Beethoven, and Bartók; Kurt Masur, conductor. *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 7:30; $15–$65.*

Wednesday, December 11

Naumberg Foundation 70th Anniversary Gala—With performances by soprano Dawn Upshaw, violinist Nadja Salerno-Sonnenberg, and members of the American, Lark, Yong, and Brentano String Quartets, among others. *Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 7:30; $50.*

Pro Arte Chamber Orchestra—Perform works by Haydn, Nanes, and Frederick of Prussia with violinist Sung-Rai Sohn. *Weill Recital Hall, Carnegie Hall, 771 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800), at 8; $15–$20.*

Thursday, December 12

New York Philharmonic—With violist Yuri Bashmet, performs works by Stravinsky, Schnittke, and Mussorgsky/Gorchakov; Kurt Masur, conductor. *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 8; $15–$65.*

Winter's Solstice—Russian folksingers, African-American drummers, and Celtic wails make Paul Winter's annual celebration an ecumenical musical feast. *Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. and W. 112th St. (581-1212), at 7:30; $28–$60.*

Friday, December 13

New York Philharmonic—See 12/12, at 11 A.M.

Winter's Solstice—See 12/12.

Beaux Arts Trio—Perform part one of a three-concert cycle of Beethoven's works for piano, violin, and cello. *Metropolitan Museum of Art, 1000 Fifth Ave. (570-3949), at 8; $30.*

New York Pops—"A Holiday Tradition"; Skitch Henderson, music director. *Carnegie Hall, 771 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800), at 8; $17–$65.*

Saturday, December 14

Winter's Solstice—See 12/12, at 2 and 7:30.

Trinity Choir and Orchestra—Handel's *Messiah. Trinity Church, Broadway at Wall St. (602-0873), at 3; $15–$25.*

Beaux Arts Trio—See 12/13.

New York Pops—See 12/13.

Sunday, December 15

John Aler, Tenor—With pianist Kenneth Merrill. *Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 2; $30.*

Jane Jennings, Soprano—"On Wings of Song" continues with works by Debussy, Schubert, and Scarlatti. *Kosciuszko Foundation, 15 E. 65th St. (734-2130), at 3; $10.*

Di Goldene Kent—The Yiddish Chorale performs with Tovah Feldshuh. *Miller Theater, Broadway and 116th St. (854-7799), at 3; $10.*

New York Youth Symphony—Flutist Eugenia Zukerman performs the world premiere of Theodore Shapiro's *Ophelia,* and Mozart's *Andante in C Major. Carnegie Hall, 771 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (581-5933), at 3; free.*

Trinity Choir and Orchestra—See 12/14.

Arte Chorale—Russian Orthodox men's choir performs hymns and chants from the seventeenth century to the present. *Corpus Christi Church, 529 W. 121st St. (666-9266), at 4; $20.*

Choirs of the Church of St. Luke's in the Fields—Britten's *A Ceremony of Carols. Church of St. Luke's in the Fields, 487 Hudson St. (633-2167), at 4; $15.*

Ljuba Kazarnovskaya, Soprano—First in a five-concert series of Tchaikovsky's songs. *Sylvia and Danny Kaye Playhouse, 68th St. bet. Park and Lexington Aves. (772-4448), at 5; $24.*

Vienna Choir Boys—Traditional holiday music. *Carnegie Hall, 771 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800), at 7:30; $15–$55.*

Monday, December 16

Orchestra of St. Luke's—Performs works by Vaughan Williams, Britten, and Haydn with soprano Sylvia McNair; André Previn, conductor. *Carnegie Hall, 771 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800), at 8; $60–$165.*

Opera

Metropolitan Opera—Verdi's *Rigoletto,* 12/9 at 8, 12/12 at 8; Donizetti's *L'Elisir d'Amore,* 12/10 at 8, 12/14 at 1:30; Britten's *A Midsummer Night's Dream,* 12/11 at 8, 12/14 at 8; Puccini's *Tosca,* 12/13 at 8. *Metropolitan Opera House, Lincoln Center (362-6000); $23–$250.*

Amato Opera—Puccini's *La Bohème.* 12/13 and 12/14 at 7:30. *Amato Opera Theatre, 319 Bowery (228-8200); $20.*

Dicapo Opera—Johann Strauss's *Die Fledermaus.* 12/13, 12/14, 12/19–12/21 at 8, 12/15 at 3. *Dicapo Opera Theatre, 184 E. 76th St. (288-9438); $25.*

Manhattan School of Music Opera Theater—Britten's *Albert Herring.* 12/11 and 12/13 at 8, 12/14 at 4. *John C. Borden Auditorium, Broadway and 122nd St. (749-2802, ext. 428); $20.*

Dance

Alvin Ailey American Dance Theater—The New York season opens with a program featuring Jamison's *Sweet Release* and Ailey's *Night Creature.* Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3, Sun. at 7:30. Through 12/31. *City Center, 131 W. 55th St. (581-1212); $20–$50.*

Ballet Hispanico—New choreography by David Roussève, George Faison, and María Rovira. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 2, Sun. at 7:30. Through 12/15. *Joyce Theater, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. (242-0800); $30.*

The Christmas Revels—Celebration of the winter solstice in ritual dance, carols, and processionals. 12/12–12/14 at 8, 12/14 at 3, 12/15 at 2. *Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. (864-5400); $20–$30.*

Dancenoise—*Open Season.* 12/12–12/15 at 8:30. *P.S. 122, 150 First Ave., at 9th Street (477-5288); $12.*

Discipledom—Choreographer Amy Sue Rosen and visual designer Derek Bernstein present an evening-length multi-media riff on Jewish heritage. 12/14 at 8, 12/15 at 3 and 8. *92nd St. Y, 1395 Lexington Ave. (996-1100); $15.*

Institutions Under the Tree

The Metropolitan Museum always puts on a good show at Christmas—huge tree, creative crèche, infinite gifts—and this year it's added a musical component, five groups performing Yuletide music ranging from Pomerium's Gregorian chants on December 15 to the Riverside Chamber Choir and The Aulos Ensemble's take on Britten's *A Ceremony of Carols* on December 19. Call 570-3949 for details.

Ground Rules:

This section emphasizes classical concerts, recitals, and public square/park performances (but only the premeditated ones), and includes the occasional jazz concert if it is held, say, outdoors or in a public space. For *rock concerts and club information,* see "Nightlife."

kids

Tutus...Train Sets...Technofest

Ground Rules:

● = free

● = now or never (one-shot deal or final week)

Children's Events

A Child's Christmas in Wales—Dylan Thomas's vivid memoirs of a childhood in Swansea are brought to the musical stage by the Willow Cabin Theatre Company. Performances are 12/12 through 12/29, official opening 12/16. **THE HAROLD CLURMAN THEATRE,** 412 W. 42nd St. (886-1889); $15, $8 children.

Busytown—Little kids can get to work with air hoses, conveyor belts, railroad tracks, and funnel phones in a new interactive exhibit at the **LIBERTY SCIENCE CENTER** based on author-illustrator Richard Scarry's books—now also an animated television series; 12/12 through 5/4. For information on other exhibits, holiday hours, and directions, call 201-200-1000. Exit 14B off the New Jersey Turnpike in Liberty State Park. Tickets to the center (which do not include entrance to the adjacent OMNI- and 3-D theater) are $9.50, $8.50 for students and seniors , $6.50 children under 12.

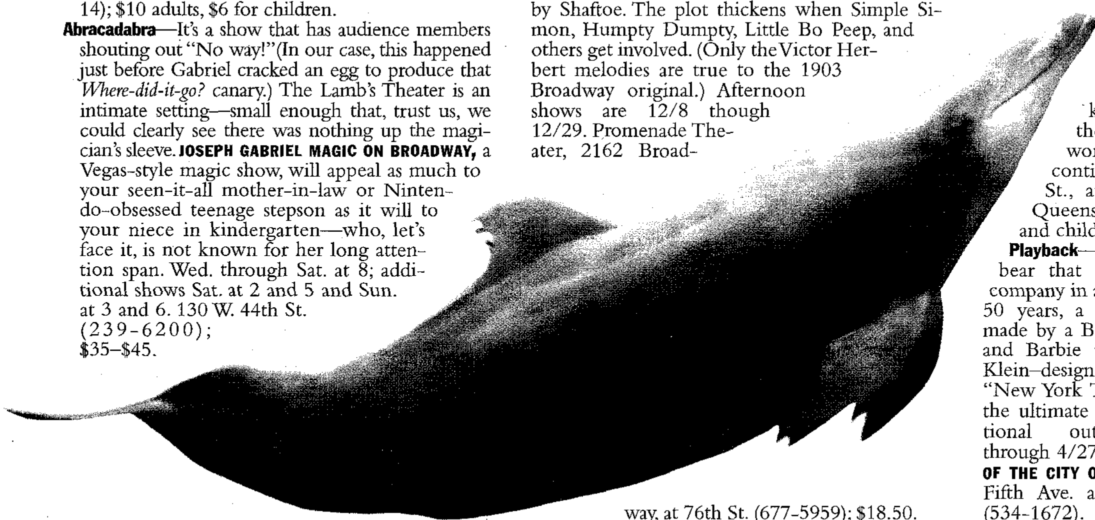
Nativity—Bible stories get mixed in with circus acts (by puppet frogs, apes, horses, and grasshoppers) in Bread and Puppet's extravagantly staged play—steeped in Russian folkloric traditions—which takes us from the emergence of the planet to the death of King Herod. 12/5 through 12/22, Thursdays through Saturdays at 8 and Sundays at 3. **LOS KABAYITOS PUPPET THEATER,** Clemente Soto Velez Cultural Center, 107 Suffolk St. (260-4080, ext. 14); $10 adults, $6 for children.

Abracadabra—It's a show that has audience members shouting out "No way!"(In our case, this happened just before Gabriel cracked an egg to produce that *Where-did-it-go?* canary.) The Lamb's Theater is an intimate setting—small enough that, trust us, we could clearly see there was nothing up the magician's sleeve. **JOSEPH GABRIEL MAGIC ON BROADWAY,** a Vegas-style magic show, will appeal as much to your seen-it-all mother-in-law or Nintendo-obsessed teenage stepson as it will to your niece in kindergarten—who, let's face it, is not known for her long attention span. Wed. through Sat. at 8; additional shows Sat. at 2 and 5 and Sun. at 3 and 6. 130 W. 44th St. (239-6200); $35–$45.

Choo-Choo Obsession—Fifteen model trains methodically chug in and out of Weehawken Station circa 1940, past farms and through lit-up citiscapes, at an enormous miniature train set-up in the Atrium in the Shops at **CITICORP CENTER.** Expect to wait in line at peak times. Lexington Ave. at 53rd St. Through 1/5. Hours are daily (except Christmas Day) 10 to 8:30. A fantasy landscape in a more rustic vein is at the Holiday Garden Railways exhibit at the **NEW YORK BOTANICAL GARDEN** through 1/5/97. 200th St. and Southern Blvd. Call for hours (718-817-8700); admission is $3, $1 seniors, students, and children; free on Wed. and Sat. from 10 to noon.

Dinosaurs' Christmas—More than 1,000 beetles, meteorites, gorillas, and stegosauruses—all made of folded paper—festoon the holiday tree at **THE AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY.** Add one (with the help of an origami-knowledgeable volunteer). In *Star of Christmas,* astronomers, historians, linguists, and theologians weigh in on what might have happened that night 2,000 years ago. Call for sky-show schedule and to make a reservation; tickets are $12 adults, $8.50 children, and include admission to the museum. Central Park West at 79th St. (769-5800). Regular admission is by donation: $8 suggested, $6 students and seniors, $4.50 children.

Babes in Toyland—Storybook characters get mixed up in one another's lives in **THEATREWORKS/USA'**s latest production. Ergo, Mary Contrary lives in a shoe with Mother Goose and is set to marry Bobby Shaftoe. The plot thickens when Simple Simon, Humpty Dumpty, Little Bo Peep, and others get involved. (Only the Victor Herbert melodies are true to the 1903 Broadway original.) Afternoon shows are 12/8 though 12/29. Promenade Theater, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. (677-5959); $18.50.



Revel in It—The suspenseful plot of *Sir Gawain and the Green Knight*—an Arthurian legend that brings together the talents of assorted Morris dancers, singing schoolchildren, actors, and musicians—incorporates sword dancing, medieval music, and castle sets. (Presented by the Christmas Revels, who annually offer a Winter Solstice spectacle.) 12/12 to 12/14 at 8, 12/14 at 3, 12/15 at 2. **SYMPHONY SPACE**, Broadway at 95th St. (864-5400). Adults $20–$30, children $10–$15. ●

Sharps Flats & Accidentals—Improvisational humor and music collide, as do the tastes of the adults and the kids in the audience, with the Emmy Award–winning Brothers Karamazov. Audience members are invited to bring items—which should weigh less than ten pounds and be smaller than a bread box—that they consider "unjuggleable." Through 1/1/97. **NEW VICTORY THEATER,** 209 W. 42nd St. (239-6200); $10–$25.

Jewish Holiday Hurrah—Two original one-act musicals for children are performed by the Poppy Seed Players: *Hanna the Joyful* and *Judy and the Maccabees.* 12/8 at 10 A.M. and 12/15 at 11 A.M. **MERKIN CONCERT HALL,** 129 W. 67th St. (501-3366); $10.

***Nutcracker* Variations**—The New York City Ballet dances *George Balanchine's The Nutcracker* at **LINCOLN CENTER.** Performances are through 1/5/97; tickets are $18–$72 (870-5570). Smaller-scale productions include a one-hour, little-kid-friendly production of *The Nutcracker* especially suitable for children ages 3 to 6, 12/21–29 at 1 and 3 daily. **FLORENCE GOULD HALL**, 55 E. 59th St. (355-6160); $12.50–$17.50. And then there's Donald Byrd's reconfigured *The Harlem Nutcracker,* complete with a gospel choir. 12/11–15. **BAM,** 30 Lafayette Ave., Brooklyn (636-4129); tickets are $15–$50.

A Christmas Carol—Tony Randall stars in Dickens's transformation of Ebenezer Scrooge in Victorian England. A musical chestnut topped off by a frothy snowfall that (look out!) blows onto the audience. Through 1/5/97. The Theater, **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN,** 32nd St. at Seventh Ave. (307-4111); $19–$59.

Different Fields—Breaking every mold and earning critical acclaim to boot: a modern morality tale in the form of an opera, about an 11-year-old boy who idolizes a football player. Presented by the **METROPOLITAN OPERA GUILD**'s Growing Up With Opera at John Jay Theatre, 899 Tenth Ave., at 59th St. (769-7008). 12/14 at 2 and 12/15 at 2 and 6:30; $20.

Wheelers and Dealers—Steering-wheel fetish? They've got seven of them at the **CHILDREN'S MUSEUM OF MANHATTAN.** And that's all on one bus. *Just Off Broadway* is a New York City scenario where tots can rearrange the heights and locations of buildings, Donald Trump–style. 212 W. 83rd St. (721-1234). Fri.–Mon. 10–5, Wed. 1:30–5:30. $5, $2.50 seniors.

Hidden Agenda—A little shopping can surreptitiously be accomplished at the **NEW YORK HALL OF SCIENCE'**s *Book, Toy and Techno-Fest*, where they have it all—the kits to make kaleidoscopes or slime, the books to describe how a rocket works. Weekends through 12/21 and continuously from 12/26. 47-01 111th St., at 46th Ave., Flushing Meadows, Queens (718-699-0005); $4.50, $3 seniors and children.

Playback—The teddy bear that kept a nun company in a convent for 50 years, a pea shooter made by a Brooklyn boy, and Barbie in a Calvin Klein–designed outfit: "New York Toy Stories," the ultimate transgenerational outing, runs through 4/27/97. **MUSEUM OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK,** Fifth Ave. at 103rd St. (534-1672). Hours are Wed. through Sat. 10–5, Sun. 1–5. Suggested contribution $5; $4 seniors, students, and children; $10 families.

Big Top—**BIG APPLE CIRCUS'**s "The Medicine Show" is staged as a small-town 1890s folly. Little kids especially appreciate the fact that no seat is farther than 50 feet from the action. Performances through 1/12/97 are under the big top at Lincoln Center's **DAMROSCH PARK** (268-0055); $10–$49.

Installation
Unchained Melody

Used to be that you could only see dolphins like Jeri, Tab, and Presley (pictured above) during summer months, as they did back flips and waved a fin in the open-air Aquatheater. In their swank new indoor digs at Coney Island's Aquarium for Wildlife Conservation, the bottle-nosed mammals seem eager to ham it up year-round—without the obedience-school format. (For directions and hours, call 718-265-3474.)

cue

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Continued from previous page.

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North Jersey Sweetie—Pretty, slim, affectionate brunette, 37, 5'5", Jewish, computer programmer. Loves dancing (ballroom/free-style), music and good conversation. Wants to make a warm, loving home with a compatible, sweet, handsome, intelligent, nonsmoking man with a sense of humor. Photo/note. 3980 ✉

Widow In Westchester—47, Wasp, blond/blue eyed, 5'8", fit professional with children! Join in my busy, chaotic, humorous life! Must be nurturing, kind, caring, considerate, strong self, intellect, humor, values! Bring your life! Meet mine! Nice is best. 4005 ✉ ☎

My Mom Always Said—Timing is everything. Very attractive Jewish woman, 33, long dark hair and eyes, who loves travel, the arts and keeping fit, seeks soul mate. You are a 30-40s, intelligent, successful man, interested in romance, friendship and family. If you believe in "timing", please send a note and photo. 4034 ✉

Beautiful, Smart, Accomplished JD—Classic blond Wasp with Range Rover, golden retriever, West Side co-op, beach house and other iconic trappings, youthful 30s, 5'9", lithesome, slender, very fit, good athlete, honestly beautiful inside and out. A very successful, secure, happy, Ivy-educated woman with style, a terrific sense of humor and a good heart. Seeks her match in one very handsome, very successful white male professional with a witty and athletic all-American jock/prep type who doesn't usually answer ads (but definitely won't be disappointed if he answers this one). Prefer (212), nonsmoker. Your literate qualifying letter and recent photo required and appreciated. 3922 ✉

Are You A Big, Strong, Successful—Blue-collar heart/Ivy League brained man under 45? I turn heads. Turn mine. 4030 ✉ ☎

Bonnie To My Clyde?—Jewish male seeks tomboy exterior, heart of gold. I'm 39, kind, funny, accomplished, attractive, evolved. Please be under 35, under 5'6", petite, progressive, hopeful, happy, aware. Steal my heart! Photo. 3981 ✉

There You Are!—You young, sweet creature, light eyes, laughing across the table. Laugh at me, laugh at you, do not blow smoke and make me blue. Oh yes, I know, at times I can seem the bear. But I'm waiting for you to demand the keys and I'll go anwhere! Send me your picture, show me your face... You pick the time, I'll pick the place. Single white male, early 30s, 5'10", 165, fit, handsome, independent, seeks spunky, fun, single white female in early to mid 20s, nonsmoker. Photo please. 3945 ✉

New Year's Eve In Budapest—With a sophisticated merry widow. If you are an international gentleman, 40-60, well-born, well-bred, well-educated and Christian, I have the invitations. 4037 ✉

Doctor's Rx—Mix one caring, attractive eye surgeon, very fit, 5'10", funny, 43, dynamic. Add a sincere lady under 36, for romance. Photo/phone a must. 4038 ✉ ☎

Very Pretty, Green-Eyed Brunette—32, 5'6", PhD/entrepreneur, cultured, feminine, slender, loving, dynamic. Seeks intelligent, handsome, stable, warm Jewish professional, 32-40, who likes to see the zany side of life - for keeps. 4016 ✉ ☎

Looking For Classy, Attractive Lover—And best friend to share your dreams and adventures? Please be 50-65, Jewish, warmhearted, with high standards - or at least three out of four. Tall nonsmokers get extra credit. This professional woman who enjoys egg creams and Glenfiddich, tailored suits and silks, movies and the Philharmonic, awaits your response. 3946 ✉

Semi-Retired Senior Female—Seeks mutuality, companionship, etc. 3966 ✉

John Seeks Yoko—Rising filmmaker, 30s, 5'7", successful, happy, wise. Much to share. You: Asian, artistic, smart, funny, conscious. Small build, big heart. Muse abilities a plus. Passion and magic await. Take a chance! Letter/photo. 3978 ✉

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Imagine...—Warmhearted, professional, attractive female, 30 - loves outdoors, theater, travel, music, dancing, weekend getaways; good sense of humor. Seeks kind, committed, energetic, fun-loving man, 30-38. Note/photo please. 4040 ✉

LI Male—48, 5'10", bright, attractive, warm, conversationalist, successful - seeks marriage-minded female, 34 plus, for today, tomorrow, and for keeps. Note and photo a must. 3952 ✉

Are You Tired—Of meeting the wrong type? Jewish male, 28, handsome, mature and athletic, seeks adventurous, attractive woman, 21-35, with a great sense of humor. Photo and phone a must. 3859 ✉

Warm, Wonderful Woodstock Wench—Fun-loving, attractive. Seeking playful, nonsmoking mensch, 50-68. 3955 ✉

Devilishly Sane Mate Desired—By attractive, intriguing and resourceful she-devil (32, Jewish, professional) who still possesses her soul, for scary-movie snuggling and gaming. Photo, stakes. 3971 ✉

Romantic Businessman—I'm a handsome, self-made 41-year-old, who enjoys having fun, keeping in shape, the ballet, biking, traveling, fine dining and cooking in. I'm ready for a serious relationship with a woman who can communicate, is fun, interesting and has good values. If you are a slim, petite, attractive woman in her early to mid 30s, please write. Photo/number appreciated. NJ/NY area. POB 9223, Paramus, NJ 07653-9223

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She's The One—Sexy, fit professional, arts, 5'4", 115 lbs, seeks caring, muscular, financially secure, 5'10" plus, 34-44 male for love and laughter. Photo. 3944 ✉

Sensible And Sensitive—Jewish professor, 42, 5'9", good-looking and fit, values intelligence, gentleness, humor and passion. Seeks a bright, attractive, self-aware Jewish woman, 30-42, whose serious side is balanced by a sense of the absurd. Letter/photo, please. 4014 ✉

Pretty And Professional—Unpretentious and down-to-earth, modern gal, Jewish, Manhattanite, 36, slender, with passion, style, easygoing, stable and warm personality - seeks handsome, charismatic and interesting soul mate with an edge. I love the arts, and to cook, and am athletic. Note/phone/photo. 3947 ✉

In Search Of Mr. One-Derful—Sincere man, 59 plus, nonsmoker, romantic, passionate, financially secure, old-fashioned values. If you're that one-woman man, I will await. Note/photo. 4020 ✉

Me:—43, divorced, Jewish, 6', 185, well-educated, high income, handsome (others say so!) European biker, snow skier, Harley rider, golf, tennis, incredibly honest and loyal, successful in business, well-traveled (million-plus frequent-flier miles), living in NC. You: 28-40, intelligent, beautiful, affectionate, good laugher, interests, willing to move. Note/photo/phone. The immobile respond. 3970 ✉

Beautiful, Bright, Slim—37, Jewish professional who is athletic, fit, has varied interests and is fun to be with, would like to meet an intelligent, sincere professional male, 36-45, for a lasting relationship. Note/photo appreciated. 3974 ✉ ☎

Are You An Actress/Model?—If so, don't bother answering this ad. Successful, Jewish, very attractive entertainment attorney, 35, seeks down-to-earth, attractive Jewish female, 25-34. If you like music, sports and humor, and are willing to forego discussion of "breaking into the business," send note/phone/photo. 4013 ✉

Be My Chanukah Present—Pretty blond, very bright professional, Jewish, 40, 5'4", Conservadox. Good family tree, Ivy. Cultured, irreverent, honest, warm, gracious, down-to-earth, funny. European sensibilities. Conservative but cool. Believe that smart is sexy. Addicted to foreign travel, multicultural arts, books, Israel, the ocean, NYC. Seeking accomplished Jewish male counterpart, 45-58, financially secure, worldly, low-key, heimish. For love, little ones, latkes. Note/phone. 4017 ✉

Commitment-Minded, Good-Looking—35, successful professional male, Jewish, in-shape - likes sports, reading, biking, rock 'n' roll, current events. Very family oriented. Seeks thin, pretty Jewish female for all that life has to offer. 4009 ✉ ☎

Cute, Fit, Warm, Outdoorsy—Single, white Jewish educator, mid 30s, seeks single, white Jewish professional, quick-witted male, 30-45, who loves to ski, jog, blade, tennis. Photo, please. 4032 ✉ ☎

Are You—Attractive, funny, free-spirited? I am a 5'8", 31, Jewish man, fit, good-looking, professional, who has more than that to offer. Photo, please. 4019 ✉

Gloria Estefan Looks—Warm, witty, petite professional with Latin/Jewish soul, independent spirit and eclectic interests - seeks secure, smart and warm male, 33-47, with a zest for life and ideas. Phone response preferred. 3964 ✉ ☎

No Skimpy Men!—Beautiful, full-figured professional woman, Jewish, mid 40s, interested in classical music, movies, canines, theater, history, wishes to meet a big guy, over 5'11", intelligent, with a great sense of humor, to ring in the New Year. Nonsmoker only. Note/photo. 4026 ✉☎

Cynical, Dry-Witted—Very handsome, urbane, erudite Wasp investor, 33, fit, credentials all top-notch. Seeks romance with sexy, accomplished, independent woman over 30. Photo. 4033 ✉

Beautiful, Slim Designer—Classy, sexy, fun, seeks a handsome, cultured, very successful man, 40-51, for always. 3979 ✉ ☎

Old Musical Mensch—Wants young, winsome wench, with photo, score and more. POB 610, Brooklyn, NY 11209

Very Funny Catholic Guy—43, marketing exec, smart, solvent, sane, shares his toys and cleans up real nice. Cooks, loves books, coed softball, golf, Twizzlers and lazy Sundays. Looking for a smart, funny, unpretentious woman, 30s, who can make him laugh, make him think and make him crazy. He'll make her dinner, tickle her fancy and be there. Funny note/photo/phone. 3968 ✉

Wanted, Dead Or Alive—(Alive preferred): single white male, clean-cut, good-looking, at least 5'9", 26-34, intelligent, successful with a good sense of humor. No beards or mustaches. Reward if found: me - a very pretty female, 25, long, curly light-brown hair, with a great sense of humor - loves the arts, dining out and board games. Photo a must. 4007 ✉ ☎

Intellectual Women Read On!—You are educated, Christian, classy, slim, young. I am a selective Latin-American writer, psychologist/MD, successful, athletic, masculine, divorced, 5'8", 170 lbs, mid 40s. Please send note and photo. 100-percent confidential. 3961 ✉

Earth Angel—I am a warm and wonderful, Jewish (nonreligious) female, 52, 5'6", widow, very attractive, bright and loving, athletic, active and fit, who enjoys theater, music (especially "oldies"), movies, travel, tennis, skiing, hiking, spectator sports (except hockey) and the Sunday Times crossword puzzle. Looking to meet a nonsmoking, "nice Jewish man", 50-60, who is confident and caring, successful and sensitive, attractive and affectionate, energetic, imaginative and thoughtful, and interested in a serious relationship. Note/photo, please. 4029 ✉

Unique Female DDS—Slim, charming, seeking Jewish, intelligent, successful, high-energy, 46-56 man for love and long-lasting relationship. Photo/note. 3956 ✉

All Of Me—Loving, intelligent, sexy, spirited, gracious lady, 48, ready to embrace a 40 or 50-something, great Jewish man. I cherish music, friendship, the ocean and dancing. Meet me in the Berkshires for a warm, fabulous winter. Photo/note please. 4006 ✉

Pretty, Buxom, Brainy—Petite widow, early 50s, bent on finding a best friend and lover who is willing to share her interests in opera, theater, classical music, as well as quiet evenings at home just talking. 4015 ✉ ☎

Dynamic, Successful, Loving—Very attractive, voluptuous woman, 35, ready to marry a mensch (to 45) who has his feet firmly planted on the earth and is ready to reach for the stars. 4036 ✉ ☎

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Quintessence—You are uniquely handsome, supremely self-confident, individualistic, European/American with Euro-sensibility, 39-45; you love black and white, classic/funky style, minimalism, Fellini. Come close. Your female counterpart awaits. Note/photo. 3958 ✉ ☎

Widower, Very Good-Looking—Loving, affectionate professor/consultant, 55, from a happy marriage with grown children, is a Wasp, 5'10", fit, honest and genuinely nice. Seeks a beautiful, sexy, shapely and slender woman in her 40s, who is educated, classy, loving and fit, for friendship and intimacy, to enjoy romance, travel, dining, fun, laughter, quiet and much more. (212) preferred. Note/recent photo/phone, please. 4018 ✉

My Man—Would never comb his hair across his head, doesn't drink designer water, likes movies not films, and has his act together. 50-65. Note/photo. 3950 ✉

Wanted: Life Partner—Divorced Jewish female, nonsmoker, very attractive, petite, early 40s, blue eyes, dark hair, looking for honest, professional, financially and emotionally secure Jewish male, 45-55, who enjoys traveling, tennis, boating, theater, dining and life. Photo/note. 3975✉

Calm, Stable, Self-Aware—Exceptionally handsome, fit man seeks independent, secure, health-conscious woman, 37-46, Manhattan or north Jersey. If you have it, flaunt it with note/photo/phone. 3977 ✉

Dreams To Share—This teddy bear is looking to share his picnic basket, and ultimately his den, with a 27-37, pretty, happy, sweet, unique woman with songs in her heart and eyes that see my soul. This bear is 36, looks 30ish, 5'10", attractive, nice, honest, overweight, healthy, honest, Jewish, prosperous business. Loves theater, travel, country/beach, music, sports. Give me a reason not to hibernate this winter! Note/photo. 3948 ✉

Slim, Shapely, Very Attractive—Nonreligious, Manhattan Jewish woman, 5'3", dark hair and eyes, soft-spoken, 53, essentially casual but with standards and a taste for literature and music, seeks fine, fit, cultivated man over 45, who has a sense of humor and intellectual interests. Photo appreciated; will exchange. Or call. 4023✉

Take My Chalk, Please—Classy teacher, beautiful, vivacious, sensual, great figure, 50s, 5'5", Jewish. Seeks mensch, 59 plus, with brains, success, wit, tenderness... to grow old with. 4021 ✉ ☎

And Can Cook Too—Jewish professional male, 36, good-looking, fit, hopeless romantic and good sense of humor. Enjoys movies, theater, tennis, golf, cooking. Seeks that special woman, 28-38, to enjoy these things and more. Photo. 3982✉

Latina Beauty Sought—By successful Jewish professional, JFK Jr. type, 38, 6'2", sweet, kind, caring, affectionate, with a heart of gold. 3959 ✉ ☎

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Gracious Southern Belle—Good-looking, long-legged, well-educated, trim brunette executive with no dependents, seeks tall, sophisticated, nonsmoking gentleman, 40-55. You desire spiritual growth, laughter and travel. Recent photo and note. 3973 ✉

I'm A 35-Year-Old—Pretty, Jewish, red-headed executive. You'll like my style, presence, wit, intelligence and spirit... If you are a successful man with similar qualities, please be evolved and ready to let a woman in your life. Photo/phone. 3976 ✉

Sexy, Independent Brunette—Late 40s, 5'6", seeks companionship with energetic man who enjoys sports, fine dining, traveling, movies and music. If you're a TV freak, I'm not interested. Only happy, financially secure Manhattanites between the ages of 45-55 need respond. 3960 ✉

Palm Beach Transplant—Starting over. Handsome, 5'11", slim, athletic, educated, traveled, affluent male. Former CEO. Seeks trim, 50ish, attractive, intelligent woman who visits FL and enjoys golf. Note/phone/photo. 4012 ✉

29-Year-Old—Single white Jewish male, successful business owner, tired of singles scene, seeks gorgeous woman, 23-33, for weekends at beach, drives in the country, maybe more. Send note/photo. 4046 ✉☎

Dining, Theater Companion Desired—NYC CEO, 6'2", 180 lbs, 53 - looks 45, works out regularly, very handsome, prefers not to dine alone. Looking for a woman who is proud of her femininity, happy with herself, confident and beautiful (inside and out), with a sense of humor, charm, wit, intellectual curiosity, in addition to being well-educated and very physically fit. Be 35-45, 5'7" plus, nonsmoker. I enjoy a conversation where I can listen and laugh. Looking for friendship, fun and long-term companionship - kids okay. Please respond with note and photo. 3983 ✉

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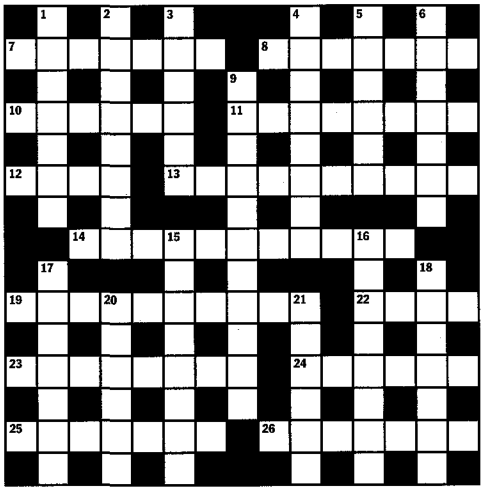
The 'Guardian' Crossword

ACROSS

7 Beggar gets state hand-out. (7)
8 Proposed feed for development. (7)
10 He reviles a blockhead employer. (6)
11 Certainly in drink, but restrained. (8)
12 Hold up in Paddington, say. (4)
13 Christian virtue fills a need, somehow. (4-6)
14 A deep malady. (3-8)
19 No man's land taken over by Napoleon. (6, 4)
22 Inadequate tip? (4)
23 Wild glen redeveloped for housing. (8)
24 Ascent is difficult for the poor. (4-2)
25 They may lead the masses. (7)
26 Polish girl with German complaint. (7)



DOWN

1 Rose and disconnected speaker. (7)
2 Keep quiet about suit. (8)
3 Noisy drinks? (6)
4 Switch positions from time to time. (3,3,2)
5 Points to one of several children as being bright. (6)
6 Quite a few part with a pound. (7)
9 Infant being looked after for no great cost. (5,6)
15 They play by themselves. (8)
16 Girl to sign for earnings. (8)
17 Girl has the goods, but doesn't seem to know it. (7)
18 Informal wear for amateur sportsmen. (7)
20 Motorway place setting. (6)
21 Man in control of a grounded Jumbo. (6)

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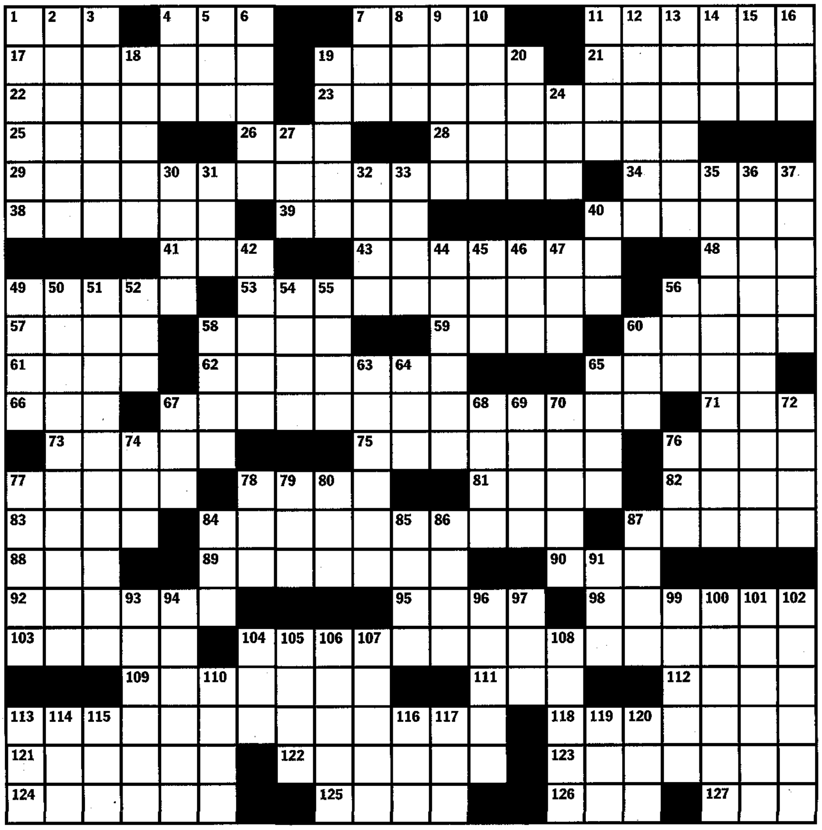
'Retrospective '96': 'Cue' Crossword • By Maura B. Jacobson

ACROSS

1 Top-ranking dpl.
4 Globe
7 Surrealism great
11 Baptizers
17 Opposite of nearby
19 Veggie dishes
21 Practice pieces
22 Emmy-winning sitcom, '96
23 Disaster in the news, '96
25 " —— it the truth!"
26 Verse form
28 Capitol Hill VIP
29 Pulitzer Prize book, '96
34 Native-born Israeli
38 Take down the "closed" sign
39 Sock's slangy suffix
40 "Sophie's Choice" author
41 Nabokov heroine
43 Electra's brother
48 Burrows of Broadway
49 Those opposed
53 Kentucky Derby winner, '96
56 Daredevil Knievel
57 Secular
58 Cross to bear
59 —— fu
60 Cubic meter
61 Homeowner's loan: abbr.
62 Composer's Gian-Carlo
65 Luxury ship
66 Distaff pronoun
67 Grammy-winning song, '96
71 Both Begleys
73 Insiders' jargon
75 Prehistoric time
76 British lockup
77 Menachem's co-Nobelist
78 "Wishing Will Make —— "
81 Partner of anon
82 Colleague of Dashiell
83 Kerplunk
84 Rock Hall-of-Fame inductee, '96
87 Allotted, with "out"
88 Buddhist of Thailand
89 As a substitute
90 Fat farm
92 Variety of chicory
95 Neighbor of Reims
98 "My —— " (1905 tune)
103 "—— Have No Bananas"
104 Bride in the news, '96
109 Small carpet
111 Heart-scan abbr.
112 Old Greek city
113 Gold-winning gymnast, '96
118 World Series champs, '96
121 Pennsylvania border city
122 Derisive looks
123 Christmas buy
124 Allen and Frome
125 Sailor's rum
126 Asian occasion
127 6-pt. grid plays

DOWN

1 Amorous liaison
2 Leatherneck
3 "The Godfather" star
4 WW II U.S. news agcy.
5 Gordon Mac ——
6 "Childe Harold" poet
7 Nursery-rhyme Margery
8 Between chicken and king
9 Expire, as a subscription
10 Took it easy
11 Nair competitor
12 Without profit
13 Arthur of dance studios
14 Writer LeShan
15 Thing: Lat.
16 Silencing utterance
18 —— in the right direction
19 Rodeo animal
20 Yemen capital
24 "Thumbs down" vote
27 Ike's monogram
30 Pod contents
31 Windup
32 Midday
33 Thin rope
35 Oscar film, '96
36 Man in the news, '96
37 Anoint, old style
40 Antipole of NNW
42 Second Mrs. Copperfield
44 Igloo dweller
45 Erwin of comedy
46 Bricks weight, in a simile
47 U.K.
49 Beggar's cry
50 Tony-winning actor, '96
51 Rookie in the golf news, '96
52 Winter driving hazard
54 Part of r.b.i.
55 "Time —— the essence"
56 Kin of et al.
58 Leave out
60 So, to Burns
63 Kind of vacuum tube
64 Rocky hill
65 French-Belgian river
67 Divided land: abbr.
68 All over again
69 Sitarist Shankar
70 S-shaped moldings
72 Iditarod vehicle
74 Missing link
76 Word with whiz
77 "The Late George ——" (Marquand novel)
78 One of the Flemings
79 Boob tubes
80 Command to Rover
84 Do's alternative
85 Umpire's call
86 Big Band singer Anita
87 Goat conversation
91 Bk. innards
93 "—— Girl Just Like the Girl . . ."
94 Irene Castle's husband
96 Singletons
97 Peacock network
99 Isn't watertight
100 Beale or Basin
101 Be at
102 Minimums
104 Recyclable item
105 Provides munitions
106 Feeling regret
107 Peep-show customer
108 Country of 77-Across
110 Many eras
113 Meet the bet
114 Chapeau
115 Incinerated bit
116 Summer zodiac sign
117 Unit of work
119 Exist
120 Clear after taxes

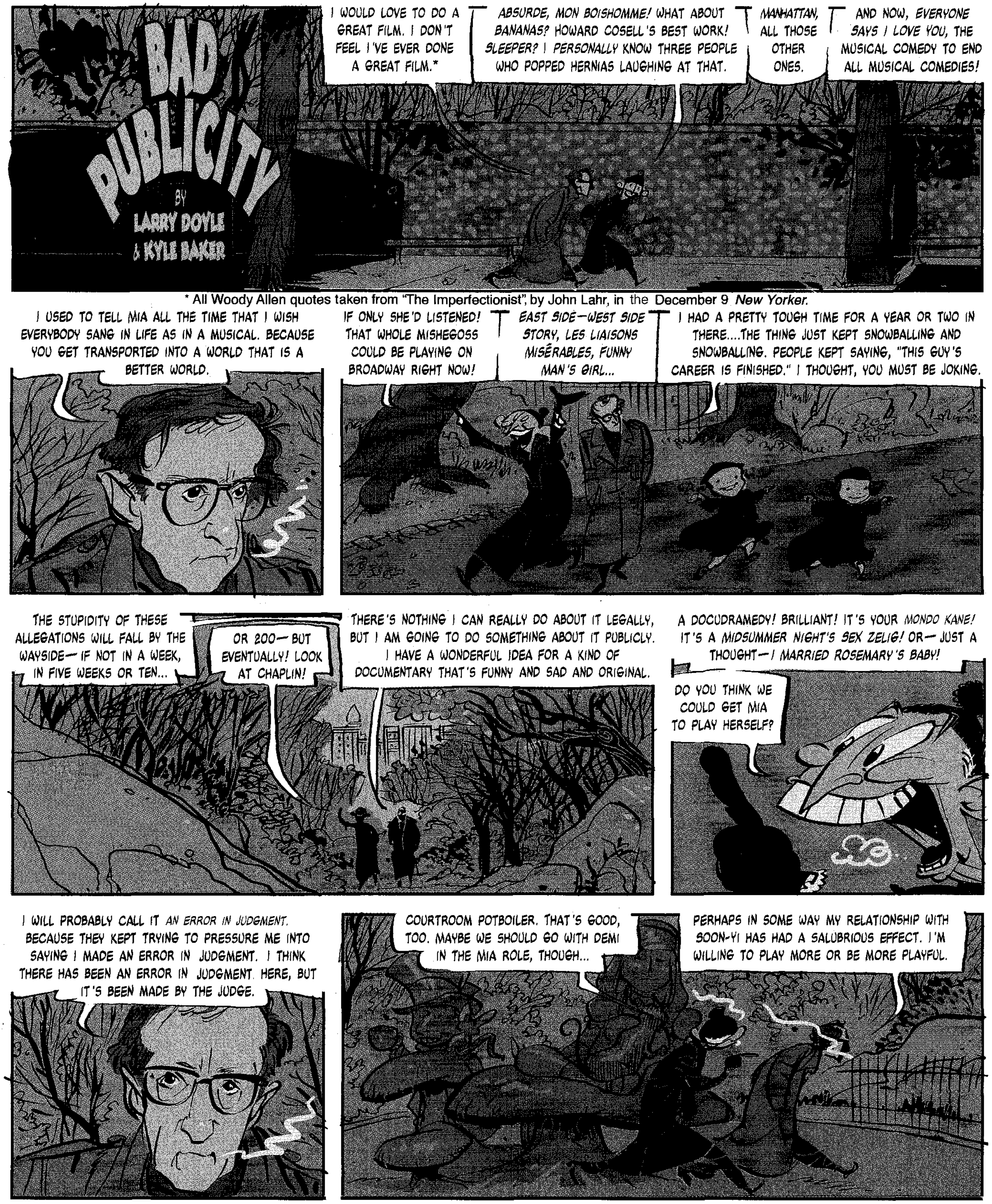


olutions to last week's puzzles appear on page 98.

LATE HIT

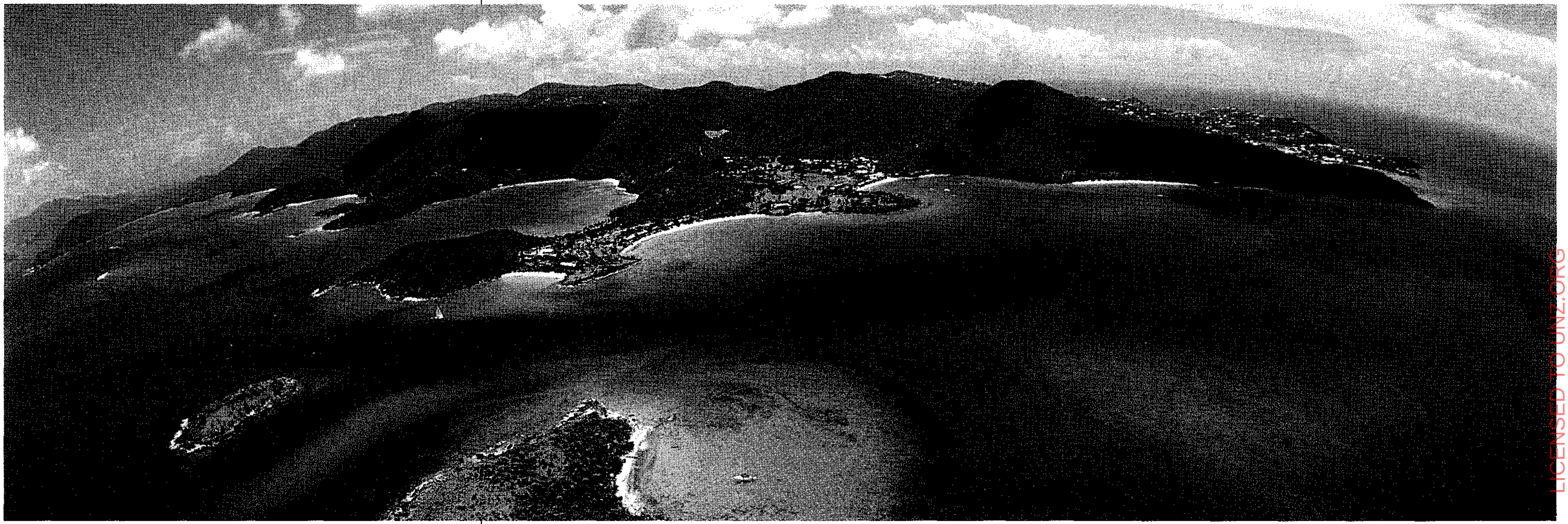
Woody in the Woods

Strolling through Central Park with Sandy Flacco, Mia Farrow's former boyfriend hatches a plan to climb back into the public's good graces.


BAD PUBLICITY
BY
LARRY DOYLE
& KYLE BAKER
I WOULD LOVE TO DO A GREAT FILM. I DON'T FEEL I'VE EVER DONE A GREAT FILM.*
ABSURDE, MON BOISHOMME! WHAT ABOUT BANANAS? HOWARD COSELL'S BEST WORK! SLEEPER? I PERSONALLY KNOW THREE PEOPLE WHO POPPED HERNIAS LAUGHING AT THAT.
MANHATTAN, ALL THOSE OTHER ONES.
AND NOW, EVERYONE SAYS I LOVE YOU, THE MUSICAL COMEDY TO END ALL MUSICAL COMEDIES!
I USED TO TELL MIA ALL THE TIME THAT I WISH EVERYBODY SANG IN LIFE AS IN A MUSICAL. BECAUSE YOU GET TRANSPORTED INTO A WORLD THAT IS A BETTER WORLD.
IF ONLY SHE'D LISTENED! THAT WHOLE MISHEGOSS COULD BE PLAYING ON BROADWAY RIGHT NOW!
EAST SIDE—WEST SIDE STORY, LES LIAISONS MISÉRABLES, FUNNY MAN'S GIRL...
I HAD A PRETTY TOUGH TIME FOR A YEAR OR TWO IN THERE....THE THING JUST KEPT SNOWBALLING AND SNOWBALLING. PEOPLE KEPT SAYING, "THIS GUY'S CAREER IS FINISHED." I THOUGHT, YOU MUST BE JOKING.
THE STUPIDITY OF THESE ALLEGATIONS WILL FALL BY THE WAYSIDE— IF NOT IN A WEEK, IN FIVE WEEKS OR TEN...
OR 200— BUT EVENTUALLY! LOOK AT CHAPLIN!
THERE'S NOTHING I CAN REALLY DO ABOUT IT LEGALLY, BUT I AM GOING TO DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT PUBLICLY. I HAVE A WONDERFUL IDEA FOR A KIND OF DOCUMENTARY THAT'S FUNNY AND SAD AND ORIGINAL.
A DOCUDRAMEDY! BRILLIANT! IT'S YOUR MONDO KANE! IT'S A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S SEX ZELIG! OR— JUST A THOUGHT— I MARRIED ROSEMARY'S BABY!
DO YOU THINK WE COULD GET MIA TO PLAY HERSELF?
I WILL PROBABLY CALL IT AN ERROR IN JUDGMENT. BECAUSE THEY KEPT TRYING TO PRESSURE ME INTO SAYING I MADE AN ERROR IN JUDGMENT. I THINK THERE HAS BEEN AN ERROR IN JUDGMENT HERE, BUT IT'S BEEN MADE BY THE JUDGE.
COURTROOM POTBOILER. THAT'S GOOD, TOO. MAYBE WE SHOULD GO WITH DEMI IN THE MIA ROLE, THOUGH...
PERHAPS IN SOME WAY MY RELATIONSHIP WITH SOON-YI HAS HAD A SALUBRIOUS EFFECT. I'M WILLING TO PLAY MORE OR BE MORE PLAYFUL.

* All Woody Allen quotes taken from "The Imperfectionist", by John Lahr, in the December 9 *New Yorker.*

While Christopher Columbus
was sailing around discovering places,



he found the U.S. Virgin Islands.
Only then we didn't have four-star
restaurants, championship golf courses
and the bikini. Of course, if he
had seen it like that, he might never
have made it to where you live.

Call your travel agent or 800-372-USVI.

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They're your islands.

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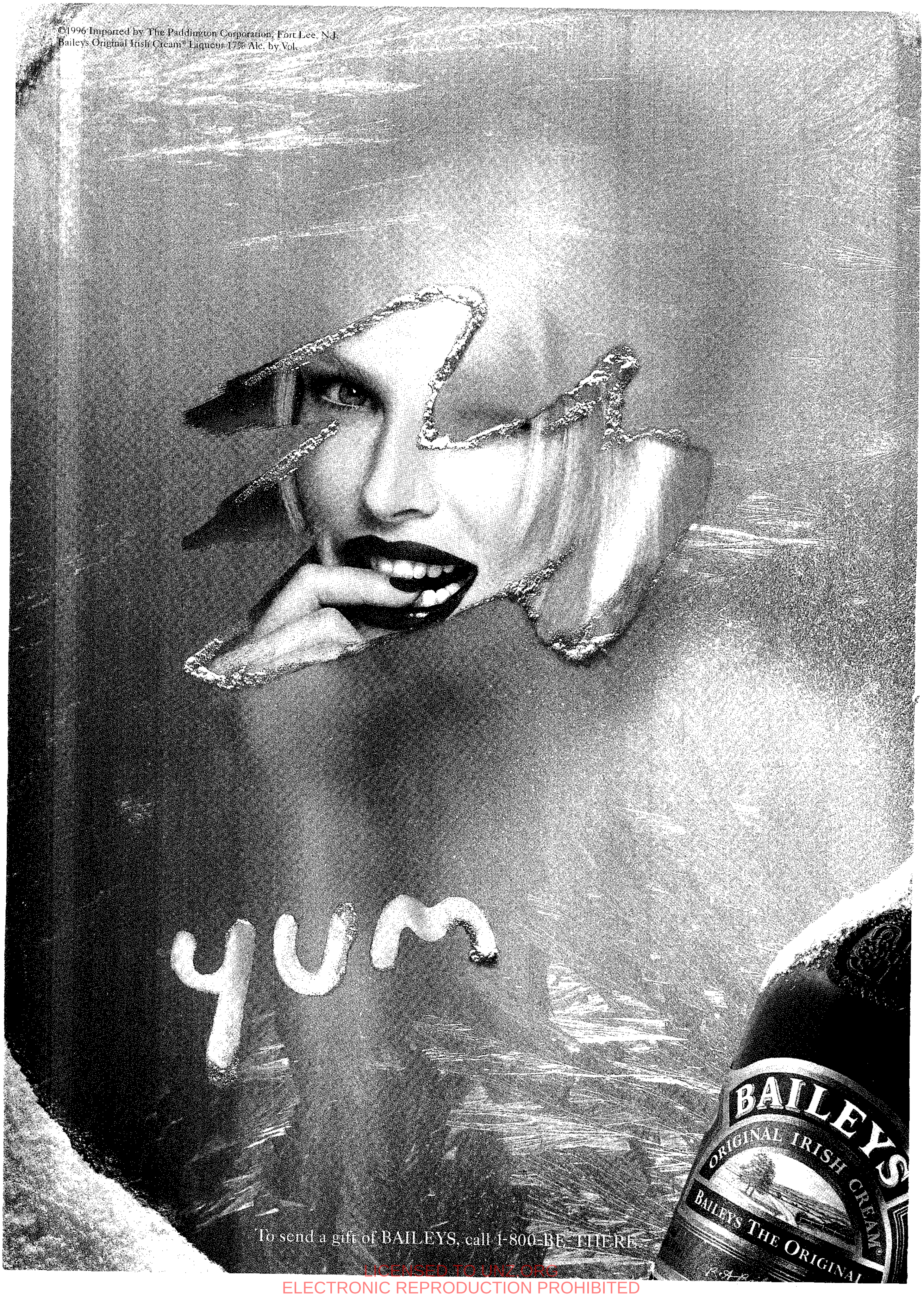
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